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THE  
HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

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BY THE  
STUDENTS OF THE EAST-INDIA COLLEGE.

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VOL. I.

LONDON:  
W. H. ALLEN AND CO.,  
BOOKSELLERS TO THE HONOURABLE EAST-INDIA COMPANY,  
LEADENHALL STREET;

HERTFORD:  
ST. AUSTIN & SON, BOOKSELLERS TO THE EAST-INDIA COLLEGE.

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ST. AUSTIN AND SON, PRINTERS, HERTFORD.



## P R E F A C E.

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THE inconvenience experienced by the Publisher in binding together the parts as they are separately published, has induced the Editors to have the FIVE PARTS already published bound together, and to complete the First Volume of the Observer.

It is hoped, however, that no one will consider this a symptom of decay in our literary system, or unkindly conclude from the circumstances of the Editors making up their books that they are about to shut up shop, or that the Haileybury bank has stopped payment. The very contrary is the state of the case, and the intention of the parties. The Editors of the next term will commence their new ledger without the encumbrance of bad debts, or ill-will incurred by their predecessors.

An Index containing the names of the several Contributors, and their respective contributions, as upon that will depend in a great measure the interest of the Publication, is added; and the First Volume of the "Haileybury Observer" is issued to the Public with the fervent hope on the part of its earliest supporters, that it may be the first of a series of volumes, which may have the merit of creating some interest among, if not of shedding some credit upon, the members of the College.

*July, 1842.*



## Editorial Committees.

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### PART I.

*September—December, 1839.*

PATRICK ALEX. VANS AGNEW.  
WILLIAM GREY.  
CLAUDIUS JAMES ERSKINE.  
FRANCIS BOYLE PEARSON.  
JAMES DOUGLAS ROBINSON.  
JAMES FRAZER.

### PART II.

*September—December, 1840.*

EDWARD CLIVE BAYLEY.  
JAMES FARISH.  
ABINGDON COMPTON.  
MONIER WILLIAMS.  
JOHN STRACHEY.

### PART III.

*January—March, 1841.*

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JOHN ROSS HUTCHINSON.  
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WALTER SCOTT SETON-KARR.

### PART IV.

*September—December, 1841.*

JOHN ROSS HUTCHINSON.  
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WALTER SCOTT SETON-KARR.

### PART V.

*January—June, 1842.*

ROBERT NEEDHAM CUST.  
WALTER SCOTT SETON-KARR.  
MORETON JOHN WALHOUSE.  
MICHAEL AGNEW COXON.  
ALONZO MONEY.





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# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

Liberius si  
Dixero quid, si forte jocosus, hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniâ dabis.

Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.

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No. 1.]      WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1839.      [PRICE 6D.

---

THERE are few, it may safely be assumed, who have not at times felt weary of a life passed in complete seclusion from society, and little diversified by incident and adventure. Without indulging in fretful complaints of their condition, they have wished that some means could be devised of rendering it less irksome and monotonous. Such will eagerly catch at whatever wears the appearance of a novel pleasure. It is therefore confidently expected, that an attempt to supply them with excitement at once agreeable and innoxious, and to vary in some measure the routine of their employments, and recreations, will be regarded with favour. *Professione pietatis aut laudatus erit, aut excusatus.*

It will be proper, however, to furnish some information respecting the plan upon which the *Haileybury Observer* is to be conducted:

The precise objects of the publication, as was stated in the Prospectus, are to open a field for voluntary intellectual exertation, and to circulate materials of amusement and entertainment. Accordingly it is designed to embrace original compositions of every sort,—essays literary and political, historical and biographical sketches, romances, poems, satires, facetiæ, together with news domestic, national and foreign. In short, none except religious topics will be excluded.

It is scarcely necessary to mention, that upon the countenance and co-operation of the Students the success of this project mainly depends. The friendly manner in which the announcement of it has been greeted forbids the supposition, that the contribution of articles will be much less general than the subscriptions have been. No one can doubt that the reputation of the College would be raised by a happy consummation of the proposed scheme. The

alternative of a failure, which would leave its members chargeable with a poverty of talent, of energy, and of liberal and ingenuous tastes, is one which, as there is no reason to anticipate, it would only be distressing to contemplate, or to point out.

As the Editors are chiefly responsible for the tone and merit of the work, it will of course be understood, that nothing can obtain insertion which is disapproved by them. It is their fixed and unalterable determination to reject whatever would degrade the character of the paper, or pain the feelings of individuals. In declaring themselves willing to receive satirical productions, they would have it provided that the satire be always delicately concealed, and be of that kind which rather tickles than irritates, and sparkles without burning. Assuredly, they will not lend themselves either to excite, or to nourish, private animosities.

The Editors conclude these introductory remarks, by offering their sincere thanks to the body of their fellow-students for the encouragement which has already been afforded them, and by requesting continued assistance, as well as, in the estimate of the manner in which they perform their task, a very indulgent consideration of the difficulties which they have to encounter.

---

#### TO THE EDITORS OF THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

DEAR SIRS, I am glad from reports sempiternal  
To hear you've determined to issue a Journal  
For Poetry—dramatic, and epic, and lyrical ;  
For Prose—sentimental, instructive, satirical.

I repeat, Sirs, I'm glad, at length has been granted  
That lofty tribunal, so awfully wanted,  
A censor of morals, a foe to abuses,  
And a terror (the phrase pray forgive) to all *gooses*.

Your far seeing eye will not fail, Sirs, to scan  
Each practice which plagues the poor hard Reading Man,  
Under which he has long unresistingly groaned,  
But which ought to be now, *sine die* postponed.

I think it is hard, that over my busy pate  
As I pace the quadrangle, each witling should dissipate  
A jug of cold water, which gives me a staggerer,  
And suggests most unkindly the "Falls of Niagara."

I think it is hard, that when any one seeks  
The name of a book, to be told it is "*Cheeks*,"  
And on asking what that is, an impudent railer  
Should say a "*Marine*" or the "*E. I. Coll. Tailor*."

I think it is hard, to leave Greek or Hindi  
On a special invite from a *Pro* to drink Tea,  
And your bow having made, (most dressing of jokes)  
To find the *Pro's* letter,—*proh pudor*!—a hoax.

I think it is hard, when stretched on one's truckle,  
To be roused from soft slumbers, by loud cries of "*Buckle*,"  
A practice which long has discretion outran,  
And offends very deeply that worthy young man.

I think it is hard that a fat man should snore  
 When I strive to gain Legal or Pol. Econ. lore ;  
 But I know you'll exclaim, " our patience will fail us"  
 If I say a word more on this *Heliogabalus*..

I think it is hard,—but, Sirs, let me restrain,  
 My praiseworthy wrath, till I write, Sirs, again ;  
 Meantime let the flame-breathing steed of your pen  
 Ride rough-shod the foes of us hard Reading Men.

Go on, Sirs, and prosper : feared and loved may you be  
 In the turbulent regions of A B and C.

Write again and again if you find No. 1. do :

Remember that "*Vires acquirit eundo*."

A READING MAN.

[We have received the following from a correspondent, and, having decided upon the admission of political articles, we insert it accordingly : but we beg to state once for all, that we are not to be held responsible for the sentiments contained in this, or any other communications from correspondents.]

### TO THE EDITORS OF THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

GENTLEMEN EDITORS,—Though, from the name which you have given to your Paper, it might be inferred that your remarks were to be restricted to the little concerns of the College ; yet it is difficult to suppose that you will omit to acquaint us, from time to time, with the progress of events and of opinions in the world about us. No one would wish you to be hot, indiscriminate defenders of any political party, or person. But, occasionally, you might endeavour to draw the attention of your readers to the grand principles of the science of government, and to the qualities of head and heart which ought to belong to public servants. When you consider upon what a stage they will hereafter figure, and how important it is that they perform their parts well, nothing will appear more proper, or more expedient than such a proceeding.

In so doing, you would naturally direct their eyes to the character and conduct of the present Ministry. Justly may we boast of rulers, whose rare fortune it is to possess both the favour of the court and the confidence of the people, because the rare merit attaches to them of being not more ardent lovers of liberty, than zealous advocates of order and obedience. They are men of immaculate patriotism, of uncommon capacity for affairs, of large schemes and liberal views of policy. Not at all averse from judicious measures of reform, they have ever opposed a resolute front to hasty, ill-considered and needless innovations. The narrow prejudices which have long obstructed the march of civil equality and religious toleration,—the wild theories of a fatuous enthusiasm, which gaping after impracticable perfection in the constitution of human society, loses sight of that excellence which is attainable,—seem alike to have been unable to gain any hold upon their vigorous understandings.

Their policy at home and abroad has been attended with singular success. Among ourselves party heats have been gradually mitigated. The ill-omened signs of discontent have passed away. Ireland is enjoying a tranquillity which she has not known for many years. The rebellion in Upper Canada has been utterly extinguished. In the East, wars that appeared imminent have been averted by dexterous diplomacy, without any compromise of the honour of England. The ambition of Russia has not been suffered to encroach upon the rights and interests of other nations. The integrity of the Ottoman empire has been preserved inviolate.

That a ministry, having such claims to general approbation as services so great as these constitute, should nevertheless have been maligned as a set of scoundrels and incapables, is grievous, indeed, but not surprising. As if the degree of depreciation on the one side should be exactly proportioned to the degree of merit on the other, it is observable, that the missiles of abuse and scurrility have been chiefly aimed at the nobleman who presides over the administration of affairs. Let him be comforted by the approval of his own conscience. Let him look forward with assurance to the sentence of future generations. That, placed in the delicate and responsible situation of adviser to a youthful and inexperienced Queen, he should have used, without abusing, the implicit confidence which her generous disposition led her to repose in him, and should have demeaned himself towards her so properly, so wisely, so honestly, as to have won the acknowledgment, that she regarded him as a father, with affectionate reverence;—that, aspersed and vehemently denounced by the established clergy, his only revenge should have been, to confer upon them the benefit of a commutation of tithe, and to deliver the highest dignitaries of the church from temptations, which their virtue was not always able to resist, though to yield to them was disgraceful, by abolishing the evil practice of translating bishops from one diocese to another;—that, suddenly and fiercely assailed by an old and familiar comrade, who had basely deserted to the enemy, he should have had the magnanimity not to disclose facts, the very mention of which must have effectually bridled the licentious tongue of his unprincipled antagonist, and covered his face with shame and confusion;—these are a few of the noble traits, which, however the eyes of contemporaries may be blinded to them by party spirit, will assuredly be recognised and depicted by the impartial historian, and command the admiration of posterity.—I have the honour to be, yours, &c.

PHILALETHES.

#### TO GREECE.

Land of the Bard who sang Achilles' ire !  
 Land of the battle-sword and melting lyre !  
 The patriot's thoughts shall ever dwell with thee,  
 Birth-place of Heroes and of Liberty !  
 How long shall cruel tyrant man oppress  
 The spot, which bounteous Nature loves to bless  
 With brilliant skies of Heaven's clearest blue,  
 And sunny plains that gentlest breezes woo ?

How long shall Grecia's dark-eyed daughters weep,  
 And classic valour rest in death-like sleep ?  
 — I listened, and the voice of vengeance cried,  
 " Let Grecia's dark-eyed daughters cease to weep.  
 " No more shall tyrants revel in their pride,  
 " Awake ! awake ! The Turk hath murder'd sleep ! !"

— See ! slumb'ring Greece is wak'ning from her dream,  
 The war shout rises, and the lances gleam ;  
 The banners wave, and soon the crimson flood  
 Shall stain the plains with dying Moslem's blood.  
 — Strike home, brave Greek ! Let Turkish foemen feel  
 The virtuous wrath of thy avenging steel ;  
 Fight on and conquer, like thy sires of old,  
 And thy proud tale, like theirs, shall oft be told,  
 And lovely woman shall reward the deed ;  
 For lovely woman's praise is valour's sweetest meed.

A\*\*\*\*

## EXTRACTS FROM THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A STUDENT OF THE EAST INDIA COLLEGE.

As the long middle age of ignorance in these academic walls is about to vanish, and the classic glories of our predecessors, dimly shadowed forth in the columns of the *Scrutator*, are about to be rivalled in the pages of the *Observer*, it is a duty which we owe to posterity, to paint in colours, at once vivid and correct, the habits and character of the embryo civilian of the present time. We offer no apology for the publication of the following Extracts from the Life and Adventures of a Student of the East India College, knowing that England, India, and indeed the whole of the civilized world, together with Hertford and Leadenhall-street, peremptorily demanded its appearance.

The author, proud of being above the prejudices of his times, and spurning the flimsy prettinesses by which his brothers in literature veil their ambition and their vanity, at once states, that he presents to the universe what the universe wanted, a true and faithful history, replete with erudition, teeming with interest, enriched with the noblest sentiments, and enlivened by the purest humour.

[NOTE.—We have here omitted some admirable passages on the ideal, and the true, in composition,—together with a masterly review of English literature, and East India College Examination papers. We have also dispensed with all the valuable reflections with which the work abounds, and have confined our extracts to events. We are, however, happy and proud to be enabled to state, that the whole work will be shortly published, in one volume, 8vo. by J. Madden and Co. with illustrations by A. W. Phillips, and A. C. Travers, Esqs. In the exercise of a sound discretion, we have also passed by the early education of the hero, and the reader will therefore please to imagine him to have been educated at a private school, and to have entered his eighteenth year.—Ed. *Observer*.]

On the fifteenth of December, 18—, Arthur Fielding was summoned from a parlour boardership, at a romantically situated school, to undergo the necessary examination for a Writership in the East India Company's service.

Although a youth of fair talents and considerable assiduity, yet from the private nature of his education, he had about as vague a notion of a public examination, as an Oxford undergraduate has of the Integral Calculus. Not a little, therefore, was he alarmed, when told that he must be prepared "to go in and win" before another calendar month had elapsed. The intervening time was spent in alternate hopes and fears, in running from Euclid to Paley, from Paley to Walkingame, from that respectable gentleman to Magnall's Questions, and from thence to every bookseller's shop in town, in search of aids, synopses, and translations, and five minutes' advices, and brief views, and tabular views, and comprehensive views, and analyses, and every thing which could make a young man satisfactorily acquainted with every subject in twenty-one days.

A few days previous, however, to the ordeal, it was incumbent to comply with a necessary form, entitled, "the Presentation of Petitions." Our hero found this but a very slight affair, merely consisting in giving full

scope to the reflective faculties during the space of four hours. The speculative have sought to place another interpretation upon this ceremony, but the acute have always considered that, for any less excellent purpose than the one above-mentioned, the royal family of Leadenhall-street would never drag young gentlemen from their studies at so critical a period, to ask them whether they were the sons of their fathers, whether they had ever had the small-pox, and whether their handwriting was their handwriting.

The awful day at length arrived, and, contrary to novelistic custom, was of a very every-day appearance. Several times before our hero left his home did he endeavour in secret to discover the decree of fate, by the rotatory motion of a penny piece; head for success,—their antipodes for defeat. Nor could all the caresses of his kind relations quite dispel the gloomy forebodings, which the continued appearance of Britannia seated on the edge of her shield shed over his superstitious temperament. At length he found himself at the appointed field, surrounded by about thirty young men of his own age, the majority of whom, by certain silver sounds, and by the nationality of those garments which can only be expressed to ears polite by a periphrasis, he soon discovered to be natives of

“The land of brown hills and shaggy wood.”

A tedious pause now ensued, which some employed by telling others where they had been at school, some in devouring with all the ferocity of despair question-and-answer editions of Paley's Evidences, whilst all, in their secret heart of hearts, felt their situations to be very similar to that of the criminal who hears the rack preparing in an adjoining room. Exactly at half-past eleven A.M., the engagement commenced by the distribution of arithmetical and mathematical papers of questions, and by each of the three Inquisitors simultaneously seizing a victim for a *vivâ voce* examination.

As, however, one day's trial will enlighten our readers as to the nature of the ordeal, we will therefore, with his permission, describe the third and last day. On this day, a paper of questions on History and Geography was placed in our hero's hands, which demands a more minute attention. It appears that the Examiners, finding their task to be one not very amusing, determined to relieve the monotony of their labours by a slight infusion of comedy.

With this view, the gentleman who proposed the questions on the third day, and who must most decidedly have been a wag of the first water, enlivened the natural dulness of History, and threw a charm over the sinuous perplexities of Geography, by specimens of humour, of which the following are examples:—

### QUESTIONS.

Compare a square mile with the area of this paper?—

A map in relief is sometimes so constructed, that a mile in a horizontal direction is represented by a line much shorter than that which represents a vertical mile—on the other hand, in looking at an actual country the eye is pointed in a direction nearly horizontal; on a map we look *down*. Does this difference in the line of view aggravate or compensate for the errors produced on the map in the appearance of a mountain?

The little river at Shoreham in Sussex, after almost reaching the sea is compelled to move parallel to the coast before it finds an exit—give

other instances ; and mention what are the ordinary causes of obstruction ?

One foreigner landing at Falmouth traverses the west coast of England. Another lands at Dover and proceeds along the east coast ; they meet and compare notes—what are the chief differences in their accounts ?

What is the physical character of East Florida ?

As it can never be supposed that these queries were intended to be *correctly* answered, it is presumed that they were designed by the Examiner to form the materials for the sublimest mirth. The number of square miles of Sicily, as set forth in the different answers, varied from 4 to 4,000,000. Some of the candidates, being determined to encourage the comic vein of their task masters, returned entertaining replies to serious questions. On this account some of the papers contained some playful sallies, such as that “the principal circumstance in the American war of independence was the battle of Bunker’s Hill, in which Washington Irving was slain ;” that the “Azores is a town on the Baltic,” and “Havannah in Holland.” Others, in a more serious tone, endeavoured to reprove the ponderous levity of the Examiners, of which an answer to the following question is the best instance,—“If any doubt were entertained of the existence of Alfred the Great, as there is of the Roman Romulus, what would be the best proof we could adduce of his having lived ?” A spirited youth, in his papers, took an ‘*in limine*’ objection, and denied the major premiss of the hypothesis, by stating that “*he never did doubt the existence of Alfred the Great.*”

Let us now return to our hero, whom we will suppose seated before this tessellated paper of History, Geography and Facetiae, flanked on one side by an individual, in the before-mentioned tartan never-whisper’ems, and on the other by a good-looking little gentleman, endued with wonderful activity. Whatever hopes of assistance our hero may have entertained from these supporters were quickly dispelled by the Caledonian gentleman on his right affirming with startling vehemence, that it was impossible to answer the questions without the assistance of a book, and proceeding to procure the necessary works at a neighbouring bookseller’s : and by the little gentleman on the left, softly enquiring whether Perkin Warbeck was or was not a cotemporary of Pericles. Indeed, the little gentleman afforded, by his assiduity in asking questions, an admirable instance of the “pursuit of knowledge under difficulties ;” he seemed to possess a vicariouslyness, amounting almost to ubiquity,—now with an insinuating bow offering refreshments to the Examiners,—now rushing to the right, to ask who Hobbes was,—anon stumbling to the left, to ascertain certain circumstances regarding the Duc de Sully, and again returning to write down that the former was the author of a book called the “Leather thing,” and that the latter was a celebrated dictator of Rome. Being, however, at length detected in inquiring whether the Edict of Nantz did not relate to certain laws concerning the importation of spirituous liquors, he was sent into honourable exile, at a distant solitary table.

Fearful, however, of being tedious, we must draw this chapter to a close. Shortly after the banishment of the little gentleman, our hero was summoned by the waggish examiner for a *viva voce* examination in Sophocles. The wit was determined to give a parting taste of his quality, and so, after he had compelled our hero to explain all the metrical difficulties in a chorus, he commenced a more pleasant line of examination. By these

means he reduced poor Fielding very nearly to a suicidal degree of despair, asking, among other facetious queries, with a truculent visage, whether Mount Taurus was covered with snow in the month of June?—What Delos was famed for?—and,—on our hero answering with rapidity, “for being the birth-place of Apollo,”—replying, “No—Eggs.” Thus ended the examination; and our hero, as he walked home, could find little room for comfort, and accordingly acquainted his family at considerable length with the pleasing fact, that there was no chance of his entering the East India College at present. In vain did he try again the “sortes pennypieceaneæ.” Invidious Britannia and her garden roller-like shield always appeared uppermost. On the next day he went to the field of battle with little hope of raising a trophy;—and in about two hours returned home in a frantic state, exclaiming that Tails had deceived him, that he and a majority of the candidates were duly elected.

(To be continued.)

Ἡ γῆ μέλαινα πίνει; &c.

Anacreon.

The black earth drinks the freshening rain,  
From the earth drink flower and tree,  
The air is drunk by the thirsty main,  
And the sun drinks the waves of the sea,  
And the pale moon drinks from the sun the light,  
Which she sheds o'er the brow of the silent night.

Then why should you blame me, if I too love  
To quaff the flowing bowl?  
Shall all things drink that live or move;  
And must I alone be dull?  
If the earth, and the air, and the sea, and sky  
May drink when they will, why should man be dry?

C.

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*We are much obliged to “A Candidate” for his contribution, but are obliged to decline it, as it intrudes upon the subject of a series of papers promised us by another correspondent. We beg, however, that he will infuse the humor, which he appears to possess, into articles of another description.*

*Our thanks are due to “H.” for his Sapphic Ode, which, though it gives good promise of future excellence in Latin versification, does not possess sufficient classical merit to admit of insertion in our pages.*

*We recommend “O. M.” to stick closer to his Algebra, and not to coquette with the Muses.*

*We are sorry that Mr. “Chrononhotonthologus” should have had so much trouble in copying the verses he sent us; and beg that his next communication may be a little more original.*

*“V. W.’s” composition shows much talent and justness of thought, but is rather deficient in perspicuity and method, and calls for a more liberal use of the file. We hope, however, to receive some more contributions from him.*

*“Φιλοσκόμμων” is informed that the merit of his charade cannot be estimated; without the solution of it being known to the Editors.—The same answer applies to “Swipes” conundrum.*

*“Hβη” shall be inserted in our next.*

*The contributions of “Swipes” and “S.” are postponed for further consideration. N. B.—All rejected articles may be had on application at the Porter’s Lodge.*

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# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

Liberius si  
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniâ dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.*

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No. 2.] WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1839. [PRICE 6D.

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Of all speculations, those on human nature are perhaps the most interesting and instructive ; especially if made on an age, when the natural characters and dispositions are seldom artfully concealed, but while yet the final bent, whether for good or evil, is undecided ; and while, consequently, the formation of the habits of almost infinite consequence to the individual. If, then, we examine the minds of the young men of the middling and higher classes, when met together in a place of public education, we shall generally find them divided into three classes, running, indeed, into each other, yet still separated by lines sufficiently distinct. The first belongs to those habitually averse to study of any kind, and in general devoted to the most vain, if not the most mischievous, pursuits. The second, by far the least numerous class, possesses intellect of a superior, though by no means of the highest, order. We see those who belong to it labouring indefatigably at the work set before them, but rarely allowing their views to extend much further ; following with diligence the beaten path, but never venturing to quit it, in order to explore the varied scenes among which it leads them. The third, of which, at the present day, the growing size cannot fail to gratify the eyes of the philanthropic observer, is that of those who, while they pursue their immediate studies, do not lose sight of the ultimate object of all education, the perfection of the powers of their mind ; and therefore are by no means content with the scanty stock of information meted out to them, but zealously search after knowledge wherever it may be found, grudging neither the sacrifices nor the exertions which they may find themselves called on to make, in the pursuit.

Widely dissimilar as is this class from the first, it has yet one point in common with it seldom found in the second grade of intellect,—we mean a fondness for the works of fiction and imagination ; a taste, however, which produces very different effects on different characters. Reading of this sort dissipates and enervates young and uncultivated minds ; but on a strong and fortified intellect, it often bestows a grace, and polish and elegance, which softens the severity of its severer attributes, and qualifies it to delight as well to instruct. Such, we repeat, is often the effect ; would we could say *always*. Of all tastes not absolutely vicious, few are more dangerous than this. Even if indulged at first in moderation, its strength will rapidly, though almost imperceptibly, increase ; and, when the proper bounds are once passed, it will require a firm hand, indeed, to manage the reins of the imagination, and to guide the steeds of fancy in their headlong course.

Its effects, however, vary greatly, even upon the minds of a more robust cast. Some, from reading, catch the idea of writing romances, and, neglecting their duller, but more useful employments, work themselves into a morbid state of excitement and enthusiasm. In others, the intellectual powers are not perverted, but weakened ; and in all, that time, which should be spent in exercising and improving our highest powers, is much less profitably employed, and habits of industry are destroyed, while those of indolence are strengthened.

So far, however, let us be understood as speaking, not of the use, but of the abuse, of imaginative works. This distinction, however, when applied to the other class, almost vanishes ; for Novel-reading, in particular, is commonly a great cause, and a besetting sin of, idleness ; and even if viewed as an amusement, one which dissipates the mind more than any other. It is a great mistake to suppose it a recreation, as the experience of those who have tried it as such will testify. Who, after spending an hour, still more an evening, over a novel, has

laid aside his book refreshed in his mind, and eager to recommence his severer studies? If the novel has interested him deeply, his thoughts will be constantly reverting to it, glad of an escape from the dry and hard studies of languages, or mathematics, or any of the usual branches of modern education. And, even if it be that wretched trash with which Circulating Libraries are now so generally filled, the unwholesome food will hardly create a new relish for the plain, unseasoned repasts of reason.

If such be the effects of an occasional indulgence in this amusement, what shall we say for the habitual novel-readers. At the best, they do not enjoy a pleasure superior to his who cultivates his mind, and brings the reasoning faculties into play: while, it must be remembered, that the pleasures afforded by the intellectual powers constantly increase with their exercise; but those enjoyed by novel-readers are diminished by every fresh repetition. Moreover, they have the double disadvantage of spending their time on what will hereafter profit them but little, and of rendering themselves incapable of feeling satisfaction in any employments of more real use; not to say that the weakness which yields to this temptation will hardly be found proof against others which are stronger and more dangerous.

Upon the whole, then, it is not easy to say in what light novel-reading can be looked upon as conducive to study and the improvement of the mind, which, as a habit, it weakens, without informing; as an occasional amusement, it relaxes, without refreshing; and yet we fear we are hardly exaggerating, when we say that nearly half the books at the present day read by young men are novels, and some not of the least exceptionable kind. We trust that the evil effects of this system of reading may not be fatally evident hereafter; and that, when their judgment and steadiness and decision of character are put to the test, they may not be found wanting.

Ἰωτ α.

#### HYMN TO THE MOON.

Fair sister of the sun! queen of the night!  
 Whose throne is glory, and whose paths are light!  
 Not more when all unveil'd is seen thy face,  
     Than when dim pomp of clouds  
     Awhile its brightness shrouds,  
 I greet thee, type sublime of purity and grace.  
 Anon thou ledest forth a host divine,  
 Stars numberless, like cluster'd gems that shine;  
 Anon thou marchest through the skies alone;  
     While ocean's waves below,  
     Still as they ebb and flow,  
 Feel thy incumbent power, thy law mysterious own.  
 Beautiful art thou, too, when thou art seen  
 Vesting the landscape in a robe of sheen,  
 When in their gentle play thy silvery beams,  
     Like elves on frolic bent  
     Soon as the day is spent,  
 Dance 'mid the quivering sprays, and glide o'er sparkling streams.  
 Oft have I gazed upon thee, and have dream'd  
 Of countless forms, peopling thine orb, that seem'd  
 Too bright, too fair for aught but angel-kind;  
     Such as, o'er Bethlehem's plains,  
     In new and holy strains,  
 To shepherds sang of peace for man by God design'd.  
 Haply they pause at times from their high mirth,  
 Nor scorn to visit the mean sons of earth;  
 But, while they mourn the blots on nature's face,  
     Tell of a coming day,  
     When these shall pass away,  
 And vanquished sin and death confess the power of grace.

Π. Β. Φ.

## TO THE EDITORS OF THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

GENTLEMEN EDITORS,—Although far from feeling convinced that political discussions will either extend the sale, or elevate the character, of your paper; I am yet unwilling, that the Conservative cause in this College should fail in finding a champion, bold enough to raise the gauntlet which Philaethes has thrown down. Your correspondent has clothed his sentiments in an Attic elegance of diction, and, if he has done nothing else, has at least proved, that the most extravagant opinions may be introduced with the utmost moderation of expression.

I shall at present leave unnoted the various questions, which Philaethes has raised, on the Home and Foreign Policy of the present Ministry, considering that each deserves to be discussed in a separate article, and shall address my remarks to the general tenour of his letter.

Your correspondent opened his panegyric with a flourish of trumpets, which proclaimed, that the Ministry possessed the favour of the Court and the confidence of the people. The first of these statements is, we hope, in a country like ours, a matter of very slight importance; the other will encounter a denial at once indignant and universal. The only criterion, by which we can judge of the people's attachment to a Ministry, is the test of representation in the Commons House of Parliament; and Philaethes must surely possess a singular felicity in extracting victory from defeat, if he expects to maintain his argument by proofs derived from this source. It is notorious, that the Ministry did not dare to raise a single member of the Lower House to the Peerage at the Coronation;—that the noble lord, who at the commencement of this year was appointed Viceroy of Ireland, was replaced by a gentleman of adverse politics;—that the late Chancellor of the Exchequer was ignominiously defeated, by proxy, at Cambridge;—and that even in Manchester, the stronghold of Liberalism, the substitute for the Governor of Canada gained such a victory, as must have infused a very Pyrrhus-like apprehension into the breasts of those who eat the bread of office.

Philaethes, however, thinking that his praise was too general, has bestowed on the noble Premier such encomiastic sentences, as must surely console his lordship for the cares of office, and the ruthlessness of the *Times* newspaper. These praises I should have left unnoticed, had they not been made the vehicle for an attack upon a nobleman whom the unprejudiced must ever consider as one of the master spirits of the age. In this part of his epistle Philaethes does not show his usual acuteness; it smacks awfully of the sentimentality of the *Globe*. From whom did he hear of those facts which would have bridled Lord Brougham's tongue, but which were not disclosed? If your correspondent knows them, it is evident, that the Premier must have mentioned them, which rather detracts from the boasted *magnanimity*. But all this partakes so much of "pamphleteering slang," that we will not dwell on it. We simply and seriously ask Philaethes, what will probably be the decision of posterity, when one statesman, who has spent a long life in diffusing knowledge, and promoting the interests of science; whose giant intellect has grasped, and adorned, every subject; whose errors have always been the errors of genius; is compared with another, who, though possessing considerable abilities, has been famed for little else than unbounded nonchalance, extensive anecdotal talent, and the "nice conduct of a clouded cane." If the Premier is to look forward with assurance, as Philaethes says, to the favourable sentence of future generations, it can only be, because his lordship has assurance enough for anything. Finally let me say that, under the present government, the church has experienced heavy blows and discouragements,—that our universities have been insulted,—that our peers have been brow-beaten,—that our flag has been disgraced,—our Foreign affairs rendered a farce, and our Home department very nearly a tragedy,—our Colonies endangered, and our Court scandalized.

England has, before this, been governed by a virgin Queen, but the supporters of her Court were stately columns, like Burleigh, Walsingham, Bacon and Raleigh, not such filigree pilasters as my Lords Melbourne and Palmerston, and the most noble the Marquesses of Normanby and Headfort.

I have the honour to be yours, &c.

ASTEIOS.

[The Editors, on further consideration, have determined to decline in future, any article of a political nature, which contains allusion to public men of the present day.]

## TO THE EDITORS OF THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

Est genus unum

Stultitiæ, nihilum metuenda timentis.

*Horace, Lib. II. Sat. 8, line 53.*

GENTLEMEN EDITORS,—In a letter, signed “Philæthes,” which appeared in your last Paper, the writer commences by a most judicious observation. He remarks that it would be unworthy of you to edit a journal “restricted to the little concerns of the College;” and he recommends that you should “draw the attention of your readers to the grand principles of the science of government, and to the qualities of head and heart which ought to belong to public servants.” To this sentiment all, doubtless, must cordially agree; and, farther, all must admire the liberality with which the writer deprecates “the hot, indiscriminate defence of any political party or person.”

But, then, the ingenious writer of the article in question, proceeds to illustrate “the principles of the science of government, and the qualities of public servants,” by adducing as examples, the present Ministry of this country. Without entering into the question, how far our rulers are skilled in governing, and models among statesmen, I beg leave to put this to your serious consideration,—Whether you act rightly in permitting in your Paper the discussion of the politics of the day?

In the first place.—What is the attraction in discussing politics, which should make it a favorite subject? If any among the Students do feel so intense a desire to debate of “Men and Measures,” their anxiety must arise from the peculiarly interesting, or rather exciting, nature of political controversies;—which circumstance alone creates a difference, in the present case, between politics and the discussion of any other subject. I say this *alone*, because it would be absurd to assert that the *Haileybury Observer* can make a medium for conveying political news. All that it can do, in this department, is to recapitulate the substance of the public prints, accompanied by the crude ideas of the inexperienced minds of embryo politicians; or it can raise subjects for violent and heated discussions, which, (though, doubtless, the good taste, and discretionary power of the Editors will prevent abuse or scurrility) will be influenced by youthful prejudices, and will certainly cause pain, and perhaps, awake the evil passions, in the minds of the individuals themselves.

Originality, Gentlemen Editors, is your object. Why, then, insist upon the admission of compositions on that subject, in which originality cannot be expected from persons of the ages of your contributors? Are there not open to their emulous research the rich fields of literature, history, biography, romance, poetry, satire, and the indulgence of the comic vein, in each and all of which youth may display originality and genius?—Why not, then, contentedly resign the dangerous, and, to the youthful mind, the barren, desert of politics?—Wherefore, when the gates of treasure chambers are thrown open to invite you to their safe possession and enjoyment, insist on entering the barred door, within whose portals lies nothing to repay your trouble, and whose violation, you have been warned, will cause the complete failure of your enterprise? Did not a person, whose opinion all of you must give in to, assert his conviction that the first letter on the subject of politics, which appeared in your Paper, was the most likely possible to provoke “a virulent and acrimonious answer?” and farther, that any violent *political* discussions, must infallibly call for the interference of the College authorities, to put a stop to a Paper, managed in a manner so ill-judged as to permit their admission?

Have you not heard the decision of those who will be judges in this matter, and will you wilfully persist in admitting what they have distinctly condemned? With what view do you invoke judgment on your own heads, despite warning given, and conviction forced upon you? Believe me, I give utterance to the sentiments of many, when I assert, that the expectation of the Students, on the establishment of the *Haileybury Observer*, was, that it would be a medium for conferring pleasure, not exciting strife; that it would shine brightly and steadily for long, not be quenched at its rise by the obstinacy of a few.

Gentlemen, I have only now to crave pardon for trespassing so long on your patience, and to hope that nothing in this letter has been taken amiss by any of you. If you object to the admission of this paper in your pages, the writer will hope you have agreed with him; if not, he begs that it may be inserted.

Zeal in the cause of the *Haileybury Observer* is (believe me, gentlemen) the sole motive that influences your humble servant,

DESINE PERVICAX.

Χαλεπὸν τὸ μὴ φιληῆσαι: &c.

*Anacreon.*

O bitter is e'en love's delight,  
And better ne'er to feel his might;  
But, all misfortunes far above,  
Is unsuccessfully to love.  
No longer rank availeth aught,  
Nor learning by deep study bought;  
But gold alone love's charms may claim.  
Accursed be that wretch's name,  
Who taught mankind for wealth to thirst,  
Thro' which came wars and slaughters first,  
Whose force can brothers' souls divide,  
Tear children from their parents' side,  
And, worse than all, whose tyrant power  
Oft' mars the lover's happiest hour.

Ἦβη.

A TALE OF MODERN CHIVALRY,—IN TWO CANTOS.

My dear Mr. Editor,  
I hope you will read it, or  
I ne'er would have given  
To my fancy the rein;  
Or thus boldly have striven,  
In a Walter Scott strain,  
To describe what I think the most beautiful scene  
Which, since the year 1, on this dull earth has been.

The sage Mr. Burke  
Made a fine piece of work,  
In sentences flowing,  
About chivalry going;  
But I think very soon,  
That my Lord Eglington,  
Will prove that the orator made a mistake,  
Or at least to the future was not 'wide awake.'

For e'en in this College,  
This bower of knowledge,  
And deep information,  
And civilization,  
And wisdom and virtue,  
I will boldly assert, you  
Never heard of, or read, in the whole of your life,  
Of so gallant, and glorious, and brilliant a strife,  
As lately took place, in some regular lists,  
With spear and with shield, not with clod-hopping fists,  
Between two knights well known to fame,  
Whom modesty forbids to name,  
Who engaged quite à l'outrance,  
About, sir, a new trans  
Of a passage in Hindi,  
And thus made a shindy,  
Which put both the combatants quite out of breath,  
And caused very nearly a premature death.

They both were exceedingly brave,  
And one was excessively fat;  
But your pardon I ought, sir, to crave,  
For incautiously mentioning that;  
But this, sir, at least, let me say,  
That one was the boast and pride of A.

The other the joy of B.  
That one was for whiskers far renown'd,  
Was emerald-studded, and shawl-dressing-gown'd,

A Swell exceedingly.  
The other cared little or naught for the Graces,  
Was usually quite independent of braces,

And all other tawdry restraint;  
And, as some one has truthfully written before,  
Over learning was always accustomed to snore,  
A beauty, indeed, without paint.

The Knight of the Buck, the first was named;  
But, being in hall and bower far famed,

He was frequently called LE BEAU:  
Enormous circumferential size  
Proclaim'd to the world's admiring eyes,  
That his rival, who shone in chivalric guise,  
Was no other than great LE GROS.

Anthropometamorphosial talent  
Converted each youth to a knightly gallant;  
Their coats of mail were most skilfully wrought  
Of hampers, which once were clandestinely brought.

Full of wine, through the College gate.  
Caparison'd donkeys the warriors rode,  
And each charger, beneath his pond'rous load,  
Seem'd not quite in love with his fate.

Their helms were academic caps,  
Which oft had stood some lusty raps;  
Their spears had ne'er known rust;  
For, prigg'd from some dark centre room,  
Each warrior wields a trusty broom,  
Of deal inlaid with dust.

But hark! the Herald's trumpet sounds,  
The cortege leaves the College grounds  
In very noble state:

But, ere they quit the quiet scene  
Of that much-loved quadrangle green,  
They halt at Coleman's gate.  
The Fat Knight swore he must have here  
A stirrup-cup of Coleman's beer:  
His friends knew after what he hankered,  
And soon produced a foaming tankard.

And now each ardent Student strives  
To reach, with all his might and main,  
The scene of strife, the listed plain  
Which oft has fired a Poet's strain,  
The Field of the Court of Fives.

Oh! 'twas a gallant sight to see  
The whole of that fair company;  
From all the rooms, pell-mell, had poured  
The motley academic horde;  
The reading men, the rowing set,  
The novel readers, all had met:  
The light cigar adorns the mouth  
Of almost every anxious youth;  
The tartan hue profusely flames  
From waistcoats, coats, and fye-for-shames.  
Conspicuous o'er the multitude,

The Ruffian kept the lists,  
Lest the *οἱ πολλοί* should intrude,  
And quiz, with observations rude,  
The two antagonists.

O Ruffian!—cause of misery!  
Foe to freshmen and to me!

Thou, whose hand on quiet pates  
 The limpid stream precipitates ;  
 Thou, whose curst cast-iron touch  
 Drags the poor student from his couch,  
 And lodges him, spite wrath and wrangle,  
 Securely in the cold quadrangle ;  
 Chief of hoax and humbug makers,  
 Panel sporters, statute breakers !  
 List, Ruffian, to my imprecation,  
 Than *Solemn Moneo* worse, more dread than *Rustication* !!!  
 May'st thou, when Chapel bell is down,  
 At the last minute, miss thy gown :  
 When to the Hall your steps have stroll'd,  
 O, may you find the viands cold,  
     The vegetables gone :  
 May the Pros' table greet your eyes,  
 And dainties o'er your vision rise,  
 And call up suffocating sighs,  
     That thou hast dinner none.  
 At Lecture, may some tough Greek play,  
 Defy your best exertion ;  
 And, still worse yet, may you always get  
     The hardest piece in Persian.  
 But hark ! the trumpet rends the gale,  
 And thunders o'er each hill and dale  
     That's in the College Map.  
 O'er Peter's heart it shed a fear,  
 That danger to the lamps was near,  
 It spoilt all Coleman's home-brew'd beer,  
     And Duncan's evening nap ;  
 For Sir Buck, in the pride of youthful might,  
 Encounters the force of the obese Knight.  
     *End of first CANTO.*

#### A DAY'S DEER STALKING.

On a lovely morning in the beginning of August, when the tops of the mountains were still capped with mist, and the dew lay heavy on the heather, two sportsmen were seen to issue from the door-way of one of those black bothies which everywhere abound in the wild Highland Glens. The sun had not yet risen, and so universal was the stillness, that the faint bark of the shepherd's dog, and the shrill scream of the eagle, could be heard among the distant hills.

"How's the wind this morning, Duncan?" was the first question of one of them to a well-built, athletic looking man, in the dress of a forester. "Couldn't be better, your honour, if you had prayed for it," he replied ; "and one of the shepherds has come down to tell me that he has marked two fine stags into the Corry-Dhu. With your honour's leave, I have sent on Angus with the dogs, and we can follow when you have had breakfast." "Very well, Duncan, you must be master of the ceremonies, and now give us half an hour's law, and we are at your service." Ere the time had elapsed, our sportsmen were equipped for the chase, and, under the forester's guidance, took their way up the glen. After following its windings for nearly two miles, they breasted the steep hill which formed its boundary on the right. "What a splendid view," exclaimed Granville, the younger of the two, on nearing the top.

"So that's your tune, already, Master Harry," said his companion, "admiring the prospect as an excuse for being blown ; let me tell you you'll require all your wind to-day, or the ground is not what it used to be."

"Faith, your honour says right," replied Duncan, "but I see Angus waving his hand to us from that rock above, and I'll be bound he doesn't do it for nothing." So saying he hastened a head, to communicate with the gilly.

"Make haste, gentlemen, make haste," he exclaimed, as, almost breathless with anxiety, he met them coming leisurely along. "Angus saw the deer on the move, about half an hour ago, and now he has lost sight of them altogether."

They required nothing more to make them double quick it to the ridge of the hill, that commanded a view of the corry ; and their glasses were put in immediate requisition.

Long and carefully did Duncan scan every patch of juniper and little dell, in hopes of finding the game, and not a word was uttered as they waited the result of the scrutiny. At length, as they began to despair, his cautiously raised hand warned them of his success. "I've got them," he whispered, "they're laying down a little to the left of that stunted birch, two splendid stags! Oh! Glenvallich, your honour's in luck to day; They're as fat as butter, and one of them has ten tynes."

"Give me the glass, let me have a peep at them," exclaimed Granville. "By Jove! what a fine fellow that is by the foot of yon brown stump," burst from his lips when he at length discovered them, "I hope to put a ball through his hide before long."

"Well, Duncan, how are we to approach them," said Glenvallich. "Indeed, your honour must just go back the way you came, as far as the bottom of the corry, and then I will engage to take you within a hundred yards of them, by the channel of the burn." "Nothing for it, Harry, then but to follow Duncan's directions." Leaving Angus at his post with the dogs, in case the deer should be merely wounded, they struck at a quick pace down the hill side, till they came to a point where they could enter the gully that formed the channel of the little brook, without fear of being seen. Then, indeed, the task was arduous, for sometimes they had to wade through heather up to their waists, and at others, to worm themselves along over spots that were rather exposed. After proceeding in this manner for nearly half an hour, Duncan found by his marks that they were nearing their game. Therefore motioning them to stop, he crawled along for some distance alone. Suddenly they saw him cautiously raise his head, and peer over a hag, behind which he lay crouched; but this was only a momentary suspense, for a waive of his hand brought them instantly to his side. "You're not sixty yards from the largest stag, at this moment," he whispered, "and there's no use in going nearer."

"Come then, Granville," said Glenvallich, "you are to have the first shot, and remember, I fire only if you miss." Duncan was evidently not pleased with the arrangement, but he said nothing. Granville now peeping over, saw the noble brute extended at full length, and only showing signs of life by an occasional shudder, as the flies tormented him. He slowly extended his rifle, but the click of the lock, as he cocked it, made the animal start and raise his head. "Low, Harry! aim low! take him behind the shoulder," whispered his friend. Whether it was that his hand was unsteady from recent exertion, or that he was nervous from excitement, the ball flew harmless. But scarcely had the report roused the deer from his lair, ere the rifle of Glenvallich gave forth its deadly contents; and the deer, making one headlong bound in the air, lay, writhing in the agonies of death.

*(To be continued.)*

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Our readers will observe that the present number contains a greater quantity, though not more pages, than our last. Had the number of pages been increased, it was found that a large additional expense would be incurred, and that the facility of transmission by post, and consequently the sale of the Paper, would be greatly diminished.*

*The 'Extracts from the Life of a Student' will be continued in our next.*

*'M.A.' and 'Blossomsbury' are postponed for further consideration.*

*The letter of 'No Humbug' would have been inserted, but that we had previously been favoured with a reply to Philalethes, from another Correspondent.*

*'A Minor' is acquainted with our reasons for declining his contribution.*

*On further consideration we are compelled to return the papers of 'Swipes' and 'S.' We believe that all our readers would be shocked by 'A Martyr's' tirade against his Tutor. We will therefore spare him the severest punishment, which, in our opinion, it would be possible to inflict, and which he well deserves,—the publication of such a specimen of bad taste and bad feeling.*

*We are much obliged to 'R.' and 'A Sentimental Gentleman' for their contributions, which are not however exactly suited to our pages.*

*We received 'F's' translation too late to give it proper attention.*

*N.B.—All rejected articles may be had on application at the Porter's Lodge.*

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# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

Liberius si  
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniâ dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.*

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No. 3.] WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1839. [PRICE 6D.

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Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,  
Rectique cultus pectora roborant.

*Hor. Carm. Lib. iv. Ode 4.*

THE right cultivation of the moral and intellectual parts of our nature is the great business of education, and the true end of our being. For this alone can qualify us for that future and permanent state which is constituted by an unbounded expansion and exercise of our faculties and dispositions. It is certain, however, that this consideration does not at all adequately influence our conduct. It does not render us sufficiently careful in the formation of habits, nor does it hinder, or recall, us from the pursuit of objects of a far inferior value.

There is a close analogy between our duties as moral and as intelligent creatures. We are almost as much bound to seek after speculative truth, as to love virtue. Speculative error operates upon practice, and is scarcely less productive of evil than are vicious principles of action. For it matters little, in one respect, whether a person is induced by a false opinion, or stimulated by malignant feelings, to do what is hurtful to his neighbours. The guilt is not equal in both cases, but the amount of injury is the same.

It is generally acknowledged, that he who neglects the culture of his moral principles is accountable for such neglect. None attempt to vindicate from blame, or desire to rescue from punishment, the liar, the thief, the adulterer, and the murderer. We readily bestow our pity on criminals of this sort, who have been urged to the violation of laws divine and human by strong temptations or the fury of desperation, if it appear that, by the misfortune of their condition or circumstances, their minds have never been subjected to such discipline as would have habituated them to control their fierce passions and sordid propensities. Yet we by no means deem them to be thereby exculpated. For we feel assured that none can fail to perceive the distinction between right and wrong, who do not determinedly shut their eyes to it.

But it has been asserted by some, that men are not to be held responsible for the speculative notions which they may entertain. It is lamentable that such a gross, pernicious fallacy has been carried even into the sanctuary of theology, and that there have not been wanting deceivers to pretend, that mankind will not be judged according to their creeds. These wretched sophisters commit the two-fold solecism of supposing that a person's conduct is not affected by his belief, and that no one can choose what he will believe. We know that it is not so in the ordinary affairs of life. He who diligently investigates, and impartially weighs, arguments on both sides of a question, arrives at an opinion which experience proves to be correct;

while another, of a more hasty and impatient temper, takes up an opposite view, which is reprobated by the same decisive touch-stone. The difference of their judgments is owing to the difference of their mental habits, which are the result, in one instance of a complete, in the other of an imperfect, training.

It is clear, therefore, that inattention to the development and growth of our intellectual powers is highly reprehensible, as well as the voluntary waste and ruin of our moral feelings. Nor would this, perhaps, have ever been so much overlooked, but that it is more obvious to trace crime to vice, than to ignorance and error.

The labours and the rewards of moral and of intellectual cultivation are not unlike. The noble conflicts of religious faith with carnal appetites are represented by the strenuous resistance which literary zeal opposes to the difficulties which beset its path. The delights of virtue correspond with the pleasures of knowledge. The harmony of subjugated and obedient passions resembles the peace of a well-disciplined mind.

It behoves the young not to let a season, peculiarly favourable to the prosecution of so important a work, be consumed in idleness or dissipation. Let them not lay up for themselves a store of bitter regrets. But let a stringent sense of duty, together with the promise of an exceeding recompense, be of force to withdraw them from frivolous amusements and sensual indulgences, and to engage them in honourable efforts to attain the perfection of their nature.

T——e W——s.

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[We are indebted to a friend who signs himself *Γεραβ*, and who avows himself (as indeed, his name indicates) not to be a Student of the East India College, for the following translation, which we consider to be very happily executed, and which we are sure will amuse our readers.]

Hey diddle diddle! the cat and the fiddle!  
The cow jump'd over the moon:  
The little dog laugh'd to see such sport,  
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

TRANSLATION.

Evoe! dum fidibus felis citharæda canebat,  
Lunam auscultantem vacca supersiluit:  
Risit inextinctum mirata canicula ludam,  
Et demum abduxit laux cochleare meum.

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THE DILEMMA—AN OLD JOKE.

The Dilemma,—think not, Mr. Editor, that we are about to indulge in any dialectics; we use the word quite in a conventional sense, and all our readers are at liberty to define it, if they choose, as Hobson's choice.

So much for a name: as we, in all things, admire precision, let us at once say, that we relate no tale of Italian passion, or French *esprit*: but a good, solid, right-down English story—an old joke.

"Is your master at home? (this borders on the common-place, says my lady's lady)  
"Is your master at home?" asked a young gentleman of a grey-headed domestic, at the gate of a country house.

"What do you want to know for?" was the responsive interrogatory.

"Because, simply, I want to see him."

"I dare say, I dare say,—is it business? if so, you must call to-morrow."

"I dare say you wish to be impertinent, but perhaps you will tell me where my Uncle is."

"Your Uncle,—oh my!—your Uncle;—oh then, you're the wild-un that's to be tamed.  
Mr. The—The"—

"Theophilus Markham, sir, is my name, and I beg, without delay, that you will show me the way to the house."

"Stop—stop, every thing in order, if you please,—you'll sit down here in the lodge, until I see master. I know what I'm about, and (with an expression of countenance intended to denote unparalleled shrewdness) I don't know you."

"As you will, but make haste."

"Oh I you're in a hurry—there's a proverb which—"

"Come, come,—"

"Go, go, I suppose you mean,—one must be careful,—I'm going,"—said the worthy Jonathan, as he moved off with consequential precision, and some mumbling allusions to the care of silver spoons were conveyed to the astonished ears of our hero.

For our hero he is—and, as the speed of Jonathan was not that of a St. Leger winner, we will take advantage of his absence to introduce the young gentleman to the reader. Theophilus Markham was a victim. His friends had pronounced him a genius, a term often applied to idle men, who do nothing worthy of praise, upon the "omne ignotum pro magifico" principle. But our hero had some talent, which might have been more usefully developed, had it been more skilfully nurtured. But, being from his cradle a young Norval,—a politician when he had numbered half a score of years,—a poet in his teens,—a versatile author before he had attained his full stature,—it is no great wonder that he had not yet arrived at years of discretion.

Bred up, however, in accordance with this assumed character,—sent to Eton, in order to form connections, who might hereafter introduce him to the Senate, and to Cambridge, to preserve those acquaintances, (but, as the event proved, to be cut by them),—our hero, at the age of 23, after having idled away 4 years at college, had made no progress towards an independence. His friends began to fancy that he was not the genius which their imaginations had visioned; and his father suggested the propriety of choosing a profession. The bar was mentioned, but its grave austerities did not suit our hero's temperament; the prospect of a jaundiced visage and a long lease of empty pockets was not satisfactory. No, to do him justice, he was a lad of spirit; he determined, to the chagrin of his friends, to adopt the profession of Homer, Plato, Shakspeare, and other worthies of that stamp,—and, in courting the opinion of the great world around him, to adopt the rather revolutionary position of "*standing on his head*."

Such being his decision, his father redoubled his applications to men in office for a seat in Parliament for the hopeful youth,—and called in the assistance of the head of the family, Squire Markham. This worthy gentleman, a bachelor of unsullied character and indisputable rent-roll, invited the future heir of the ancestral honours to Markham House, —shire. To this spot we have brought the reader; Jonathan has not yet returned; we may therefore mention, that the Squire was an excellent country gentleman, who lived on his paternal acres,—always served on the grand jury at the assizes,—was as learned in the law as any of his brother justices,—supported the races and the race ball,—subscribed to the county hospital,—and seconded the nomination of the church-and-state member, at every general election.

Jonathan is in sight. Let us therefore hasten to say, that he belonged to that class called privileged domestics,—who, though certainly respectable, are decidedly bores. He had been a soldier, and a close observer might perceive something of the pipe-clay dignity, in the precision of his walk, which certain interminable stories about the Peninsula would confirm. He was slow, very slow,—but then he was honest, very honest:—and that is not to be despised as this world goes.

"Now, young gentleman, if you please, you will follow me, take care not to tread on any of the beds, and mind you wipe your shoes, when you get to the hall." Our hero resigned himself to his fate, walked slowly on, and, like the Pretender conciliating the Baron of Bradwardine, heard in silence two long stories about the lines of Torres Vedras and Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington.

On arriving at the house, however, our hero was freed from his companion, and introduced to the presence of his uncle. From him he received a warm-hearted welcome, and an intimation that the first dinner bell had sounded. After an adjournment to the room provided for him, and another long story from Jonathan who had been assigned to him as an attendant, Theophilus returned to the library, whence, in the company of his uncle and two other gentlemen, he descended to the dining room. The rector of the parish and a brother squire were the guests, who, on this occasion, partook of Mr. Markham's hospitality. The former was an individual of good humoured countenance, sound learning, strong common sense, and orthodox appetite. After twenty years' experience of an Oxford Common Room, he had succeeded to a College living, where he smoked the calumet of peace in a well earned *otium cum dignitate*,—and lived at once respected and beloved by his parishioners. The latter belonged to that class which includes what fashionable novelists are pleased to term "every-day personages;" his conversation was

not particularly brilliant, and the gusto, with which he expatiated on the viands before him, might have qualified him for the office of "*decoy eater*" to a newly established Steam Boat Company, but irretrievably lost him the good opinion of the aspiring youth who enacts the principal part of this interesting tale.

On what occurred after the cloth was removed, and the pleasures, or, as they are termed at public dinners, the business of the evening commenced, we shall not enlarge, as our hero early pleaded fatigue, and retired to his chamber. After some skilful manoeuvrings, he managed to rid himself of Jonathan, and finally effected his retreat to bed.

The morning arrived, and our hero, who had been long meditating on some extensive efforts in literature, rose in high and most poetical spirits. He had dreamt of the battle of Thrasymene,—his Pegasus was therefore bridled and saddled,—his common-place-book, containing a thousand stanzas, odes, sonnets, and elaborate impromptus, was hastily seized,—and in an instant he was building the lofty line. He commenced, after a short abstraction, with—

"Souls of the brave!"

At this moment a knock at the door recalled our hero to the insignificant earth of these modern times, and a voice, slow but not solemn, exclaimed, "Your boots, Sir."

"Very well, put them down; I shall not want you this morning." He resumed—

"Souls of the brave who linger round the flood."

"Your hot water, sir."

"Well, well, put it down and be off."

"Souls of the brave! who linger round the flood,  
Which once ye crimsoned with your patriot blood,"

"Are your razors all right, sir? But perhaps you have no occasion, as yet, for such things."

"I really wish you would be gone; I am not in want of anything;" answered poor Theophilus, in a distressed tone, and then recommenced;—

"Souls of the brave! who linger round the flood,  
Which once ye crimsoned with your patriot blood,  
Oh! rise again."

"Yes, sir, quite right,—rise again,—exactly what I was going to say; you had better get up, as master is very punctual at breakfast."

"This is insufferable. What do you mean by annoying me thus?" said our hero, opening the door. "I say, I do not want you or anything else."

"Very fine morning, sir," persevered Jonathan, who had now effected an entrance, "just such a morning as that on which we beat the French at Salamanca; Marshal Jourdan, you see, sir,"—

"Confound Marshal Jourdan!"—

"All in good time,—so we did,—confounded him well, too. I remember poor Sandie Fletcher of our regiment said to me,"—

"What do you think I care for?"—

"Aye, aye, very good; but look here?"—continued Jonathan.

"Will you begone?" peremptorily exclaimed Theophilus, elbowing him out of the room. "An intolerable mixture of impertinence and boreism,—has not even the points of an effective character about him,—or I might make some use of him in a Farce."

Thus have we introduced some of our *dramatis personæ*. What were the adventures of our hero at the Hall,—what was the Dilemma,—we intend to be cruel enough not to tell our reader until next week.

A READING MAN.

(To be continued.)

## A TALE OF MODERN CHIVALRY,—CANTO II.

Oh! hast thou known, my reader dear,  
That shiv'ring sense which men call fear?  
Hast thou, unlucky wight, at school  
Called a boy twice your size a fool?  
Hast thou, in early days, in bed  
The Mysteries of Udolpho read?  
Hast ever, on some Christmas night,  
Of goblins talked by candle light?  
And by some would-be witty spark  
Been left quite solus in the dark,  
In some old hall, which shows on high  
Groined arches and rude tracery,

A spot round which some dark tale lingers ?  
 Hast snuffed a candle with your fingers ?  
 Hast e'er got up, with many a qualm,  
 To prove your courage at Chalk Farm ?  
 And worn a pair of Russian ducks,  
 And rivalled them in whiteness ?  
 When some thin friend your steps will tend,  
 Have you envied him his slightness ?  
 Hast felt that smart of terror's dart  
 Your breast which o'er and o'er racks,  
 When remembering that hopeless thing,  
 " A bullet in the thorax ?"

If these you have suffered, oh ! then, you will know  
 What was felt by Sir Buck, and endured by Le Gros.

Yet think not, gentle reader dear,  
 That their's was any coward's fear ;  
 It was, I ween, a solemn dread,  
 Not of a cracked or broken head,  
 But a noble terror, lest they might  
 Lose honour in the listed fight.

Sir Buck, ere he gave his charger the spur,  
 For an instant sighed as he thought of her,  
 To whom his gallant heart paid duty,  
 As the only Queen of Love and Beauty,  
 The fond, the faithful and the true,  
 The beautiful—I don't know who.  
 Far other thoughts Le Gros inspires,  
 His stout heart burns with martial ire,  
 And lady-loves he humbug calls ;  
 And, when the trumpet gave command,  
 He merely spit upon his hand,  
 And said, what would have some unmanned,  
 " Sir Buck ! look out for squalls."

They meet, they meet with a deadly shock,  
 Which each in his heart's core feels ;  
 But fearlessly still each sits like a rock,  
 Though his steed to his haunches reels.  
 The Knight of the Buck, with fierce intent,  
 Endeavour'd to end the tournament  
 By a terrible beginner.  
 He struck, with a tremendous blow,  
 Four pounds of beef, which Sir Le Gros  
 That day had eat for dinner.  
 Le Gros, with equal rage inflamed,  
 His spear-point at the head had aim'd ;  
 It dash'd the helmet from the crown,  
 And then, oh, horror ! glancing down,  
 (Heu pietas, heu fides prisca !)  
 Deranged, a hyacinthine whisker !!!

Their shivered spears aside are thrown :—  
 Each warrior gave one single groan,  
 Then drew his battle brand ;  
 And, formed of extra density,  
 A basket hilted stick you'll see  
 In either champion's hand.  
 They hammered and clamoured,  
 And battered and clattered,  
 And certainly seemed to endeavour,  
 With might and with main,  
 Again and again,  
 To do for each other for ever.

But hark ! the trumpet's sound  
 Proclaims to all around

The Russian's pleasure,  
That some slight leisure  
And breathing time should now be given  
To those who had thus boldly striven.  
The College echoes quickly rung,  
With shouts both loud and deep, for Young ;

Young instantly arrives :  
His dainties rare are soon unpacked,  
His varied stores are quite ransacked,  
To save the warriors' lives.

Le Gros recovers in a trice,  
Demolishes two quarts of ice,  
Of lemon water made ;  
And quickly, next, his inside treats  
With tarts, such as Victoria eats,  
Triangular, and full of sweets,

With fairy crust o'erlaid :  
On the same road, huge cakes he sends,  
And fruit and sugar candy,  
And then at last his feast he ends  
With pints of cherry brandy.

Sir Buck all melancholy stands,  
His face enveloped in his hands :  
He frowningly refuses aid,  
Drinks but one glass of lemonade,  
And utters a loud groan :  
He mournfully thinks of the hard-earned hair,  
Which had valanced so trimly his face so fair ;  
And he orders, in accents of deep despair,  
Some water of Cologne.

Again in fight the warriors meet ;  
For six long jousts each kept his seat ;  
Sir Buck with frenzy mad was fired,  
Le Gros most copiously perspired,—  
Yet neither hurled his foe.

Till chance, which rules the fate of kings,  
And domineers o'er meaner things,  
Decides for Love, and gaily strings  
The chaplet for Le Beau.

The Fat Knight's steed without a groan  
That day had borne some eighteen stone,

A weight by no means airy ;  
But now the gallant ass declines,  
And shows, by very obvious signs,  
Exhaustion pulmonary.

The seventh charge commenced right well,  
They met, and then, oh ! hard to tell,

Sir Gros went see-saw,  
His ass said hee-haw !

Then steed and rider fell.

A loftier shout was never made  
Than when Le Gros undonkeyed laid.  
All rush confusedly to show  
High honour to the brave Le Beau,  
To him, the yet unconquered Knight,  
To him, the victor in the fight,

In tones both loud and merry :  
They hail him Joy of Letter A,  
The College boast, and pride, and stay,  
The young, the gallant and the gay  
Sir Buck, of Bucklesbury.

The fat Knight then reluctant rose,  
And rubbed his back, well bruised with blows ;

He thought not of the moment's need,  
 But fix'd his eyes upon his steed;  
 And soft emotions seemed to roll  
 O'er his brave good natured soul;  
 And though almost inclined to choke  
 With stifled grief, at length he spoke,—  
 "Poor beast, at least, I'll say that on her  
 I lost some leather, but no honour."

My tale is told, God prosper long  
 Our Principal and Dean,  
 Our Pros, and all the studious throng  
 That in these walls have been.  
 May we, in peace, or war's alarms,  
 Remember, all our lives,  
 The great and glorious passage of arms  
 In the Field of the Court of Fives.

#### A DAY'S DEER STALKING—(Continued).

"Capital shot, by Jove!" shouted Granville, springing to his feet, but the strong arm of his companion instantly pulled him down. "Hush! Harry, hush! there might be a dozen deer within the same distance of us, and that shout of yours was enough to scare the devil himself." Hardly had he uttered the words, when the quick eye of Duncan caught a glimpse of a stag and two hinds, moving over the shoulder of the hill to the left, alarmed, doubtless, by Granville's exclamation.

"Hang it, what a fool I was!" said he, "this will be a lesson for me in future."

"Never mind," said his friend, "it can't be helped now, and there are plenty more among these hills."

Meanwhile, Angus, having been a witness of their success from above, had come down to them with all speed; and was now engaged in paunching the slain animal. "Well, Duncan," said Glenvallich, "I want to show Mr. Granville what sport our Highland Glens afford, and what Bran and Luath can do; where will our best chance of finding again be?" The dogs alluded to were two magnificent deer hounds of the genuine Irish breed. Strong in the loins, broad in the chest, with the swiftness of the wind, and eye like a kindled coal, what dog can compare with the ancient Irish greyhound!

"Indeed, your honour knows as well as I do," replied the forester, "that if there's another stag in the ground, we're sure to find him in Cairn-a-Corcoch, for they always draw into it with the southerly wind."—"I dare say you're right, Duncan," said his master, "and now, Harry, what say you? Are you ready for another burst, or should you like to halt a little longer?"

"I'm your man," said Granville, "don't think I am to be fagged so easily, although I was a little blown at first."

Having carefully concealed the slain deer, and marked the spot so as to be able to ascertain it again with ease, they once more committed themselves to the forester's guidance. Their path lay through a lovely little hollow, wooded on both sides with the stunted weeping birch, so universal in highland scenery. When they came nigh the head of it, after nearly an hour's smart walking, it opened out into a small amphitheatre, carpeted with velvet-like turf; in the centre bubbled up a spring, clear as crystal, which murmured away in a silvery stream down the glen they had just ascended. "What a beautiful little spot!" exclaimed Granville, "let us have five minutes breathing time, and a draught of this beautiful water." Ere his friend could reply, a foot-print on the soft moss by the brink of the spring caught his practised eye, and, stooping down, he examined it intently. "I'll tell you what, Harry," said he, "if you knew what was before us now, you'd as soon think of flying, as halting for an instant."—"Why, what is it?" said Granville, "I see only the foot-mark of some stray bullock, that has come to slake his thirst here." His friend said nothing, but beckoning to Duncan, silently pointed to the object that attracted their attention. The honest forester's eyes instantly sparkled with delight, and he cut a caper that made Granville think he had gone stark mad. "The big stag, as I'm a living man!" he rather yelled than exclaimed. "Oh! Mr. Granville, I would give five pounds for you to get a shot at him; let's be off, let's be off, we haven't a moment to lose."—"By Jingo," exclaimed Granville, now nearly as much excited as Duncan

himself, "if that's the track of a stag I'd follow him to Jericho, only for a sight of him; come Glenvallich, we mus'n't halt another instant."—"I thought you'd change your tune, Harry," replied his friend, "and I'm quite as keen as yourself, so let's pull foot."

As they proceeded at a brisk pace, the occasional print of the stag's foot in the soft moss encouraged them to advance, till, at length, on reaching the top of the knoll that terminated the dell in which their path had hitherto lain, Duncan deemed it advisable to examine the ground with the glass. They waited while he carefully scanned it, but this time the search was without success. He rose with a disappointed air, and was about to proceed, when the dog, which he held by a leash, after gazing fixedly for a moment on some distant object, made a spring that nearly pulled him on his face. "I'll bet a hundred guineas the dog sees the deer," said Glenvallich, and truly enough; for, on straining their eyes in the direction the dog looked, they saw the branching antlers of the stag in bold relief against the sky, ere he disappeared leisurely over the brow of the hill before them. "That deer never saw us, he was feeding on,"—said Duncan, "and I know to an ace where to find him in the next hollow. Follow me, gentlemen." Not a word was spoken, as they followed their guide in single file round the foot of the hill. Angus, with the dogs, ascended the hill, lest the deer, if wounded, should break in that direction; and the other three silently crept through the broken ground that intervened between them and the spot where they expected to find their game. "I see his antlers moving among those low bushes," whispered Glenvallich, at length; "get your rifle ready, Harry." While they were stealing stealthily along, Duncan's foot caught on a broken stump, and he stumbled and fell. The deer, startled by the noise, bounded into an open glade, and looked uneasily round. Crack went Granville's rifle, and this time with better aim: for the deer, bounding with the speed of light up the little acclivity before them, stood for a moment with the blood dropping fast from a wound in his flank, and then vanished down the other side. "Slip the Dogs! Angus, slip the dogs!" shouted Duncan; and they rushed down the hill side, like falcons stooping on their prey.

(To be continued).

“Αἱ Μοῦσαι τὸν Ἔρωτα.”

Anacreon.

The Muses Cupid's limbs around  
Fetters of wreathed roses bound;  
And then the lovely captive gave  
To Beauty, for her waiting-slave;  
But Venus, for her darling fearing,  
Seeks to release him, ransom bearing.  
Ah! well I ween, though loos'd his chain,  
Of his free will would Love remain,  
And choose to be a slave again.

P. B.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We decline "M.A.'s" essay, only because the subject of it is unsuited to our pages. For the same reason we return the stanzas of "Bloomsbury," and the heroics of "Sigma."

"F.'s" translation from Anacreon is rather too paraphrastic. We hope he will try his hand again.

The "Narrative" of "A Clootz" is clever, and the satire which it contains is quite unobjectionable; but its unfinished state precludes its insertion. We could wish that the author would change, not the objects, but the mode of his ridicule, which we do not consider happily chosen.

The 'Extracts from the Life of a Student' are unavoidably postponed.

N.B.—All rejected articles may be had on application at the Porter's Lodge.

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# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

Liberius si  
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniâ dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.*

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"Qua ratione quæ traducere leniter ævum."  
*Horace Epist. 1. Sat. iv. 103.*

THE common impulse of the labours of men is self-interest. Whether the high rewards of fame, or the mean gratifications of sense; whether the pleasures of intellectual study, or the excitements of corporeal recreation; happen to awake the aspirations, and form the fancied means of happiness of each, in that, his favorite pursuit, no difficulty, no danger can arrest his headlong speed.

Man's search after happiness (as if, forsooth, that could be found in the external world which depends on himself alone) has been compared to a madman's furious race through a rocky plain, whom neither danger nor warning can cause to swerve from his onward course.

What, then, do men seek with this frantic eagerness? What, what i happiness? To the generality it is a confused, undefined idea of undisturbed complacency; of universal joy; of smiling nature without, and heaven within; a vision, wilder than the poet's Arcadia, more delusive than pagan Elysium, more mocking than the mirage of the desert.

Can it be possible? Have men no real good in view during so much toil? Are not their labours directed to the attainment of some object, the possession of which will ensure happiness? They are not. Who dare call much-sought fame a means of happiness? Who riches—the desire of many—in themselves? Who the all-captivating pleasures of sense? The statesman, the miser, the prodigal, the voluptuary, are these the happiest of men? Are heavy cares, and avaricious fears, and sickening satiety, but imaginary ills? But, says one, there is a large class of persons careful to avoid these extremes, moderate, temperate, wise in the world. What say you to these? Their object is to secure a competency—*otium cum dignitate*:" they at least surely have rational views. Again and again the same cry—

"O cives, cives, querenda pecunia primum est,  
Virtus post nummos."

The man of the world is of all beings the most selfish. Cold suspicion and calculating cupidity have supplanted in his breast high-minded liberality, the warmer feelings and the softer sympathies. By a sinuous and grovelling path he will at length obtain, perhaps a fortune, but never happiness. For him there is neither recreation in literature, nor profit in science; with him there is no bond of heart-born friendship, no tender tie of family affection. The immediate object of a toilsome pursuit is in his reach, while he is farther than ever from the grand consummation of his labours.

Degrading it is to human nature to view this busy world; its inhabitants toiling after a fleeting shadow—sullyng fair fame—outraging conscience—by every step receding from a hope of happiness.

Where shall we turn from this motley scene of folly and guilt to find true happiness? Does she deign to descend from realms above upon this gross and tainted globe? Picture a man, whose natural benevolence spreads through his family circle, and with benignant smiles seeks happiness in creating the happiness of others. Such search will not be in vain. But far greater will be the share of happiness enjoyed by that universal philanthropy, that overflowing love, which, emanating from one heart, expands with increasing warmth and brightness through the hearts of the wide family of mankind. Such a man, feeling and acting according to the precepts of a pure and holy religion, experiences the highest degree of exquisite happiness within the reach of mortal enjoyment. Whatever be the circumstances of his position in society, whatever the embarrassments of his situation, whatever its temptations; sound in his principles, pure in his practice, a true disciple of that religion whose basis is *love*, he, and he alone of men, is truly happy.

NIL ADMIRARI.

Λέγουσιν αἱ λύγαικες.

Anacreon.

By every laughing girl I'm told,  
"Anacreon, thou art growing old;  
Look in yon glass: just here and there  
Your brow displays a lingering hair;  
The rest with youth have flown away;  
And e'en the few you have are grey."

"What then? I neither care nor know  
How many hairs are on my brow;  
But this is sure, if I am old,  
If life's short tale must soon be told,  
More need to joy and mirth to give  
The little I have yet to live."

C.

[We could not prevail upon ourselves to deprive our readers of the amusement and good advice which they will extract from the following letter. However, we must say that it is inconsistent with the design of the *Haileybury Observer*, to admit anything that is not the composition of a Student of this College; although it will be with sincere reluctance that we shall in future decline the valuable contributions of our kind friend, whom we recognise as the Γερων of the last number.]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

"Digne puer mellore flammá!

*Hor. l. Od. 27. 20.*

GENTLEMEN,—The commencement of the literary undertaking in which you are engaged has already constituted an epoch in the history of the East India College. That its success may be commensurate with your wishes, it should not only amuse a passing hour, but also have its effect upon the tastes and habits of those among whom it circulates. The spirit and the fun, which, from want of objects whereon to expend themselves, have hitherto run to waste, or have merely exhaled themselves into mischief, may now rush singing through a more congenial safety-valve. He who once dashed a poker through the panel of his neighbour's door, may vent his vexation in a satire; or, ceasing from his Gothic endeavour to plunge the quadrangle into darkness, may rather light up the wick of a lampoon; a wine-party, if such things there be, may be well exchanged for a translation from Anacreon; practical

jokes, by an easy transition, be sublimed into pasquinades: broken windows become epigrams; and a duel, shunning the dusty Fives' Court, appear as an Amœboean Pastoral, in which each swain may strive in turn to hit harder than his opponent, while you, gentlemen, will sit in judgment, as Palsemon, to decree or divide the prize.

"Et vitulâ tu dignus et hic."

In prosecution of this idea, give me leave to announce that I am not ignorant who broke my teapot a few nights ago; and that I am preparing a castigation in lambics, after the manner of Archilochus, which I only hope will not quite drive him to the fate of Lycambes. And I shall certainly pay off Mr. \*\*\*\*\* , who not only showered cold water from his window, but also applied to me some *bad language*, by emptying a bucket-full from "the well of purest English undefil'd" on his devoted head.

Thus shall I demonstrate mine not to be an Utopian theory. And I beg to point out to you that an admirable opportunity is offered to all, for proving the correctness of these anticipations. The 5th of November is a day distinguished here by any other than by agreeable recollections. Of these, however, I am willing to be silent, and to speak only of a brighter future. Many a lively student, accustomed in other places to amuse himself with such exhibitions, feels their prohibition to be a grievance. I am no enemy to fun, and have so much of the boy still lingering in me as to appreciate it, even though containing a spice of mischief. Therefore I do not mean to charge these annual displays with particular atrocity anywhere but here, where the mischief has considerably prevailed over the fun. But this part of the subject may be dismissed with the brief assertion that the practice is *nefas* because it is *vetitum*. It would be a characteristic triumph for your Periodical not so much "*restringere fontibus ignes*," as to achieve a victory over this annual ebullition by supplying an ample compensation for its omission. We may hope that your number which will appear on the 6th of November will be unusually brilliant; that it will even abound in squibs; and that all those choice spirits, who wish to get rid of their inflammatory propensities, will infuse them into amatory sonnets, or, giving up pyrotechnics for classics, will convert, in order to qualify them for your insertion, crackers into *Roman* candles, and Catharine wheels into *Greek* fire. An ode to Mount *Ætna* would consume a large quantity of sulphur. The saline ingredient, named, perhaps, from Peter, because often requiring the vigilance of that functionary to repress it, may be re-chrysalized into *Attic* salt. By such conversions, the day will cease to be marked in the Haileybury Calendar with charcoal rather than with chalk. Under your chemistry, these three gross ingredients of gunpowder will be taught to sparkle in a brighter wild-fire. The old chant,

"Remember, Remember,  
The fifth of November,"

need no longer be sung over a bon-fire, and all other missiles will be superseded by your "paper pellets of the brain."

But, though pleading for the Principal and Professors of this Protestant Establishment, I have no desire to prevent the Pope from being *blown up*. You may be very caustic to the College of Cardinals. I hope to see a rocket ascend from Haileybury of which the sparks will alarm the *Scarlet Lady* in the Vatican. So shall a light also appear to linger round your own editorial brows,

"tractuque innoxia molli  
Lambere flamma comas et circum tempora pasci."

I have the honor to be, gentlemen, your most obedient servant,  
"LUCEO NON ARDEO."

## EXTRACTS FROM THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A STUDENT OF THE EAST INDIA COLLEGE.

(Continued from No. 1.)

"Allow me, sir, to ask your custom on the behalf of Mr. Simson?"—"I trust, sir, Mr. Twaddle will have the honour of working for you?"—"Mr. Sherrell, the hair-dresser, sir,—just taken my son into partnership—a new hand, sir, in my shop,—but yet the best practitioner in the county."—"Let me give you a card, sir, of Mr. Cheek,—tailor, hosier, and man's mercer—every variety of gloves, stocks, and haberdashery."—"Mr. Biggin, sir,—the original boot maker to the College."

Such were a few of the sounds which astonished our hero, as he descended from a Hertford coach at the gate of the East India College. By the same conveyance also came several other students, who having, however, had some terms' experience of the College customs, paid little attention to the solicitations of the utterers of the *ambigua voces* above cited. With poor Fielding the matter assumed a serious appearance. Bewildered by the novelty of the scene,—nearly torn to pieces by the voracity and loquacity of the College tradesmen,—bored by the coachmen,—hemmed in by servants,—knocked about by porters, and stared at by all,—he began to think that the Previous Examination was but the first sentence of a long and varied chapter of horrors. A friendly voice, however, delivered him from these accumulated miseries, and a helping right hand was extended.

"Why, bless my soul! it can't be—why, it is—no, it isn't;—no! yes!—what, Fielding! is it you? don't you recollect me—Slashton—Slashton major, at old Smackerton's, your friend and schoolfellow. Who thought of seeing you here?—very glad to see you,—one of us, eh? fancy, how strange! how are you? when did you leave?—who's your Di\*? and how's your mother?"

To this medley of interrogations our hero succinctly replied, that he was the same Arthur Fielding, who whilom was at Dr. Smackerton's seminary; that he did recollect Mr. Slashton major; that his appearance at the E. I. Coll. was very unexpected; that he was in exceedingly good health; that he had left school about a month. He then mentioned the name of his director, and finally stated that his mother had been unwell, was now convalescent, but that he was not aware that she had the honour of Mr. Slashton's acquaintance.

"Oh no,—no! more she has yet,—a pleasure to come;—but I was so overcome with surprise and pleasure at seeing you, that I could not help inquiring after your mother, as I know her sorrow at parting must be proportional to my pleasure at meeting with you. Well, I'm glad to see you, you must drink tea with me to night, and meet some of the top-sawyers of the College,—all bricks,—you know what that means of course,—*τετράγωνοι ἄνδρες*, as Aristotle said in our lectures last term,—men of talent, spirit and game. We'll make a man of you in no time; never mind these fellows here—your luggage will be all right in a jiffy; let's go and see which is to be your room.

So saying, Mr. Slashton, a magnus Apollo among the students, led the way into the quadrangle of the College. We believe that according to the custom of our brother authors, Bulwer, Dickens, &c. we ought to give an elaborate description of the principal scene of our story. But our judgment tells us, that to give to our readers any account of the appearance of the East India College, would be, like what the sapient Partridge (not Swift's opponent) would call, "taking a broken head to the wars, or coals to Newcastle." We shall therefore "bridle in our struggling muse," not in vain, and keep to the thread of our story.

"This, then, is to be your room," said Slashton, "it was engaged for you a week ago, they say:—furniture, you observe, neat but not expensive; curtains, I must say though, seem as if suffering from atrophy, and the chairs from the gout, table highly respectable, and the whole affair to be covered by a 10*l.* note,—for which, mind, you have the use during your life here, and will get about 3*s.* 6*d.* for the remains after your departure. But, come along, there's no Chapel to night, come to my room at once, leave unpacking till to-morrow, for I'm pretty certain that tea is ready."

Our hero, pleased with the total change which his life had so lately undergone, begged, that, before he attended Mr. Slashton to his rooms, he might be allowed to secure a new cap and gown; to which that excellent gentleman assented and the necessary costume was soon obtained. Who shall describe that peculiar emotion of which every academic heart is sentient, when we feel what Mr. *Satan* Montgomery beautifully terms "the first flutter of a virgin gown." It is akin to, but is more delicious than, the feeling suggested by that dim period, when our infant limbs first experienced the touch of those garments, which, we have before said, can never be called by their right name; it is, we fancy, similar to what Her Majesty's Judges of Assize experience when they assume the ermine, or to the full blown dignity which Her Majesty's wax-chandler delights in, when his neck is encircled by an Aldermanic chain. The feeling is complex, and cannot be conveyed in words; it is something compounded of *ne plus ultra*, *summum bonum*, and *sine quid non*.

\* Di, or Director in common parlance.—The verbal abbreviations of the E. I. Coll. are treated of in a very masterly style in another part of this celebrated work.—ED. HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

But let the scene be changed to Mr. Slashton's rooms, where our hero was introduced to, and welcomed by, about half-a-score of the *élite* of the College. Mr. Slashton was a man of taste; his apartment was the glass of fashion which others vainly endeavoured to imitate. Handsomely papered,—carpetted with right Kidderminster,—embellished with admirable sketches of races for the Doncaster and Ascot gold cups, portraits of high-mettled steeds, opera dancers and *prima donnas*, together with extracts from the Book of Beauty, and a modest imitation of himself in black profile,—it presented an appearance at once unique, elegant and interesting. A handsome pipe, of Patagonian dimensions, reclined elegantly in one corner, in juxtaposition with a pair of single sticks, and a similar number of boxing gloves, peace and war united in amity. A mirror adorned the mantel piece, Byron and Scott were on the book-shelves, the ancient authors in brilliant bindings were not soiled by frequent reference, and two or three novels in nice confusion dispersed, showed that Mr. Slashton cultivated modern literature, and was not in his studies a "*laudator temporis acti*."

The meal was substantial; and the justice done to it by the guests requires, unlike the viands, a longer *discussion*. Those who have attended the Lectures on Political Economy, delivered by a very popular Professor of that science at this College, will recollect that three causes are assigned as determining the productive power of labour:—

- 1st. The continuity with which it is exerted.
- 2nd. The skill by which it is directed.
- 3rd. The power by which it is aided.

The truth of these positions was powerfully exemplified by Mr. Slashton's guests. They were all in the vigour of youth,—they had all appetites commensurate with that vigour,—they would all have exerted an unparalleled continuity of labour, but they could not obtain an opportunity. There were among them some excellent carvers, and many who could be put forth as young phenomena, in respect to the celerity with which they managed to make away with the articles of sustenance,—but—(and it is an important fact)—they were deficient in auxiliary power, in implements and machinery; their knives were few and blunt, and their cups cheated of their fair proportions:—and, whatever may be said to the contrary, it is impossible to rival the rapidity of steam, when we have to eat cold-boiled beef with a spoon, and when our teapot, like the hat of one of the heroes of Canning's Sapphic ode, has a hole in it.

The conversation during tea did not display the brilliancy with which it afterwards shone. And here we may slightly glance at a fact, which seemed very curious to our hero. The conversation of the students assembled seemed to aim at a kind of mathematical density, that is, to include "a great many particles of ideas, in the smallest possible volume of expression." With this view every word was abridged, and by the uninitiated was hardly to be understood. Such phrases as "Prin"—"Pros"—"Pol. Econ."—"Vac"—"Di's"—"Trans"—"Anal"—"Solemonco"—"Exam"—"Great"—"G"—"P"—"L"—"N"—were profusely scattered over their remarks, and will form a very nice puzzle for the speculative, to assign the meaning of them.

The cloth was removed, and the conversation became very interesting, until eleven o'clock. Our hero was soon absorbed in listening intensely to a spirited argument, upon the relative merits of Macready and Kean, between a pale-faced gentleman on the one hand, and a son of Scotia on the other. The pale gentleman seemed inclined to deliver a lecture on the merits and demerits of our immortal bard, the length, breadth, and vehemence of which rendered it rather unpalatable to the majority of the company, who were less ambitious in their themes of discourse; and he was accordingly outvoted, and confined to the mere ability of remarking "that it was impossible to talk anything like sense in this College."

At eleven o'clock the watchmen came round, to demand the names of those who were in the room;—an excellent custom, which forms a very powerful check to anything like playing truant. On this occasion, Fielding could not understand what was the meaning of the practice, which was no great wonder, as the watchmen's report on the next morning gave the extraordinary intelligence, that on the previous night Mr. Slashton had entertained at tea Her Majesty the Queen, my Lord Melbourne, the Chairman of the Court of Directors, several civil servants who were generally supposed to be in India, together with Messrs. Cheeks, Ferguson, and Murphy, a postman named Walker, and James Crow, Esq.

The watchmen retired, but before they did so, extinguished all the passage lamps;—

a practice to which we imperatively call the attention of the President of the Board of Control. It is a rule which endangers life and limb. If it be alleged that students should not be walking about at that period of the night, we immediately answer, that in that case, any injuries received must be considered as a punishment for the transgression of some rule, and we then put it triumphantly to the Law Professor, whether the penalty possesses Bentham's attributes of punishment, particularly those of remissibility, divisibility, and equability. The President of the Board of Control may pretend that he does not hear our complaint, but he must and shall,—there is such a thing as impeachment,—and we conclude by asking whether the Students should be thus exposed to broken noses and shins? and whether so great an inducement should be given to use immoral expressions? for it is extraordinary how often an oath is heard to follow the fracture of a collar bone, or an injury to the tendon Achilles.

But to return to our tale. After the *beaks* had departed, Slashton proposed that some gentleman should oblige the company with a song. From the alacrity with which this idea was carried out, any observer would think the East India College was, like Pembroke College in Dr. Johnson's time, "a nest of singing birds." The performances were characterized rather by spirit and enthusiasm than science, and our censorial character compels us to say, that the pale gentleman, in attempting a song commencing with—

Now ancient English melody  
Is banished out of doors!

gave a very practical proof of the truth of what he sung, as far as his own exertions were concerned. The style of the several efforts were very various, but a great proportion were in praise of "Caledonia stern and wild," which so much annoyed a gentleman of the emerald isle, that he endeavoured to change the topic of melody by the following original and very Mooreish ditty:—

Let your patriots drink deep to their country's fair fame,  
The birth place of beauty, the home of the free;  
But oh! softer and sweeter the pledge that I name,  
The girl of my soul is the toast, boys, for me.  
In the dead of the night when the candles burn dim,  
And I dose o'er my book in my own little cell,  
When weariness fetters each sense and each limb,  
And what is each sentence my eyes cannot tell.  
Oh! then she is near me, in grace and in beauty,  
My own fairy Mentor, who bids me to see  
The guerdon of honour, the goal of my duty:  
The girl of my soul is the toast, boys, for me.  
When the lamps are invaded, when wild spirits riot,  
When the Pros are deprived of their natural rest;  
Oh! her vision is near me to soothe and to quiet,  
To teach me the path which I ought to love best.  
Then a poltroon is he, boys, who will not fill up,  
Be it water or wine, be it beer or bohea,  
A freshly remembering, full flowing cup  
To the girl of my soul, the toast, boys, for me.

Loud cries of "Bravo! Pat," followed this elegant effusion, and a sentimental gentleman grasped the hand of the Hibernian, and said, "Pat, you are one who feels,"—and then added, "Gentlemen, I will sing a very beautiful little thing, entitled "The Maiden's Lament for her Dead Lover," or "The Whisper of Love."—"Go it," from all sides.

#### THE SENTIMENTAL GENTLEMAN'S SONG.

The shades of eve were closing, when  
We walked upon the shore,  
And listened to the sea birds' cry,  
And to the ocean's roar.  
The sun had set upon the wave,  
No longer to be seen,  
And the purple hue of heaven  
Was mingled with the green.

"A stupid tartan," said the Irish gentleman. "Order," order from the chair.

We thought not of the closing gloom,  
We looked not on the sea,  
For oh! thou wast with me, dearest,  
And thou wast all to me;  
We thought not of the closing gloom,  
Nor where our footsteps rove,  
When thy trembling voice gave utterance  
To "The Whisper of Love."

Those words our troubled spirits calm'd  
 And gave our fond hearts ease;  
 Like melting strains of music, when  
 They die upon the breeze.  
 Those words our troubled spirits charm'd  
 We thought that joy was nigh,  
 And look'd upon our future course  
 With fancy's beaming eye.  
 Yet, Walter! in a foreign land  
 You found a warrior's grave,  
 And no kind hand was near to soothe  
 The death-pang of the brave.  
 And though full many years have past,  
 Though you are now above,  
 Time has not from my bleeding heart  
 Torn "the Whisper of Love."

This admirable piece of Haynes Bayley-like lyricism was received with unbounded applause, and the sentimental gentleman threw himself back upon the sofa, seemingly quite overpowered by his feelings.

"Gentlemen," said Slashton, rising and taking his meerschaum from his mouth, "after the very plaintive melody with which our friend has obliged us, I do not think that we can do better than beg our worthy ally, Maltravers, to give us a taste of his quality" (hear, hear).

Mr. Maltravers, who had already, with the utmost *vis comica*, described in song "The Miseries of drinking Tea in an Arbour," and the "Hardships of an Overseer," after the proper degree of reluctance, started to his legs and struck out—

#### THE UNFORTUNATE MAN.

As Miss Myrtle is happily wedded,  
 And additional hearts will not break,  
 As foplings and wittings light-headed  
 Will perish no more for her sake;  
 I will sing to a similar tune,  
 Though my tale's on a different plan,  
 For she was a charming woman,  
 But I'm an unfortunate man.

On the preface no longer I'll linger,  
 But at once will with sorrow assert,  
 That always, instead of my finger,  
 My foot in the pie I insert.  
 That the same limb goes into my mouth,  
 When a sentence my tongue has began,  
 That dwelling East, West, North or South  
 I'm still an unfortunate man.

In the morn when to Chapel I rush,  
 My clothes in a dishabille state,  
 A breath-losing, vigorous push  
 Makes me just be in time,—to be late.  
 In lecture I daily am stumped,  
 Though I learn it as well as I can;  
 At fives I get awfully thumped, —  
 Oh! I'm an unfortunate man.

When I go to my breakfast, I find  
 That my bread in my teapot is jammed,  
 And, the further to comfort my mind,  
 My milk in the coal-scuttle crammed;  
 That my butter, placed close by the fire,  
 Has away in a rivulet ran;  
 That preserves are smeared o'er my attire;  
 A'nt I an unfortunate man?

And (the worst of all possible cases)  
 If e'er to a party I go,  
 I find it a hoax, and my face is  
 A stereotyped semblance of woe:  
 If I stay, and should chance bend my back  
 To pick up a fair lady's fan,  
 My garments are sure to go crack;—  
 Yes! I'm an unfortunate man.

This song, like all those which Mr. Maltravers sings, was encored; the merriment was kept up with great spirit, and, after the small hours had commenced, Mr. Slashton declared that now was the time to begin to spend the evening, accordingly commenced the national melody of

"We won't go home till morning."

He was however interrupted by a Reading-man saying that it was time for him to retire,—a motion which was vehemently opposed by the right royal chairman,—and an amendment was eventually carried, that, before the honorable member could adjourn; he must give a stave. The Reading-man, therefore, in a very ludicrous manner began to the tune of “Charming Judy O’Callaghan”—

I must no longer wait,—  
It’s one o’clock in the morning;  
I must be off, sir, straight,  
Ere the light be dawning;  
I have got such a lot to do,  
Which I must not fail in;  
My head’s got a bit of a screw,  
And my sight is sadly ailing:  
I wont stay,  
I will not lag again,  
Off, away,  
I want to fag again.

Think of Mathematics,  
Think of Pol Economy,  
Remember Hydrostatics,  
Don’t forget Astronomy;  
I wont stay,  
I will not lag again,  
Off, away,  
I want to fag again.

Then there’s lots of law,  
Blackstone, Paley, Bentham,  
Though I think them each a bore,  
I’m afraid that wont content them,  
I wont stay, &c.

Then there’s Aristophanes,  
Whome some of you can’t endure,  
And say the bard a muffin is;—  
A very bad rhyme to be sure,  
I wont stay, &c.

And then there’s each Oriental,  
Hindi, oh! and Persian,  
To the last my faculties mental  
Have a very deep aversion,  
I wont stay, &c.

So now, before the next ray  
Of morning light appear,  
I’ll go and learn some *extra*,  
So good bye to all of you here,  
I wont stay,  
I will not lag again,  
Off, away,  
I want to fag again.

The Reading-man then made his exit, and the rest of the company began to disperse, notwithstanding the hospitable entreaties of Mr. Slashton, who, on parting with our hero, said—“Fielding, my boy, while you’re here, read hard, take prizes and keep steady. The happiness of millions depends on you, and your anxious parents have set their hearts on your doing great things. Keep out of all rows. Good night, good night,—yet stay, where’s my cap? I’ll go part of the way to your room with you, as I want to cork Goslow’s face: he never washes, I know, before Chapel, and I should like to see him make his appearance there to-morrow with a countenance like a chess board.”

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Unfortunately we have not room for “D. L.’s” little piece of comedy.*

*“A. B.’s” essay is kept for further consideration.*

*“M. R.’s” ode is rather tame in thought and expression; as are also the lines of the correspondent with a Sanscrit name.*

*“The Dilemma” will be concluded in our next.*

*N.B.—All rejected articles may be had on application at the Porter’s Lodge.*

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# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

Liberius ¶

Dixero quid, si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniâ dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.*

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No. 5.] WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1839. [PRICE 6D.

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—And he, the laughing sage,  
Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,  
Well moralised, shines through the Gothic cloud  
Of time and language o'er his genius thrown.

*Thomson.*

CONSIDERING the great variety in the tastes and pursuits of mankind, no one could reasonably expect to find any one class of compositions, which would have equal charms for all ages and ranks, and which would succeed in engaging the attention as well of light as of graver readers. If, however, such a species of writing is to be found anywhere, we have it in the productions of our poets. They, whose volatile minds cannot be settled or interested in the sober narrations of history, or in the profound and sometimes subtle discussions of philosophy, willingly turn to the more varied and glittering attractions of verse; while the critic, and the man of letters, too, who despises or affects to despise all the "fictions of flimsy romance," finds, in the pages of poetry, subjects for the loftiest meditations and sympathies with the most elevated feelings.

The stations and characters of those whose names have been immortalized by their writings in this line, we would naturally suppose to be objects of some interest to many. On this supposition we would be led to look for pretty detailed accounts of the principal incidents in their lives; but it is too often the case, if a person has passed his life in retirement and quiet, and has not attempted to raise himself to the high places of power by the ruin of his fellow-creatures, that his humble station and unfriended genius obtain but little notice; and by the time that calmer judges have acknowledged his merits, and felt a desire to know the particulars of his state, the season for discovering them is past.

Of the birth of Geoffrey Chaucer, who has been honoured with the title of Father of English poetry, we are unacquainted even with the exact date; we know, however, that he was a Londoner, and that he received an University education. During the greater portion of his life he was in very comfortable circumstances; but at the time of the decline of the power of John of Gaunt, with whom he was connected by marriage, he was banished, owing to his share in an obnoxious political disturbance, and on his returning to his own country thrown into prison. After some time, however, he was released again, and had a pension, which he previously enjoyed, restored to him. By this means he was enabled to spend in comfort the remainder of a long life of upwards of seventy years.

It is very seldom that we see an individual attain to great eminence in any particular line, who does not in his youth give some indication of his talent. Thus Chaucer distinguished himself, at a very early age, by his

poetical compositions, and while still in the prime of life, was in high estimation at court. The earliest of his extant compositions is "The Court of Love," which appears to have been written about the age of nineteen, and though the fantastic nature of the subject rather exceeded the powers of the youthful bard, so as to render the poem in many places meagre; it is, nevertheless, a very remarkable production, both as being the earliest attempt of a great genius, and as the first regular introduction of the heroic measure into our poetry. His "Troilus and Cresseide" is well known, and was long one of the most popular poems which our language possessed. Besides these, we have also several of his minor pieces, a few of which have been modernized by later poets,

But it was not till his old age that Chaucer commenced that work, on which, principally, his fame depends. The design of the *Canterbury Tales* is taken from the *Decameron*; but the English bard has greatly improved upon the plan of his original. To attempt, however, in a short compass to give extracts would, of course, be impossible; as, indeed, would be any endeavour to convey even a tolerable idea of the exquisite variety and truth with which the characters of that wonderful poem are delineated. Characteristic description, indeed, is the excellence which first strikes the reader of Chaucer; and in this none of our poets, excepting only Shakespear, can be at all compared with him. So vividly does he paint manners and persons, that, as has been well remarked, "after four hundred years have closed over the mirthful features that formed the living originals of the poet's descriptions, his pages impress the fancy with the momentary credence that they are still alive, as if time had rebuilt his ruins, and were re-acting lost scenes of existence."

But, though this is his chief, it is by no means his only, beauty. We are often delighted by passages equal in elegance to any which we find even in the "gentle Spenser." He abounds, too, in the pleasing extravagances which are so attractive in the compositions of the bards of the succeeding age of chivalrous and romantic sentiment; and, though he may not often soar, like Milton, "upon the seraph wings of extacy," yet there are few poets who, when the subject requires it, can be more dignified and majestic. And, if the reader will but make some allowances for the effects naturally resulting from the changes in language and expression which have taken place since his time, he will find in the pages of this writer as elegant diction, as beautiful imagery, and even as pleasing versification, as are to be met with in the works of any modern poet.

What reasons, then, can we assign for the fact, that this delightful author is now comparatively little read, save by those who have naturally a decided partiality for poetry, and those who feel a particular interest in the habits and customs of former times? Can we believe that the free, and sometimes even gross passages which are to be met with in Chaucer, are so shocking to modern delicacy as to render his whole works unreadable? Alas! we have evidence that worse than these are eagerly sought after. Are then the manners of the period which he so well describes less interesting than those of others? Even this excuse cannot be urged, as that age was indeed "peculiarly picturesque and suited for the uses of a poet, in which the broken masses of society gave out their deepest shadows and strongest colouring in the morning light of civilization." May we be allowed to hint at a cause which, however discreditable it may be to the taste and ardour of modern readers, possesses, probably, more of truth than either of the above. The language in which Chaucer wrote has now become in

a great degree unintelligible, and at first the reader has continual need of assistance. This necessarily occasions some inconvenience, which too often exceeds the patience of the peruser. Thus has it come to pass, that the light effusions of Barry Cornwall and Knowles have superseded the exquisite pictures of Chaucer, and that, while those rejoice in morocco and gold, he is condemned to the dusty retirement of some all but inaccessible shelf.

## TRANSLATION OF A CHORUS IN THE ŒDIPUS COLONEUS.

L. 670—719.

## STROPHE I.

Kind chance hath led thy errant feet;  
 Stranger, to the land which breeds  
 Comeliest, strongest, fleetest steeds,  
 White-cliffed Colonos, a retreat  
   Loved of nightingales,  
   Darkling that prolong  
   Through its wooded vales  
   Their clear-warbled song,  
 Or purpled ivy-leaves amid,  
 Or in the wanton foliage hid  
 Of shrubs, to Bacchus dear, which ne'er  
 Hot suns may scorch, or wild winds tear,  
 Beneath whose shade the jovial god, each day,  
 With his celestial nurses wots to play.

## ANTISTROPHE I.

Watered from heaven's perennial spring,  
 Here bright daffodillies grow,  
 And thick-clustered beauties show;  
 Here crocuses their radiance fling  
   Emulous of gold;—  
   Even for brows divine  
   Such fair flowers, of old,  
   Holy hands would twine.  
 Here are the founts that never sleep,  
 Which feed Cephissus, pure and deep,  
 And aye the land's broad bosom o'er  
 Their fertilizing waters pour:  
 Among these scenes to dwell the muses deign,  
 And Venus hither speeds, queen of the golden reign.

## STROPHE II.

Not within Asia's wide-encircling strand,  
 Nor yet in Dorian Pelops' land,  
 Sprouts the green olive, all our own,  
 The natural product of our soil alone,  
   Sweet nurse of boyhood's tenderest years,  
   Terror of hostile spears,  
   Whose undecaying roots no arm  
   Of flesh can ever harm,  
 Watched by the sleepless eye of patron Jove,  
 And viewed by Pallas with maternal love

## ANTISTROPHE II.

And yet another praise my country claims,—  
 For yet untold, unsung remains  
 Great Neptune's gift, Colonos' pride,  
 Its mettled horses, and its harbour wide:  
   For to Colonos' children brave  
   The son of Saturn gave  
   The art, with nicely-managed rein  
   The wild colt to restrain,  
 To guide the oared boat through the perilous waves,  
 And chase the nimble Nereids to their ocean-caves.

FITZPETER.

A DAY'S DEER STALKING—(*Concluded from No. 3.*)

Away they flew like wildfire o'er brake and hollow, the gallant stag bounding along at a rate that seemed to defy pursuit, with the dogs straining every nerve after him. "He'll not last long at that rate," said Duncan to Glenvallich, as they stood on the top of the eminence looking at the chase. "But we must follow up as fast as we can, for the dogs will bay him before long."—The deer, being unable to face the hill from the wound, kept along the bottom of the hollow, which, after running in a straight line for nearly half a mile, turned sharply to the right round the shoulder of a projecting hill. The sportsmen were thus enabled to reach it again by a much shorter path than the course of the hollow; and, as they ran at a smart pace, they did not lose sight of the animating spectacle for long. But they soon saw the stag begin to flag; the dogs were pressing hard on his haunches, and at every moment they expected to see them fasten on him, and pull him down, when suddenly, the foremost, in springing over a rocky chasm after his prey, came violently against the opposite bank with his chest, and lay stunned and motionless; the other dog now pressed the deer so hard, that in desperation he turned on him. The dog sprang heedlessly forward at him, and the stag's horn gored his side dreadfully. Deep were the forester's imprecations on witnessing this distressing spectacle; but they were too distant to be of any use; and the stag now freed from his pursuers, trotted slowly along towards a small clump of birch and alder at some distance, when they lost sight of him. On coming up to the spot they staunched the wound in the best manner they could, and leaving Angus behind, they bid him take care of the dogs, the other having by this time partially recovered. "Devil take the brute," said Granville, "to baulk us in this way, it's too bad—do you think we shall get him yet, Duncan?" "Indeed, your honour," he replied, "I can't say for certain; but I'm thinking he's lain down in that clump where we lost sight of him; he's too sick to go far; but one of you, gentlemen, had better go to the hill above him, and the other can come along with me to the spot. I think we'll do him yet."—"Well, Harry," said his friend, "your best chance is, I think, to go with Duncan, and I'll take the hill, for I can see how he breaks." The forester and Granville proceeded cautiously to the small clump of trees where they supposed the stag to have lain down. "It was just by that white stump I saw him last," he whispered; "go on quietly to that break in the bushes, Mr. Granville, and you may get a shot at him as he goes away." Granville did as he was ordered; but his luck failed him this time, for they had roused the animal ere he got to his post, and he only got a glimpse of his brown hide moving leisurely away before him. He fired—but whether with success or not, he could not tell. Suddenly, the report of Glenvallich's rifle rang through the air. The deer stumbled, fell, and rose again; but still had sufficient strength to proceed slowly; the ball had passed through the haunch without touching the bone. "We have him safe now," shouted Glenvallich; "but he's making for a loch down in the hollow before us, and if he goes in there he'll only be food for the ravens. Duncan and Granville pressed forward—and in a few minutes came in sight of the lake. On the brink stood the noble stag at bay, bleeding at every pore, and disdaining to yield, yet fearing to take the water. As they approached, however, he plunged in and swam from the shore. Glenvallich fired and hit him on the horn, the head being the only part above the water. He was stupified by the shot, and turned to the shore again, when a second shot from Granville put an end to his miseries. "Poor brute!" he exclaimed, "you have died nobly, but it was sad butcher-work." So saying, the sportsmen both threw themselves down on the bank to rest for a short time before returning to the bothy. The scene was one worthy the pencil of Schneider. At their feet lay the dead stag, and in the back ground were the forester and his assistant with the wounded dogs, while the wild character of the scenery around them heightened the effect of the picture. Soon, however, the fading light warned them to proceed. Leaving the dogs and game to the care of their attendants, they turned their faces towards their abode, and after nearly two hours' walking they reached it, as the night was deepening around them.

## THE RAPE OF THE WHISKER.

That live-long wig, which Pallas' self might own,  
Eternal buckle takes in the Parian stone.

*Pope's Moral Essays.—Epist. III.*

Apollo's name adorns the dread Gazette,  
The Muse is bankrupt, Helicon to let ;  
Yet could they raise for my ennobling lyre  
A little dividend of heav'nly fire ;  
Or if in some fair haunt they still retain  
Sufficient sparks to light a poet's strain ;  
Then would my unchanged fancy gaily fling  
A thousand beauties from its spotless wing,  
Break into song and dim admiring eyes  
With brightest tears of holiest sympathies ;  
Then would the classic wreath, and poet's fame,  
To future ages consecrate my name ;  
To be remembered then my happy lot,  
When Pope, fond flutterer, is remembered not.  
Fond, foolish flutterer, whose ambitious rhyme  
Dared to anticipate my thoughts sublime,—  
To sing the anger of Belinda fair,  
Her injured dignity, and ravished hair ;  
To paint, in numbers soft, on gold-edged leaves,  
Felonious wits, and fashionable thieves ;  
To seize the theme which Jove for me designed,  
And not to think " a greater is behind."   
Your dulcet verse green girls may learn by rote,  
Lean bards may copy, and small wits may quote ;  
But nobler, holier charms my muse inspire,  
Elysian graces and Utopian fire ;  
" About my brain," oh ! let me cast away  
Each thought pathetic and each image gay,  
And, stern in virtue, let my moral song  
Wreak keenest vengeance for this dastard wrong :  
Let phrases choice be left to meaner men,  
Since honour prompts, and friendship arms, my pen ;  
And let me write, that, as the wretches read,  
Their inmost thoughts may shudder at their deed :  
A deed, which rule and social life o'erthrows,  
Condemned by Students and abhorred by Pros.  
Amid the College haunts, where letter A  
Serenely holds its upretended sway,  
There, where a thousand charms the chamber show,  
By all respected, dwelt the young Le Beau,  
Whose fair renown among the studious throng  
Has beamed in legend, chronicle, and song.  
His mingled grace what pen can truly tell ?  
A sage in lecture, and in hall a swell ;  
Gay, gallant, clever, affable and kind,  
His person elegant, enlarged his mind ;  
His genius shone in every varying hour,  
Joy's festive board, or beauty's roseate bower ;  
No coarse, crude jests defaced his gentle fun,  
Good humour own'd him as her wittiest son ;—  
Such glowing traits can yet but faintly show  
The Crichton of the age, unparalleled Le Beau.  
Fanned by the breath of every scented gale,  
Unhappy subject of my mournful tale,  
Fringing his face, the wondering eye could see,  
(Twin fruits of Nature and of Industry,)  
A pair of Whiskers, glossy, dark and sleek,  
The hirsute honours of his rose-hued cheek.  
By all admired,—alas ! yet not by all,  
There was a faction, infamous but small,

Whose eyes invidious could not bear to trace  
 The budding beauties of that youthful face ;  
 Whose hopes and feelings were devoid of taste,  
 Whose cheeks were sterile, and whose chins a waste :  
 Yet inconsistent (as we see so oft),  
 The mind was rugged, though the face was soft.  
 This faction now, by meanest envy fired,  
 To seize these whiskers impiously conspired ;  
 Oh ! that such dastard thoughts should ever rest  
 In Christian countries, or a human breast !

'Tis deepest night,—the College lamps burn dim,  
 The moon looks sleepy, and the watchmen grim ;  
 Le Beau consumes, in oriental toil,  
 His giant intellect, and midnight oil ;  
 Pale and uneasy, weary and alone,  
 His listless limbs upon the sofa thrown,  
 His collar loosened shows the snowy skin,  
 The blue-veined throat, the moss-surrounded chin ;  
 He tries to study, but in vain he tries ;  
 The letters dance before his swimming eyes :  
 With airy accents and with golden rod,  
 Some spirit tempts him to the land of Nod,  
 Nor leaves him, till within the ivory doors,  
 The luckless youth securely sleeps and snores.

He sleeps,—delicious dreams around him rise,  
 Sweet sprites sweep o'er him, rob'd in radiant guise,  
 In fairy lists he wields a sylvan lance ;  
 In mystic measures treads the moonlight dance ;  
 Ethereal music steals upon his ear ;  
 Bright eyes beam kindly, and lov'd forms appear ;  
 And air-drawn scenes around his vision swim,  
 Flitting and changing, shadowy and dim,  
 Yet link'd invisibly like rainbow hues :  
 A new existence his young spirit views.  
 O blessed slumber ! which can alway bring  
 Hope, solace, joy, upon its downy wing ;  
 Of mortal care the sweet, yet sad, relief,—  
 For calm and beautiful, alas ! 'tis brief.

He sleeps and snores,—fond youth, he little knows.  
 His instant peril, and impending woes ;  
 In rosy slumber bound, each wearied sense  
 Is mantled o'er with childlike innocence :  
 The door is opened, noiselessly and slow,  
 With whispered caution, and with muffled toe,  
 Two wretches, not-yet-executed, creep,  
 The craven villains who could " murder sleep :"  
 One bears a well-burnt cork,—the other rears,  
 With face like Atropos, a pair of shears.

And were there none, who in that hour of need,  
 Sought to avert the sacrilegious deed ?  
 To stay the ruthless hand, and thus to save  
 The much-loved Whisker from an early grave ;  
 Some guardian sprites which people earth and air,  
 And smile propitious upon beards and hair ?  
 Oh yes, there were,—some unseen power draws near,  
 And whispers loudly in the sleeper's ear,—  
 " Oh rise, my loved one, or for months you'll mourn,  
 " Awake, arise, or be most closely shorn."  
 He hears no voice, but still profoundly sleeps ;  
 No chilling horror o'er his senses creeps ;  
 The felons hasten with a cat-like tread,  
 One holds the weapon, one sustains the head ;  
 Again the spirit calls, and yet again,  
 With frenzied eagerness, but calls in vain ;

The steel meets steel,—the guardian fairy shrieks,—  
The hairs fall heavy from the damask cheeks,  
And quit for aye the soil which gave them birth,  
To rot and moulder on the dark, drear earth.

Hast seen a country, where, with deadly blast,  
Red war has swept, nor pitied as it past ?  
Hast seen the blacken'd cottages ? hast seen  
Uprooted trees deface the village green ?  
Hast seen white ashes, where the golden corn  
Was wont to sparkle in the ruddy morn ?  
If these you've witness'd, you may faintly know  
How dreary was the face of young Le Beau.  
A whisker lost methinks I've seen before,  
It is just possible I may see more ;  
But then, (another case you'll say, I hope,)  
'Twas shaved with razors, and 'twas frothed with soap.\*  
The deed is done,—away the wretches run,  
Their envy gratified, their vengeance won ;  
Le Beau starts up from sleep, and quick and bleak  
The night wind sweeps upon his naked cheek.  
He wildly cries,—“Why now, it cannot be ?  
“Why,—what the devil ?—why, it isn't me !  
“Give me the glass,—oh ! horrible !—oh ! where  
“Have fled the glories of my blooming hair ?  
“Oh ! insupportable, oh ! heavy hour,  
“What foeman's envy, or what demon's power,  
“Has o'er my senses cast this sad surprise ?  
“Curst be his malice, and condemned his eyes !  
“Burst round me now, ye storms of darkest fate !  
“My whisker's gone, and I am desolate.”

He spoke,—in vain his manly spirit tried  
To veil his feelings with a stoic's pride ;  
Hide, blushing glory, hide him now, and save  
From vulgar eyes the sorrows of the brave !  
But hark ! soft music through the chamber rings,  
The breeze is rustled as with spirit's wings.  
From atmospheric halls and castles fair,  
The light battalions muster in the air,  
Gold-helmed and azure-clad, and dimly bright,  
They circle into form, and tremble into light.  
And one before the rest advanced and said,—  
(A wreath of halo round his reverend head)  
“O grieve no more, loved youth, with mien forlorn,  
“Thy graces ravished, and thy whisker torn ;  
“Think not, the outrage of this evil night  
“Thy youthful beauties will for ever blight.  
“This shadowy band upon your cheek will toil,  
“Will sow the seed, and cultivate the soil :  
“The verdant down shall quickly find increase,  
“If daily rubbed with Truefit's ursine grease :  
“And while you flourish in a rosy youth,  
“The craven dogs who played this—joke, forsooth,  
“Shall rue this deed, for soon their heads shall seem  
“Bald as the style of any schoolboy's theme.  
“But these bright hairs, loved youth, shall aye exist  
“In cloud built palaces and groves of mist.”

He spoke,—and slowly through the balmy air,  
Each spirit takes an individual hair ;  
Le Beau, with outstretched hands and streaming eyes,  
Still to behold the bright battalion tries,  
But fluttering, fading, beautifully less,  
They melt in air, and fade in nothingness.

VINDEK.

\* Some critical persons may think this line and the three preceding, similar to some lines in Lord Byron's *Corsair*. If they read this poem with due attention, they will conclude, I fancy, that I need not fear a comparison with his lordship.

## AN ENIGMA.

Born of discord, born of flame,  
 A word of magic is my name.  
 I mock at mortals' feeble power,  
 Surpass their ages in an hour ;  
 Nor yet to serve them I disdain.  
 But still amidst their menials reign :  
 And oft, impatient of their sway,  
 From out my bonds I burst away.  
 Of many a varied use and form,  
 I ride triumphant o'er the storm ;  
 Dare with the foaming billows sport,  
 And steer the seaman to his port.  
 I swim, I dive, or if there's need,  
 Can swifter than the whirlwind speed ;  
 Can pierce the earth, and bring to light  
 Treasures which else were lost to sight ;  
 Or point the bolt with deadly art  
 Against the warrior's fearless heart ;  
 Can weave the web, and turn the mill,  
 Or crush through iron at my will ;  
 And roaming, oft, with giant hand,  
 I change the aspect of the land,  
 And level rock and forest old,  
 Or rear a city on the wold.  
 Formed with the world, long time I lay  
 Hid from the glorious light of day.  
 Till modern science saw my worth,  
 And genius gave me second birth.

Φιλοσκόμμων.

## Επι μυσταλῶν τερεῖναις.

Anacreon.

'Neath the shade of the myrtle I love to recline,  
 And drink sweet draughts of the generous wine,  
 While Love, his bright tunic girded up,  
 Refills each moment the gladdening cup.

This life is gliding, day by day,  
 Like the wheel of the rolling car, away,  
 Soon shall its dim light no longer burn,  
 Soon shall this body to dust return.

Why scatter rich ointments a cold stone round,  
 And pour the bright wine to the thankless ground ?  
 Oh ! give to me now the rights of the dead,  
 With your unguents sprinkle my living head.

Fresh roses twine in my silvery hair,  
 And call to my side the blushing fair,  
 For, O Love, I would banish all thought and woe,  
 Till I join the dull dance of the shades below.

C.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*On consideration we decline "A.B." 's essay.*

*"Vigil" 's parody is good, and should have been inserted had we not been favoured with a poem on the same subject from another correspondent.*

*We do not wish to have any more Impromptus from "A."*

*The conclusion of "The Dilemma" is once again unavoidably postponed.*

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# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

Liberius si  
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniâ dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.*

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No. 6.] WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1839. [PRICE 1s.

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CUSTOM; which renders extortion easy, robs pleasure of its charms. It is, therefore, a capital art in education so to establish habits, as that they shall neither be shaken by the sudden and capricious assaults of passion, nor refuse to bend to the authority of enlightened reason, and to be accommodated to the fluctuations of circumstances. To be constantly forming projects, and abandoning them as soon as they are formed,—to be so fondly attached to a particular routine of affairs, as to be pained by an occasional deviation from it,—are equally proofs of moral imbecility, and sources of misery. Without firmness of purpose, a man is despicable; without an easy temper, he is wretched in himself, and disagreeable to others.

As nothing is more pitiable than the fickle disposition spawned by a greedy lust of variety, which frets at itself, and is flouted by mankind; so it is not possible sufficiently to admire or commend a zeal untiring in the pursuit of its objects, joined with a courage that never flinches from encountering the difficulties which stand in the way of their attainment. In the same manner, as the sourness, which a timorous aversion to change is apt to breed, deserves to be condemned as antisocial; so a readiness to be pleased, and a good-natured compliance with the tastes and wishes of others, is to be considered as a pre-eminent ornament and grace of character.

It is demanded of those who conduct public works, that they should possess a vigour of mind, not liable to fits of depression, from weariness or despondency. On the other hand, those who labour for the improvement or amusement of others, have a just claim to a favorable prepossession, and an indulgent judgment.

The Editors of the *Haileybury Observer*, when they presided at its birth, were tremblingly alive to the perils by which it was compassed. They could not but apprehend, that the curiosity which its first appearance might excite would quickly be appeased: that the stimulus which it applied to indolence would soon cease to operate, or would operate but feebly; that, as it lost the attraction of novelty, it would not gain more of intrinsic worth to recommend it; and that, after a

brief and troubled existence, it would be stifled by general clamour, or sink unnoticed into oblivion. These fears, however, dwelt in the silence of their bosoms, whence they strove to expel them. It is hardly necessary to say, that, in the event, they were scattered, like the mists of the morning, by the early dawn of success.

The Editors feel, that, after so short a period of probation as they have passed through, it would ill become them to indulge in the language of exultation and triumph. But they may be allowed to own, that to have won the approbation of those whom it was their chief desire to please, is a peculiar gratification to them, and an ample reward. They gladly acknowledge their obligation, and offer their warm thanks, to such of their friends as have kindly contributed articles,—to one especially (whom it is needless otherwise to designate), to whose practised talent of composition, and rich vein of humour, the *Haileybury Observer* owes not a little of its merit and its fame. Honour and gratitude require them to mention this circumstance, not the less imperatively because they are likely to be deprived henceforth of his valuable assistance. They earnestly hope that the standard of excellence, which he has erected, will never be suffered to be lowered; and that the specimens of playful and racy satire, which he has furnished, may provoke many to jealousy and emulation.

It only remains to announce, that, as the approach of the Christmas Examination warns the Editors to release their correspondents, as well as themselves, from tasks that would interfere with their academical duties, the present is the last number that will be issued this term.

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STANZAS SUGGESTED BY A SCENE IN THE CLOSE OF THE  
EMPEROR CHARLES V.'s LIFE.

"He resolved to celebrate his own obsequies before his death. He ordered his tomb to be erected in the chapel of the monastery. His domestics marched thither in funeral procession, with black tapers in their hands. He himself followed in his shroud. He was laid in his coffin, with much solemnity. The service for the dead was chanted, and Charles joined in the prayers which were offered up for the rest of his soul, mingling his tears with those which his attendants shed, as if they had been celebrating a real funeral."—ROBERTSON, Vol. iv. p. 285.]

I saw a sable mourner-band  
Round an uncover'd coffin stand,  
Silent, with drooping head;  
I heard a priest, in surplice clad,  
Utter the solemn words and sad

Appointed for the dead:  
And yet methought it was a hollow show  
A mockery of death, a counterfeit of woe.

Near to the mournful scene I drew;  
A curious glance I downward threw  
What horror meets my eye?

Before my feet, in funeral-dress  
Shrouded, supine, and motionless,

A corpse appeared to lie:

I bent me down to scan its ghastly face,—

When lo! the living chief of Austria's ducal race,—

Sat not upon his face grim scorn,  
 Nor wildness of despair guilt-born,  
 Nor pallor of cold fear;  
 A meek serenity was there,  
 A sober pensiveness of air,  
 A quietude severe,  
 As though the workings of reflective thought  
 Over his soul dim clouds, dashed with bright gleams, had brought.

But, as I gazed on him, a light  
 Miraculous reveal'd to sight  
 The chambers of his heart;  
 The lines of habit deeply writ,  
 The shades of feeling as they fit,  
 The hues which tastes impart,  
 The stronger colouring warm affections made,  
 As on a limner's canvass, clearly were display'd.

I saw the evil passions all  
 Before the might of reason fall,  
 Ambition, pride, and hate;  
 I saw the victress mount her throne,  
 And wield, despotic and alone,  
 The signs of queenly state,  
 While all the lesser powers her sway confest,  
 Studious each nod observ'd, and speeded each behest.

I saw her from her throne come down,  
 Dash on the earth her jewell'd crown,  
 Her robe for sackcloth change;  
 Lo! in the dust she bends her knee,  
 And upwards gazes eagerly  
 As on some vision strange;  
 'Tis on a star, risen in the eastern sky,  
 Saviour divine, thy star, that she hath fixed her eye.

NOVITIUS.

## ODE AD CLEMENTIAM.

O quæ Dearum prima choro Dea  
 Vicina semper stas solio Jovis,  
 Et fulmine arrepto flagrantem  
 Blanditis moderare sanctis:  
 Injuriarum nec memor es, neque  
 Ultrix; sed ingratum excipis in sinu,  
 Verbisque mellitis novisque  
 Muneribus cumulare gaudes.  
 Gaudes levamen ferre dolentibus,  
 Fractisque morbo reddere pristinas  
 Vires, senectutisque lætiss  
 Fallere imaginibus cubile.  
 Te Gratiarum turba decentium  
 Circumvolat, te castus Amor fovet,  
 Nec laudibus fictis Camcenæ  
 Egregiam peperere famam.  
 Numen fatetur miles atrox tuum,  
 Cùm, laureato fronte superbiens,  
 Ardet coronâ pulchriore,  
 Munere, Diva, tuo, potiri.

## REMARKS ON LYCIDAS.

"A critic, who sets up to read only for an occasion of censure and reproof, is a creature as barbarous as a judge, who should take up a resolution to hang all men that came before him upon trial."—*Swift's Tale of a Tub*.

THE pleasure which we feel in looking upon any work of art is indubitably heightened in a considerable degree, if we discover it to be the production of one, whose genius we have ever been accustomed to admire, and whose name has been associated in our minds with the idea of excellence. A fine painting acquires even additional beauties, if we learn that it was executed by one of those great masters, whose pieces we have been accustomed to regard as approaching most nearly to perfection. For though we still look upon the same objects as before, a train of agreeable recollections has been started in our minds, which produces something like emotions of gratitude, and renders us more easily pleased and more willing to praise. In precisely the same manner, too, a noble sentiment or a fine image is never so charming, as when known to proceed from one whose writings have often afforded us gratification. Without this consideration, it would be difficult to account for the very lavish praises, which are frequently bestowed upon compositions which seem altogether undeserving of them. But, whenever a writer has once particularly distinguished himself, and engaged in an uncommon degree the attention of society, his subsequent productions are not judged entirely according to their intrinsic merits. Those, who have been influenced by the splendour of his former compositions, will necessarily retain a bias in his favour, which, if not sufficient to blind them to very conspicuous defects, will induce them, at least, to magnify slight beauties, and to over-rate the effect of the whole.

If this not unfrequently takes place with regard to poets who are not in the first grade of merit, and who, consequently, cannot be expected to exercise an irresistible control over the feelings of their readers, what is to be expected in the case of one, who attains to such a lofty pinnacle of glory as Milton stands upon? Can we wonder that those, who have been astounded by the sublimity of his moral genius, and the almost unbounded range of his imaginative powers, should be rather slow to find fault with any of his productions? Or is it inconceivable, that, trusting less in their own judgments than his, they should make his works to a certain degree the criterion of their tastes, rather than presumptuously cavil at what is above the reach of imitation. To such a degree have these feelings been carried regarding the productions of this author, that there are few of his minor poems, which have not been lauded above their real deserts. There is scarcely one of them, indeed, which has not repeatedly been declared to be superior to any thing which he himself, or any one else, has ever written.

But, though the preconceived opinions of the reader have so great an influence, it would be impossible to believe, that they could give immortality to any composition which would otherwise have sunk into oblivion. Can it be supposed by any one, that the mere fact of a poem being the work of Milton would raise it to the rank of one of the finest pieces in our language, if in itself it possessed so little beauty as not to be worth reading? Are we to entertain so low an opinion of the taste and candour of the public, as to believe it possible, that the general voice will be loud in the praises of a work, which in itself is destitute of merit, merely in consideration for the name of its author? Yet such an assertion has been really made respecting the *Lycidas*,—an assertion, of which, based as it is on no solid or definite ground, it may be somewhat difficult to shew the absurdity, but which, as proceeding from one evidently searching for faults, will have little weight, and will not leave its impression on the mind of any one who carefully peruses the subject of it.

It has been frequently urged as an objection to all elegies, that grief is dumb; and consequently, that the feelings expressed by the poet are fictitious and unnatural, and, for this reason, can excite no sympathy in the breast of the reader. But there can be few, who have ever experienced the sorrow resulting from the loss of a companion or relative who was peculiarly dear to them, who will not attest the falsity of such a supposition, and confess that the heart is eased of its grief by giving vent to it in language. Real grief does not, it is true, ostentatiously display itself; but it loves in solitude to open itself, dwelling upon the recollection of the virtues, and conjuring up the image of the person, of the friend it loved.

The above-mentioned argument, however, appears, at first, to apply with more than ordinary force in the case of *Lycidas*; and there seems some truth in the remark, that deep sorrow does not call upon Arethusa or Mincius, and is not careful to remember the dancings of "satyr" and "faun with cloven heel." But, on looking closer, there

does not seem any gross inconsistency even here. It is not, surely, very unlikely that, in giving utterance to his grief, the poet should fall into that train of thought, and style of expression, which is produced by the studies to which he was much addicted. The allusions, though uncommon, do not, in this instance, strike us as laboured or far-fetched; they were indeed the forms that most readily presented themselves to his mind; and deep and overpowering, indeed, must be that distress, which can altogether tear the thoughts from those pursuits in which they are constantly interested and engaged.

The indirect method taken by the poet to express the closeness of the union which existed between his friend and himself, and, consequently, the great blank which his loss occasioned, has also been the subject of objections. When the poet tells us, it has been urged, that

"Together both, ere the high lawns appeared  
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,  
We drove a-field,"

and that together they passed the day in singing rural ditties, "tempered to the oaken flute;" as we know that they never did any such thing, we are not very deeply interested. But we do not see, that to enable us to share in the regrets of the author, we must so minutely consider the actual relation in which he stood with regard to his friend. We know that a deep affection really existed between them; we know that their tastes and studies were the same; and that they used together to wander amongst the scenes which are here described. Whether driving flocks or not, they went forth with each other in the morning, and, in the day-time, if not singing to the oaken flute, they were exercising their talents in the higher department of poetry. Viewing it in this light, the imaginary colours with which the picture is filled in, far from diminishing its effect, tend rather to give a simpler and more pleasing face to the whole.

But there is too much in this poem that calls for admiration, to admit of our dwelling any longer on the less pleasing task of examining the censures from which it has by no means escaped. And, perhaps, it is scarcely desirable, that it should have done so, as the investigation and discussion of any really meritorious work serves, always, in the end, to set off with greater clearness its more striking beauties, and to bring into general notice others of a less obvious, though not less pleasing, nature.

From the very outset, in the present instance, we begin to share in the griefs of the bard, and to join in lamenting the peerless Lycidas, "dead ere his prime." Nor do we feel for him, merely, because he died while life was yet in its spring. The effect is heightened by the consideration that he was no ordinary person, and possessed of no mean abilities.

"Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew  
Himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme."

He was not one to be loved solely on account of some natural tie, or accidental companionship; but he was one, who ensured his hold on the heart which he had once gained by his estimable qualities and his high attainments. He had not a claim upon his immediate friends and neighbours alone, but a title to a portion of the respect of all, from his many virtues.

For any composition of this kind, however, to produce any great effect, it is essential, that it be written as feeling prompts. If the reader observe that the poet has been directed and influenced by any consideration but pure regret for the subject of his sorrow, his interest is immediately lessened. For how can it be expected that one should inspire that which he does not feel, or impart that which he does not possess? Thus the very natural manner, in which the poet declares the close relation in which he lived with his friend, at once engages our attention, and forces us into sympathy.

"For we were nursed upon the selfsame hill,  
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill."

Together they passed their youth, and their pursuits were similar. At all times, and in all his studies and retirements, therefore, would he feel the loss which he had sustained. We can imagine how sad and lonely he would feel in his solitude, and the heart is prepared to receive a deeper impression from the touching appeal,

"But, oh! the heavy change! now thou art gone,  
Now thou art gone, and never must return!"

The whole passage which immediately follows this must strike every reader as peculiarly impressive. Minutely to examine the whole, however, would occupy more time and space than could well be spared; and the only way fully to appreciate its beauties, is with attention to peruse the original.

It would be impossible to pass over without notice the exquisite lines, in which the poet calls upon the vales to give up their choicest flowers, "to strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies." Not only is the passage itself remarkable for its great poetical excellence, but the application of it seems so beautifully turned :—

"For so, to interpose a little ease,  
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmises,  
Ah me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas  
Wash far away."

How natural the wish that he might pay some affectionate tribute to the body of one so loved in life! how natural that dwelling upon the wish that he might for the moment cheat himself into a forgetfulness of the mournful reality!

But too great grief is needless and unmanly, and we must, after a certain period, strive to check or smother our feelings. It is with great taste and propriety, therefore, that, towards the end of the poem, the friends of the lost Lycidas are called upon to cease from their woe, and to be comforted by thinking upon the happy state of their departed friend.

"Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more;  
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,  
Sunk tho' he be beneath the watery floor:  
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:  
So Lycidas sunk low, is mounted high."

The concluding lines, by turning the thoughts from the sad spectacle which has just been presented to them, serve to cheer the mind, without diminishing the previously formed impression: he was sorrowing before, and forced us into sympathy with his sorrows; but he is now cheerful, and we partake of his cheerfulness.

How enviable the fate of Lycidas! none read of him in the lines of his friend, that do not bestow upon him kind thoughts and blessings: all go away sorrowing for his fate. Of what avail is glory to the dead? What though future generations marvel at the records of their fame? But blessed, indeed, is his lot, of whom none ever think without pity for his misfortune, and of whom none ever speak without praise.

#### THE FLAME WORSHIPPER.

Ὡ πῦρ σὺ, ᾧ πᾶν δεῖμα.

*Sophocles—Philoctetes.*

"It is a story, good Monsieur Le Notaire, which will rouse up every affection in nature; it will kill the humane, and touch the heart of cruelty herself with pity.—The notary was inflamed with a desire to begin, and put his pen a third time into his ink-horn, and the old gentleman, leaning a little forward, commenced his story in these words."—*Sterne.*

Fast fades the day,—the gloom of evening creeps,  
Quad of the College! round thy classic steep;  
Like dim-seen stars upon a winter's night,  
The scattered lamps are struggling into light;  
November's mists in dusky masses fall  
O'er the lone windows of the desert hall;  
No eve-awakened moon, with gentle beams,  
Fitful and pale, upon the Chapel gleams;  
But wearied nature, upon vale and hill,  
Is mantled with thick darkness, and is still.

The day has past,—that day remembered long  
By nurse's story and by poet's song;  
That day which gladdens every infant heart  
With grand displays of pyrotechnic art;  
And shows to boyhood's ever-wondering eyes  
Exulting mobs and scare-crow effigies:  
Whose honest joys all patriot hearts confess,  
The bright memorials of that lucky guess,  
Which rescued good King James from Popish plots  
(The first of England and the sixth of Scots).

Spirits of poetry ! wheresoe'er ye be,  
 On the green earth, or in the broad blue sea ;  
 If in the echo's mountain-haunt ye dwell,  
 Or rove the woods, or wander in the dell ;  
 Or if, with azure garb, ye sport and roam  
 With spray-wreathed Nereids in their ocean-home ;  
 Or if, with wings of light, ye hover there,  
 Where viewless forms perambulate the air ;  
 Assist me now !—no fabled woes I sing,  
 No fiction fraught with joy and suffering,  
 No legend tinged with fancy's varied hue,  
 But facts unvarnished,—terrible, but true.  
 Upon my wild chords pour the living fire  
 Of Tasso's harp, or Ariosto's lyre ;  
 Till my rude verse to wondering ears shall seem  
 Worthy the ardour of a Dante's theme ;  
 With laurel fillets circle now my head,  
 Inspire me living, sanctify me dead !

From that dark hall, by erring sprites possessed,  
 Where kings pre-adamite in splendour rest ;  
 Where, girt with flame, and in his might alone,  
 Unpitying Eblis rears his demon throne ;  
 And where the "lost ones" curse the tempter's arts,  
 \*Their quivering hands upon their burning hearts ;  
 And mourn for ever their unhallowed doom,  
 Their changeless misery, and living tomb :  
 From that dark haunt of sorrow and of shame  
 A fiend devoted to the fell one came,  
 By Eblis sent, to tempt mankind, and show  
 The safest passage to eternal woe.  
 With varied form, in every clime and age,  
 He arms the despot, and deceives the sage ;  
 He lit the crucible, in days gone by,  
 And blinded wisdom with curst alchemy.  
 He passes over none,—he tries for all,  
 The good and mean, the mighty and the small ;  
 Now fires the wine-cup, now appears to view  
 The ardent spirit of the mountain dew !  
 He urged poor Guido Faux to slay his King,  
 He revelled lately as mysterious Swing ;  
 Each ruthless heart and rebel breast he racks,  
 From French Fieschi's down to Spring-heeled Jack's.  
 One spot untouched his ruthless vision sees,  
 Sacred to innocence and learned ease ;  
 Girt with the Gheber's belt, at length, he towers  
 O'er wisdom's dearest home, our academic bowers.

From that fair land where wit and virtue shine,  
 Unconquered birthplace of a mighty line,  
 Worthy descendant of the Bruce and Græme,  
 Almacks, the boast of Caledonia, came ;  
 The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,  
 He wooed not fortune's smile, nor feared her storm ;  
 In lettered ease, devoid of care and strife,  
 Flowed the bright streamlet of his peaceful life,  
 Till, hovering o'er him with his dusky wings,  
 The fiend, exulting, on his victim springs ;  
 Tries him, and tempts him,—forces him, oh ! shame !  
 To blast his character, to worship flame !  
 What evil arts were used, no mortals know,  
 To drag the youth to everlasting woe ;  
 We firmly think, 'twas some seducing book,  
 Like Beckford's Vathek, or like Lalla Rookh.

\* See Vathek.

With thoughts unholy fired, he spends long nights  
 In ghastly orgies, and sepulchral rites,  
 Till that dread hour, by all remembered long,  
 The mournful subject of my dirge-like song,  
 When robed in terrors, and in demon guise,  
 The fire-fiend stood confess'd to mortal eyes.  
 His dazzling garb was shot with every hue,  
 The limbs were fleshless, and the face was blue ;  
 From the broad nostril clouds of sulphur came,  
 The head was serpent-wreathed, the eye was flame :  
 Almack, in horror rapt, the vision sees,  
 And, trembling, sinks upon his tottering knees ;  
 The tempter gazes with exulting smile,  
 And speaks in tones of death, with impious guile.

" Mortal, whose youthful breast high hopes inspire,  
 " Loved of the Gheber, votary of fire !  
 " One task awaits thee, ere thine eyes are shown  
 " The blazing splendour of the Fire-King's throne—  
 " To worship Eblis, in the open air,  
 " To light his altar in the College Square.  
 " Do this, brave youth,—with loftier feelings rife,  
 " Leave this dull earth, spring into second life ;  
 " And, while these sons of clay to clay shall fall,  
 " Live you supremely blest, in our perennial Hall !"

Fierce at the word, the youth with daring hand  
 Snatch'd up and waved on high a flaming brand ;  
 He lights the pile,—the whole quadrangle rings,  
 The imp exults and flaps his demon wings ;  
 Just then, some guardian sprite to Almack spoke,  
 And blessed reason o'er his senses broke.  
 The fiend exclaims—" Oh, for a deed like this,  
 " Blest is your lot, eternal is your bliss :  
 " With me to sun-bright realms of pleasure go !"  
 Almack, impetuous, then rebellows—" No,  
 " False fiend ! I see thy snare, thy reign is o'er,  
 " And once a tempter, thou betrayest no more ;  
 " Present my curses to your ruthless lord,  
 " His wretched vassals, and his menial horde ;  
 " My soul is saved, though terrible my shame,  
 " I've fired illicit squibs, unacademic flame !"

While thus, with rage inflamed, the hero speaks,  
 Swift in his track, approach the College beaks ;  
 He turns to fly, but wheresoe'er he wends,  
 The sprite of evil on his steps attends ;  
 In shape transformed, his face and figure show  
 The round obesity of young Le Gros.  
 To Almack's gallant heart fresh fears accrue,  
 The fiend retards him, and the beaks pursue ;  
 To some far room he makes a swift retreat,  
 He hears the echoes of official feet ;  
 Till, foaming, fuming, he exhausted falls,  
 Concealed within a closet's friendly walls.

And is he now secure ? Alas ! oh ! no,—  
 The imp resolves to consummate his woe.  
 The beaks arrive, and search with jealous look  
 Each sheltered corner and each shady nook,  
 Behind the curtains, and beneath the bed,  
 The cupboard next approach with stealthy tread.  
 The hell-born fiend alas ! betrays him there,  
 And, sneezing loudly, vanishes in air.  
 How deep the misery, and how sad the sight  
 When breathless Almack first beholds the light !  
 How pale the countenance, how changed the form,  
 Of him, who well could bear a battle's storm !



Like some poor dog, who, violating law,  
Has snatched a bone with surreptitious jaw,  
Detected in the act, the youth appears  
With tail dejected, and with pendent ears.

He mourns his bitter fate,—“ How cursed the hour,  
“ When first I felt the fiend’s seductive power !  
“ How joy, of old, the rosy hours beguiled,  
“ When Pros encouraged, and when beauty smiled !  
“ But now ’tis past :—the big, unmanly tear  
“ Speaks from the heart. What does poor Almacks here ?  
“ For one infernal squib, how hard my lot,  
“ In country air to rusticate and rot !”  
Unhappy Almacks, thy most grievous wrong  
Quite chokes my utterance, quite curtails my song :  
Yet weep not, mourn not thy unlucky fate,  
Thou shalt not fall, thou shalt not rusticate.  
Farewell ! farewell ! as village maidens bring  
The freshest roses of the new-born spring  
To deck, with votive wreaths, and garlands gay,  
The beauteous forehead of the Queen of May ;  
So I to thee (my gift thou’lt not disdain),  
Present the incense of a poet’s strain.  
My prescient vision sees that fortune showers  
On thee her wreaths of pearl,—her amaranthine flowers.

### THE DILEMMA—AN OLD JOKE.

(Concluded from No. 3.)

It is not our intention to recount, with historical minuteness, the various and interesting occurrences which attended our hero during his stay at the Hall, although each of them might form material for what the reviewers call “ a very readable volume.” Theophilus, much to his own satisfaction, was permitted to pursue the path most consonant with his aspiring genius. His uncle, who had intended to have held serious discourse with him concerning the prospects of his future life, had rather miscalculated his own powers when he undertook to reform him. He found that Theophilus was a youth who gave very little trouble, never lamed his horses, and never damaged his plantations. He considered that his coquetting with the magazines, was no reason why he should be “ blown up,” and he felt that he was secure from any unpleasant accidents, especially as Jonathan most religiously declared that he would keep a steady “ eyes right” upon him.

Luxuriating, therefore, in this unexpected freedom, our hero, armed with a formidable note book, roamed daily through the surrounding country, to observe nature in her green retreats. He had heard that the author of *Waverley*,\* had derived much of his celebrated power of description, from a habit of carefully observing, and minutely marking down, the peculiarities of every scene which he beheld : that even the form, hue, and situation of plants did not escape his notice. This great example Theophilus implicitly followed ; his note-book, on this account, was replete with a variety of curious information, indicating a deep research into the too often despised simplicities of nature. Here it might be read that buttercups were like a golden bowl, or a moral reflection on the fact, that the breath of a vigorous infant could molt the tufted head of a dandelion, or a precept derived from the phenomenon, “ that he who caresses a nettle will feel its sting, but he who grasps it with the hand of courage will experience no injury.” If ever a poet could be manufactured, Theophilus Markham would have been a Milton.

But, never forgetting that his genius was versatile, often did our hero, after high converse with nature, approach the dwellings of his fellow men. With a mind ever inquiring, he attended political meetings and literary associations in the little town near which his uncle resided. Twice was he nearly turned out of the great room of the Star hotel, where Sir Forceible Feeble was addressing the independent electors, his inquiring glance and omnipresent note-book giving rise to the suggestion that he was a spy ; and once, having intruded into a commercial room, he was (to him the most bitter of mortifications) defeated by a Manchester traveller in an abstruse argument upon political economy and the affairs of the nation. For not all his combined

\* Lockhart’s Life.

eloquence and ingenuity could persuade the sturdy peregrinator, that 2 and 2 sometimes make 5. These, however, were slight mishaps, and Theophilus, reminding himself of Shakespeare's horse-holding, Ben Jonson's bricklaying, Samuel Johnson's victualling behind Cave's screen, and Goldsmith's dwelling among the beggars of St. Mary Axe, merely considered, that one day he should be able to say that the obstacles to his literary ambition, had only served to increase the intense exertions by which he arrived at his proud pre-eminence.

In one of his wanderings he met and entered into a conversation with an individual, whose whiskerless face, shaved temples, and parsimonious shirt collar proclaimed to be a child of the sock and buskin. This personage was destined to have an important influence upon our hero's career. Sylvester Mountcox was the manager of a strolling company, which had frequently been reduced almost to starvation, upon meagre salaries and enthusiastic plaudits. After devoting a few sentences to the weather and the harvest, the histrionic gentleman became rather professional, and finding Theophilus a willing auditor, gave him a true and faithful account of the decline and fall of the drama. "The British drama, sir, is languishing and drooping, a victim to the habits of the upper classes. Some persons, sir, devoid at once of sense and sanity, have ascribed its degraded condition to a falling off in our dramatic literature and to the inferior talent of our present performers;—that, sir, is maliciously false. It might as well be referred to an intestine war in Crim Tartary, or a revolution in the Antipodes. It is to the lateness of the hours at which our aristocracy dine, and to the excellence of their cooks, that the decline of the histrionic art must be ascribed. Who can suppose, sir, that, when my Lord Fitzdiddle sits down to eight courses at seven o'clock, he is likely to leave them, to see Mr. Macready, or myself, perform? You will hear, sir, some illiberal persons say, that managers are too close-fisted,—false again, sir, let me assure you on my honor as a gentleman. It is the public who are stingy. Why, sir, when I arrived at this town and applied to the mayor for leave to entertain the county with the legitimate drama, he at once agreed, and promised to support me gloriously;—would you believe it, sir, he sent for six box orders on the first night.—Gave him a tie-up, sir, guess how, put the mayor and corporation upon the free list,—they were highly complimented, and, on the third day, my bills announced, that the 'free list was totally suspended, the public press excepted.'—I should think, sir, that you had tried your hand sometime or other,—superb figure for Romeo or Charles Surface,—if I may be allowed to ask, sir, have you ever acted?"

Our reader must judge by the result, whether this question was lucky or unlucky. Our hero, after the proper degree of hesitation, confessed that he had laboured under that disease, the *furor dramaticus*, which, like poetry and the measles, always attacks a man at least once in his life. The conversation proceeded with great interest, and the result was, that our hero was persuaded to ask his uncle to give to the beauty and fashion of the county a grand *fête*, together with private theatricals.

The good-natured Squire, although the privileged Jonathan pronounced the idea to be "humbug," granted the favour, and beheld, with Christian resignation, two of his best rooms cut, carved, hacked, and hewed into a very pretty little theatre. A large body of the younger members of the squirearchy consented to assume the cothurnus. Our hero was appointed manager, and the whole play was "to be produced under the superintendence of Mountcox." The drama selected was "King Lear," and, in accordance with the privilege of all managers of choosing the best part, Theophilus determined on awakening the sympathies, and astonishing the weak nerves, of the inhabitants of —shire, in the character of the unhappy monarch. Everything seemed to promise a favourable result, the rehearsals went off with immense spirit, the dresses made expressly for the occasion were deemed most splendid, and the actresses, selected from Mr. Mountcox's company, were pronounced highly talented and affable. The Squire was resigned, Mountcox glorious, our hero in the seventh heaven, and even Jonathan relaxed from his usual precision, and said he supposed every one must make a fool of himself once in his life.

The important day at length arrived. The preparations were completed, and the guests began to assemble at an early hour: the only circumstance which clouded the serenity of the prospect was a sudden fit of nervousness which attacked a member of the company. The young gentleman, who had undertaken to play Glo'ster, now asserted, that, were the broad Indies offered to him as a recompense, he could not and would not expose his face before so many spectators. In this emergency, Mr. Mountcox offered his services, and promised to read the part, stating at the same

time, "that it was the sort of thing he was quite accustomed to; that he had once played three parts in Richard III.—Tressel, Buckingham, and Richmond; that he had often been obliged to go on the stage and extemporise; that actually, during a magnificent run of the highly popular extravaganza of Tom and Jerry, he had once reeled off the stage as the Hon. Dick Trifle, thrown on a great coat, and rushed on again as a watchman in pursuit of the former aristocratic gentleman; singular instance, sir, of a man running after himself: fact, upon my honour as a gentleman." This being agreed to, it was determined that an apology should be made for the non-appearance of the defaulter, on the ground of indisposition sudden and severe.

Among the distinguished guests who assembled to witness the theatrical representation which we are about to describe, was one, the "cynosure of neighbouring eyes;" and the sole possessor of that heart, which originally belonged to Theophilus Markham. For two long years had our hero sighed like a furnace, and made sonnets to the eyebrow of the beautiful and witty Lady Caroline Brilliant, the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Heauton. She was now present, and, as Theophilus prepared to array himself in the regal garb, he felt an enthusiasm sufficiently towering

"To have out-topped old Pelion and the skyliah head  
Of blue Olympus."

The moment of anxiety arrived. Severe indisposition was pleaded for the absentee, who, in a conspicuous part of the audience, seemed at the very moment, to endure his ill health with singular fortitude. Mountcox rang the bell, the curtain drew up, the play began. Those who have ever witnessed a private play need hardly to be told, that the commencement of a tragedy is always a signal for a general titter, a practice not departed from in the present instance. It certainly is funny to see sober, intellectual persons, divested of the "*nigri aut subfusi*" garments of every day life, and strutting about, "brave in silk and velvets." And it is curious to observe, how invariably it happens, that individuals, whose private deportment and carriage are the most elegant and easy, immediately when they tread the boards, seem to be dislocated in every limb, and to have dissolved partnership with their arms and hands. No body of amateurs can ever help tumbling against each other when they come on the stage, or against the side scene when they go off. But, to do our hero justice, he was a very tolerable actor; and, when he appeared in his royal robes, and reverend head, the former concealing a very serviceable piece of cord, which tied his two legs together, and prevented his taking strides inconsistent with his assumption of infirmity, he was hailed by loud and long-continued cheering. The play proceeded with great success, and Theophilus was making a very decided hit, when an unfortunate (and by the reader, we are sure, long expected) *Dilemma* cast a gloom upon their happiness. Mountcox had read, with due emphasis and discretion, the part of Glo'ster, and had been honoured with considerable approbation, until the 3rd act commenced, in the course of which, the reader will please to recollect, the unfortunate noble is inhumanly deprived of his eyes. The cruel deed had been committed, a shudder was thrilling in every sympathising heart, when a grating voice, in a part of the room allotted to the servants, observed, "with most tolerable and not to be endured" pertinacity,—“But, how's the gentleman to read his part with his eyes out?” It was Jonathan's remark, and a fiendish one it was. The laughter was electrical; the absurdity of the part of a *blind* man being *read*, struck the veteran Mountcox for the first time: he dashed the book on the ground, and rushed off the stage. Meeting Theophilus behind the scenes, he exclaimed, "My dear sir, the most infernal accident has happened, the most unfortunate oversight; why, I'm blind, sir; how can I read the confounded part? pray, sir, make an apology; ask them to blind themselves to the slight inconsistency, or all will go wrong. This our hero determined to do, and accordingly presented himself to the audience. But when once a real English laugh has taken captive the jaws of an English audience, no eloquence, Demosthenic or Ciceronian, can restore seriousness and good order. The eagle eye of Theophilus soon perceived Lady Caroline, and it rejoiced him to observe that she joined not in the general convulsion; hiding her face, she seemed to sympathize with the arduousness of his position. Reassured by this circumstance, he was about to address the audience, when he observed some one lean over and make a remark to the lady of his love; the handkerchief which veiled her face was withdrawn, and the heart-rending disclosure was made, that she was suffering from laughter intense, ungenerous and plebeian. And who was the wretch addressing her? the very false and fickle trifler who had thrown them into the *Dilemma*!—the deserter, who did not dare to face an audience of his countrymen! Theophilus

made an indignant stride towards the wing, with the intention of leaving the stage in contempt, but (our pen almost refuses its office as we write), forgetting the cord that should have restrained the ambition of his steps, he suffered a most unkingly fall. Misery seemed to accumulate on misery; when down, he somehow or other could not possibly get up,—the cord slipped over his knees,—he was fairly fettered. Finally cannonaded by laughter, and his cheek blistered by opera glasses, he scrambled from the view of the inhuman audience on all-fours,—or as Mr. Puff, in the Critic, wishes his actors to achieve, he made his “exit, kneeling.”

He rushed to his room, and cast aside his robes of state; one exclamation only escaped him,—it was as pathetic as it was brief.—“By her too,—by her.”

Reader, since that eventful night, many years have blazed on the historic page. Theophilus is now a barrister, with a rising practice, and intends, at the next general election, to contest a certain borough which we shall not name, on certain principles which we shall not explain. But this we will say, that, however fond of theatricals he might once have been, he can safely lay his hand on his heart, and state that in politics he never acted more than one part.

### A READING MAN.

*Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus.*

*Catullus.*

Lesbia, let us live and love,  
Giving not a single straw  
For those critics who reprove,  
Holding up too strict a law.

Yonder setting sun will rise  
With the morrow calm and bright;  
But, when life's short day-dream dies,  
Deep, unbroken is the night.

Come, then, let me kiss thee o'er  
A thousand times, a hundred then,  
Then another thousand more,  
Then a hundred o'er again.

Yet another thousand, dear,  
And another hundred too;  
Now we'll press our lips more near,  
Kissing so that none may view.

Lest some prying youth should know  
All the number of our kisses,  
And the wretch should envious grow,  
Thinking on so many blisses.

C.

*Μὴ με φύγῃς, ὁρῶσα.*

*Anacreon.*

Do not, do not turn away,  
Tho' my hairs be few and grey;  
Nor, tho' still in life's young morn,  
Age's proffered homage scorn.

Look at yonder budding rose,  
How its dewy blossom glows,  
Wreathed in the garland light,  
With the lily's spotless white.

C:

### A WEEK AMONG THE MOORS.

Oh! the delight that these few words convey to the mind of the sportsman. Visions of the 12th, and its concomitant apparatus of Purdeys, Mantons, patent wadding and high ranging setters, are conjured up before his imagination. Then the bustle of laying in a stock of provisions and other necessities, and dispatching them to the shooting box, the engaging of keepers, with all the other requisite preparations which pass his spare time so pleasantly. No one that has never experienced somewhat of these feelings can conceive the excitement felt by a person, who really enjoys the

sport, on the eve of starting for the moors. The reader may now easily enter into our's on an occasion such as this. Our party consisted of six, "right good fellows all." The owner of the shooting was a Highland Laird, somewhat of the old school, who invariably wore "the garb of old Gaul" when on the hills, and never put leg over the back of a pony to ride to his ground. The next most remarkable personage of the number, was a namesake of the former, possessing an inexhaustible fund of good humour, and the faculty of setting everybody in a roar when there was actually nothing to laugh at, a most desirable acquisition at a shooting-bothy, where one may be confined to the house for days together by stress of weather. Of the remainder, none seemed to have any very remarkable trait of character. Suffice it to say, that a pleasanter set it has ne'er been our fortune to meet.

On the morning, therefore, of the 11th, we sat down to that most substantial meal, a Scotch breakfast, at the house of the aforesaid laird. Care had been taken to send word the day before to our place of destination, to order dinner at six o'clock of the best cheer that a highland glen could boast. The conversation during the meal, as may be supposed, turned chiefly on subjects connected with the approaching trip, How one's Purdey shot, how well finished the other's Manton, how Dan could range, and Doll find birds, and Jess "seek dead," &c. We were too impatient to be off to dawdle over our food, and ere long each was ready for the day's work. A more beautiful day, or better prospect of fine weather, we could not have wished for; and this, contributing to put us in high spirits, if anything were wanting to do so, made our journey a very pleasant one. We had about 21 miles to travel before reaching our quarters. For the first eight, the road was so good, as to enable us to "tool along" in a well-hung britschka, at the rate of ten miles an hour, and the last four through scenery beautifully wooded with weeping birch and alder. Leaving our carriage at a small inn on the road side, we struck at once, on foot, into the hills, where an immediate and complete change in the prospect awaited us. In place of being confined as before, as far as the eye could reach, range rose beyond range growing gradually fainter and fainter, till the more distant could scarce be distinguished from the blue sky behind them. The road we now trod was scarcely more than a cart track, and that sufficiently rough. It shewed symptoms here and there of some attempt at repair, where it had been cut up by the course of the little rills when swollen by the rain. After following the road for five or six miles, we left it, and under the guidance of our host, kept right across the hills in the direction of our ground. At last, on reaching the brow of a more than usually lofty one, a lovely view burst on our sight. Far below our feet lay the romantic glen, in which the cottage was situated, smiling in all the verdure of summer, and along which a river wound its sinuous course. We stood admiring the scene for some time, and the silence was at length broken by our host, reminding us that we had but just time to reach the cottage, so as to change our dress before dinner. We descended the hill by one of the numerous paths, and, regaining the road we had left, ascended the course of the river for a mile or two further, till, on rounding a projecting point, the glen widened considerably, and, at the end of an expanse of beautifully green turf nearly a mile in length, we saw the long-wished for cottage, with the kitchen chimney smoking in a most promising manner.

"Thank my stars!" was the simultaneous exclamation that burst from the lips of each of us on seeing it, and but a short time elapsed before we stood hot and dusty at the door. The house though small, was a two-storied one, substantially built of stone and lime, and well slated, presenting a most agreeable contrast with the shepherd's huts around. It lay within 100 yards of the edge of the river, a rather dangerous proximity, had not the situation been considerably elevated above its bed. Our first thought was of comfort in the shape of an entire change of dress, our next in that of a hot dinner, for which we had not to wait many minutes. The parlour was small but comfortable, and warmed by a blazing peat fire that cast a delightful glow through the apartment. Our appetites were too keen to permit of much conversation, and, the meal finished, we drew our chairs round the fire, each made his noggin of whiskey toddy, and we talked over our exploits of former seasons.

"We fought our battles o'er again,  
And thrice we slew the slain,"

till nearly eleven o'clock, when, by general consent, we broke up to go to our respective rooms, where the soft murmur of the river, and the fitful sighing of the wind, soon locked each one fast in the arms of Morpheus.

"What! not up yet, you lazy dog?" were the first words that saluted our drowsy ears, next morning, from the lord of the mansion, as he stood by our bedside dressed in the kilt and short jacket, that most convenient of all dresses for walking the hills in, "breakfast will be on table in half an hour."—On being thus accosted, we sprang out of bed. The sun was already high in the heavens, and everything looked bright and cheerful. On descending to the parlour, the rest of the party were already assembled, and deep in the discussion of the new-laid eggs, and fresh-caught trout, which formed part of the repast. During the meal, their respective beats were assigned to the different parties, and all necessary information on the subject given. The head keeper had already arranged our shooting gear, packed up luncheon, whiskey, and other conveniences, so that all trouble was taken off our hands. We were chosen to accompany the laird himself, being more unacquainted with the ground than the rest, so, giving our gun to the gillies, we started. Our beat lay directly behind the house, and we reached it by a very steep road, that led to a peat moss, where we were to commence operations. The dogs we were to shoot over were a pair of very handsome, powerful, red and white setters, that had only been broken that season, but, owing to their high breeding, their master seemed to think we should not have to complain of want of staunchness. After resting for a few minutes to recover breath, the dogs were uncoupled, and away they sprang like arrows from the bow, as if they were trying which could get over the ground fastest. While going in this style, one suddenly dropped, as if he had been shot. "Toho! the dog has them," called the keeper. The bitch, tho' ranging nearly 200 yards off, and seeming to pay no attention to her companion, no sooner saw the keeper raise his hand, than she also dropped. "What think you of that, for dogs that have never been shot to?" exclaimed our companion exultingly, "I never saw dogs in better command, Neil," said he to the keeper, "and their breaking does you the greatest credit." We went up to the dog, and there he stood, crouching, as immoveably fixed as if he were cut out of stone. Whirr!—whirr!—rose the pack, bang! went our four barrels, and as many birds lay fluttering in their blood. We marked the remainder of them down, and following them, bagged every one. We went on in this manner, the dogs behaving beautifully, till two o'clock, when we halted, to wash our guns and lunch.

"What an immense bag that is!" we remarked after some time to our companion, pointing to one that stood about 150 yards from the place where we were sitting. "So it is," he replied, "and it puts me in mind of an adventure I had here last season. There was an immense deer that used to frequent these hills, known by the name of the 'muckle stag;' and he was said to be so wary, that it was next to impossible to approach him. Hearing from a shepherd that he had been seen in this direction, I went out one day to look for him, along with a former keeper, who was a noted stalker. We found him close to this spot, after a short search, and approached him as cautiously as possible. Whether it was from a change in the direction of the wind, or not, I don't know, but he became rather uneasy, and moved away till he stood just under that hag, looking suspiciously about him. I was on the point of firing, when the keeper stopped me and told me I had got the wrong sight up—I had put up that for 100 yards—and he insisted that the deer was 150 from our post. After much hesitation I took his advice, and fired, Phoo! the ball struck the hag a yard over his back, and away he bounded unharmed. We paced it, and it was exactly 95 yards: you may suppose I bless'd him liberally." We sympathised sincerely with his disappointment, and proposed to proceed. For the remainder of the day we enjoyed equally good sport as at first, and it was not till five o'clock that we turned our footsteps homeward with 52 brace in the bag. All the rest had arrived before us, and on meeting at dinner each one had some splendid point, some wonderfully long shot, some marvellous retrieve of a wounded bird, to recount. The evening passed much as before, and we smoked and soaked till the grey light of morn warned us to retire. The next four days passed in much the same manner as the first, with a slight alteration in the parties who shot together, and the beats allotted to them; and the evenings in a most jovial manner. Indeed, generally speaking, we had for our own part dim reminiscences of being puzzled as to whether our companions were five or ten, and whether the candles on the table were two or four in number. On the last of these happy evenings, the conversation happened to turn on Ptarmigan-shooting, when our host informed us that there were abundance in one part of his moors, and that, if we chose to walk fifteen miles, we might perchance have some sport among them. Ourselves, and a young friend, joyfully caught at the idea of exhibiting our prowess in making a grand slaughter of these

beautiful birds. "Very well," replied the Laird, "you can ride the first ten miles, and you shall have your choice of dogs, and the head keeper who knows the ground well will accompany you." We humbly suggested, that the young dogs whose performance we had witnessed the first day would be preferred, and he readily granted them to us. Desiring the servant to call us early, that we might get to our ground in good time, we retired to rest.

The keeper aroused us at six o'clock, and, though the morning looked rather unpromising, we were not to be daunted by appearances. Giving the keeper and gillies the start of half an hour, while we swallowed a hasty breakfast, we mounted our ponies and took our way up the glen. After a rough ride of nearly three hours' duration, in the course of which we had to ford the river more than once, to avoid break-neck spots, we arrived at a shealing, on the side of a bleak hill, which served to give shelter to the shepherds during the summer months. Shackling our steeds to prevent them from straying far from the spot, we walked about three miles further, the scene growing gradually wilder and more drear, till at length we found ourselves standing amidst huge blocks of granite, stretching as far as the eye could reach, and without a single blade of grass, or tuft of heather, for the eye to rest on. All being clad in suits of grey plaiding, we might have been mistaken by a distant spectator for the guardian sprites of the mountain, stalking among their gloomy domains. We thought to ourselves while scrambling over the stones, that the birds which choose to frequent such places, must be of strange habits, when "Toho! Dan!" fell on our ears; and, to be sure, there was the dog worming his way among the huge fragments of grey granite, with the stealthy pace of a cat stealing on its prey.

"Come along gentlemen, these birds are devils to run, and you must take them on the ground if you can get them," said the keeper, and we followed up the dog, who was evidently nearing his game, from his crouching every now and then. At last he came to a dead halt, trembling like an aspen leaf from very keenness. We looked for long, but could distinguish nothing, till a flutter on the surface of a large flat slab, caught the eye of our companion. Bang! bang! went two barrels at them with the speed of thought, as they sat huddled together, and the other two as they rose, and seven birds lay dead. "Mark, Angus, mark," called the keeper to one of the gillies, "see where they next light." We loaded with all expedition, and followed the direction in which the remainder of the pack had flown. We soon found them, and it was almost a repetition of the same murderous work. We continued to shoot in this manner with various success as to numbers, but both holding very straight, for nearly two hours, till we reached a small lake, that by the blackness of the water, and steepness of the sides, seemed deep as Erebus. The scenery was now of a character more wild than can well be described. It seemed as if nature, in playful mood, had thrown the large masses of stone into the most fantastic groups she could devise; as if the debris of some vast mountain had been scattered over the hills by the shock of an earthquake. While standing gazing on the scene, we suddenly found ourselves enveloped in mist, which was growing gradually thicker and thicker. We scrambled on a little further, but it soon became dangerous to proceed, and we sat down till it should clear off. "How long do these mists last, Neil?" we asked of the keeper, "Sometimes half an hour sir, sometimes a day or two," was the cheering reply. "But can't we grope our way back to the hut, where we left the ponies?" we again asked. "You might as well attempt to fly, sir," was his answer, "there is nothing for it but to wait till it blows over." We sat shivering for nearly an hour, indulging in reflections which certainly did not tend to disperse the gloom. Our eyes were at length greeted by the sight of the sun, struggling to penetrate the almost palpable obscurity in which we were shrouded, and in five minutes more the only trace that remained were the last streaks scudding over the distant hills, under the influence of a brisk breeze which had just sprung up. We found ourselves standing on the summit of the highest range in the ground, while thousands of feet below us lay the glens and forests of Badenoch.

Too cautious to run the risk of being mistified a second time, we retraced our steps as quickly as possible, picking up a few stray birds on the way. On counting our bag at the hut, we found that the bill amounted to fourteen brace, which the keeper assured us was considered a very good day's sport. Re-mounting our ponies, we did not let the grass grow under our feet on the way home, which we only reached by eight o'clock, and that night we slept without rocking. The next day was fixed for our return to the low-country, and after a late breakfast, we footed it over hill and dale to the hospitable mansion of our entertainer, where a hearty welcome and good cheer awaited us.

Gentle reader, we would fain hope that this account of "A Week among the Moors" has afforded you some pleasure, or at least served to while away a few idle moments. That your next sojourn in a shooting-bothy may be as pleasant as ours, is the sincere wish of

LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

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A FAREWELL.

Fair sons of science and of wit,  
The voice of duty calls  
The choicest of our ranks, to quit  
These academic halls.

The bard of "Modern Chivalry,"  
The "Vindex" of our times,  
Will wake his skill'd lyre tunelessly  
To tales of other climes.

And the gay gallant, classic "C,"  
Whom Bacchus roused to song,  
By Venus loved, will cease to be  
One of our gowned throng.

And, last not *least* of all who beat  
The human form divine,  
No more will in this puny sphere  
"Iota" deign to shine.

Then fare ye well, illustrious band,  
Where'er your steps shall stray,  
May Virtue lend a guiding hand,  
And Fame attend your way.

S. T. P. H.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Our readers will observe that, in consequence of having suspended the publication of our paper sooner than might have been expected, we have considerably enlarged the present and last number.*

*We offer our best thanks to Blümchen for his translation, which is by no means deficient in merit. We keep it, and all the other articles with which our correspondents have favored us, for future occasions.*



# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

## PART II.

Liberius si  
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius; hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniâ dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.*

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No. 1.] WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1840. [PRICE 6D.

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MONTHS have rolled on, and deep have been the slumbers of the *Haileybury Observer*; so deep indeed that many of its former friends already pictured to themselves, in gloomy anticipation, the mournful sight of the cherished offspring of their intellect honourably deposited in the grave. But no—its existence was not doomed to be so ephemeral, nor its energies so fleeting as they imagined; its powers, though long dormant, have not yet departed, and strength still remains to shake off the temporary lethargy. The *Haileybury Observer* is again amongst us, and death has been disappointed of a victim so precious. May it have arisen from its slumbers refreshed and reanimated; its faculties unimpaired, its vigour renovated; and may the very dreams it has enjoyed become fresh materials for the exercise of its intellectual and inventive powers!

But let no one suppose that the language we have here employed proceeds from certain ideal visions of some extraordinary success that is to attend the republication of our magazine; we expect not to dazzle the world by any sudden or astounding blaze of literary light, we expect not by any towering superiority in our work to arrogate for its numbers a very extended circulation throughout the kingdom; we expect not to increase suicide by the keenness of our satire, or cause any severe trial to the lungs by the sharpness of our wit, nor do we even hope to surpass the standard of literary excellence erected by our brethren of the year just passed, all we anticipate and all we can justly expect is such a degree of success, as it would be probable “a priori” would attend the united efforts of eighty students, whose youth and inexperience with the world precluded the possibility of their possessing any very large stock of original ideas.

We wish then at the outset to define clearly and distinctly what are the objects of our periodical. Very mistaken notions exist on this point. A vast number of students view the *Haileybury Observer* in the light of a magazine, whose sole object is to publish materials for their amusement, and expect to derive a similar species of entertainment from the perusal of its pages, to that afforded by the works of a Dickens, or a number of the *New Monthly*. To accomplish such an end as this, the great majority of students must necessarily remain inactive, whilst one or two others, who happen to be blessed by nature with that rare and most equivocal endowment, a vein of comic humour, are toiling for their satisfaction, and pandering to their love of indolence. But such is not our intention in the republication of this magazine. We wish to provide sources of relaxation for the writer rather than the reader, though we would willingly, if possible, effect both the one and the other. Our primary motive is not to circulate an amusing periodical, for a set of idle and desultory readers, though this has certainly a secondary and subordinate claim on our consideration, but rather to afford scope for the exercise of powers which might otherwise never be exerted, and by holding up a place in our pages as an object of honourable competition, to apply some sort of stimulus to the modest efforts of the ripening intellect.

Who knows but our magazine may prove the first instrument in bringing to light the unborn talents of some embryo philosopher, by dispelling the imaginary terrors conjured up by Sanscrit, Persian, and Hindoostanee around the path of literature.

He then, who makes no exertion for the support of our columns, must not complain, if they fail to excite any great or stirring interest in his mind.

We are happy to inform our fellow-students that the number and character of the contributions already received, have inspired the Editors with much confidence. Had it been otherwise, we should not have felt justified in republishing a periodical, which we knew could not be supported with any credit to the College. Our best thanks are due to the gentlemen who have so cordially given us their co-operation; but we must warn them that their task has hardly begun, that everything still depends upon their assistance, and that without the united exertions of the whole College, the *Haileybury Observer* must again sink into a sleep, perhaps longer and more profound than the last.

Harp of the Coll. that mouldering long hast hung,  
 On some hoar willow by Lee's sluggish streams,  
 And long hast slept, untouch'd, untun'd, unstrung,  
 Uncheer'd by Learning's renovating beams;  
 O minstrel Harp, resume thy wonted fire,  
 Bid some skill'd hand reanimate thy lays,  
 Bid him retune thy wild resounding lyre,  
 And sweep along thy chords as in thy former days.  
 O magic Harp! what daring minstrel may  
 Awake the accents that have slept so long?  
 What hand may dare o'er those soft chords to play,  
 Which Vindex strung, and C. attun'd to song?  
 Yet mighty Harp propitious aid his strain—  
 And when thy silver tones no more arise,  
 We'll hang thee up on thy lone bough again,  
 And pay around thy tomb a poet's obsequies.

D.

#### A DEBATING SOCIETY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!  
 For which he paid full dear;  
 For while he spake, a braying ass  
 Did sing most loud and clear."

JOHN GILPIN.

Day set upon the College steep,  
 And Lee's fair river, broad and deep,  
 And Hoddesdon's mountains lone.  
 The College gates, that safely keep  
 Its inmates, though they chafe and weep;  
 The little rooms where students sleep  
 In sombre grandeur shone.  
 Soon darkness spread around, save where  
 The oil-fed lamps with fitful glare  
 Sent forth their scanty light.  
 Chill, bleak, and frosty blew the air,  
 And on the moor so dark and bare,  
 And on the gardens' herbage fair,  
 Falls a drear wintry night.  
 But not within yon room's well-whitened walls  
 An atom of the external darkness falls.  
 No! round that chamber sit in worthy pride  
 Men—embryo men, of talents known and tried.  
 Their minds that seek for all that's truly great  
 Philosophy and truth illuminate—  
 They're living lamps with oil of knowledge lit,  
 Which spread around bright flames of sparkling wit,  
 No wonder then, though darkness reign around,  
 A room like that with radiance should abound!!!  
 Hush! whisperers all; from yonder chair of state,  
 Thornley arises—Thornley good and great.

His auburn locks, his knowing look and air,  
 His beaming eye, his lisping accents fair,  
 His care-worn face on busy thoughts intent,  
 At once proclaim the D.S. president.  
 With courteous speech, and accent dignified  
 He tells the meeting what they must decide ;  
 What points debate ; and then, his task complete,  
 He smiles complacent, and resumes his seat—  
 With look important, follows in his wake,  
 The favorite son of Scotia, land of cake ;  
 (I need not name ;) with self-approving nod,  
 He looks a hero, and he moves a God !  
 Fair was his speech, his sentiments were wise,  
 Courtiers and courts he did alike despise !  
 If in his hands the power of choice had been,  
 The Ministers of England's tender Queen  
 Would not be those, who, by sad fortune, are.  
 Fired at the words, intent on civil war,  
 Canrac starts up, and hostile speech begun ;  
 (His sires were Whigs, and Whig must be the son.)  
 He praised the court, and its ally, the Pope,  
 And, at the end, expressed a modest hope,  
 That the grave meeting, present there, would not  
 According to their principles give vote ! ! ! ! !  
 Unconscientious youth ! was't thus thy sires  
 Taught thee to feel true patriotic fires ?  
 Or is it an inherent trait in Whigs,  
 To hold all principle as cheap as figs ?  
 The Scot is nigh ; with fierce avenging hand  
 Behold him there in looks of triumph stand.  
 Now gallant Canrac, needs thee to display  
 Thine utmost strength, and fight as fight you may.  
 No mean opponent challenges the fight,  
 A champion he of Pitt's immortal might.  
 Departed spirits of illustrious Whigs,  
 Whether ye've transmigrated into pigs,  
 Or with your odious principles inspire  
 A Melbourne's breast, or warm a Brougham's fire,  
 Aid now your champion in the unequal strife,  
 And save young Canrac's fiercely threatened life.  
 O ! once again to Whiggery's cause restore  
 The gambler Fox, and stout Whigs, now no more.  
 Fierce rage the heroes, and each sinew strain,  
 Armed not with sticks, but missiles of the brain.  
 And now had deeds ensued, which not alone  
 The reading-room in uproar might have thrown,  
 But e'en the whole quadrangle, had not there  
 Thornley got up with awe commanding air,  
 And stopped the strife—The Whigs their numbers rate,  
 And out of thirty members, they were—eight ! ! ! ! ! ! !  
 In vain, alas ! in vain, ye gallant few,  
 From rank to rank your vollied thunders flew :  
 Tory oppression's cause prevails, and ye  
 Though faithful, loyal, patriotic, free,  
 Must keep your strength for some yet future time,  
 Whilst Whiggery falls, unwept, without a crime.

D.

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#### A DAY'S SPORT IN M— FOREST.

"I am afraid we must give it up for to-night," exclaimed a sportsman to his companion, who, leaning his elbow on his gun, was peering through a pocket-telescope at a few red deer, already scarcely discernible from the distance, and the lateness of the hour. "We have no chance," said the person addressed, "they are

so far off, that before we could get near them, we should hardly see the muzzles of our own rifles." "Where do you think they will remain for the night?" continued the last speaker, addressing the forester, who was walking close behind him. "Why, Sir, as they have not been much disturbed, they will probably go little farther this evening, they are now near the Linns, and there they will likely remain; but if Lord L—— wishes to go after them to-morrow, we ought to start before day-break." The Linns was a deep valley, or rather corrie, of about 500 yards in length, and half as much in breadth, surrounded on three sides by a chain of mountains nearly in the form of a horse-shoe. At the open extremity rose a precipitous rock, leaving a narrow path on each side into the corrie. "I think, G——," said Lord L—— to his companion, "we shall have a good chance of killing four or five of them, we could not have found them in a better place, had we chosen it beforehand, and if the wind be in our favour, they can neither smell, nor hear us till we are at the top of the hill; we can then occupy the two passes, and their only other way of escape is over the top of Ben——, which can easily be prevented. You must call us betimes in the morning," continued he, addressing the forester, "the deer will not remain long in such a place after sun-rise."

It perhaps may be necessary to mention, for the reader's information, that red deer during the heat of the day retire from the glens to the tops of the highest mountains, to enjoy the cool breezes, and escape from their tormentors, the flies and insects, descending again into the glens towards evening to feed. The party at length arrived at the lodge, and having made arrangements with the keepers and gillies, separated for the night. "Which of the passes do you prefer, G——?" said Lord L——, addressing his friend on the following morning, as they stood loading their rifles, "I think you had better take the widest, as you are the best shot." This was agreed to, and they set out. They continued their journey through the forest in silence, stealing their way with the utmost caution; the sun had not yet risen, and the landscape was concealed by the dull grey mist, which hung like heavy folds of drapery from the tops of the mountains around them. After two hours hard walking, they reached the passes into the corrie. In the meantime three of the gillies had been sent by a more circuitous route to the top of Ben——, to prevent the escape of the deer in that direction. On crawling to the farther extremity of the pass, they could distinguish nothing, and were obliged to remain quiet till the mist should disperse. Nor had they long to wait—the sun suddenly burst forth, and the mist, like a curtain, was gradually drawn up the sides of the mountains, exposing to their eager eyes the stage on which the tragedy was soon to be enacted. Scarcely was the landscape clear, when seven fine stags were seen within 300 yards of the position occupied by the sportsmen; and now the men who had been sent round the back of the hill having gained their appointed stations, gave a whistle. The deer were instantly on their feet, but uncertain from what quarter the sound proceeded, stood still, snuffing the air, and looking in every direction. Another whistle, louder than the former, turned them to the right about, and they set off at full speed towards the pass in which Lord L—— was stationed. Knowing that if he allowed them to come too near him, they would inevitably rush past, he suddenly showed himself, and fired just when they were turning their course towards the other pass, but not having made sufficient allowance for the distance, the ball dropped behind them, slightly wounding one in the haunch. Imagining that the animal could not really last long, he desired the keeper to slip two of the dogs; as, however, the wounded deer did not fall behind the others, the dogs pursued the whole herd, which was now making for the other pass. Captain G—— was well prepared to receive them—at the first shot the leading stag fell dead, and the contents of the second barrel disabled another. "Slip Hector," shouted Captain G——, to the gillie, but the word had scarcely passed his lips, when the stag dropped down lifeless, the ball having slightly grazed the heart in its course.

The rest of the deer finding themselves hemmed in on every side, turned, and rushed again into the corrie, closely followed by the dogs; they now made for the hill on which the men were stationed, who, by showing themselves and shouting, drove the deer back into the corrie. The terrified animals, finding all means of egress closed, continued to run for some time round the bottom of the corrie. The stag first struck, unable to keep up with the others any longer, now stood at bay in a small pool of water, but was soon pulled down by the dogs, the water being too shallow to give him any advantage over his pursuers. Meanwhile, the rest of the herd made another desperate rush at the pass in which Captain G—— was stationed, who fired at them again, but not with equal success; the deer though severely wounded, passed

him, followed by its companions. Giving up all idea of following them, Lord L—— and Captain G—— sat down to lunch, while the gillies were occupied in opening and cleaning the carcasses of the deer. This important proceeding being finished, they set out on their return home, fully satisfied with the havoc their day's sport had made, when suddenly Hector putting his nose to the ground, uttered a loud growl. The spot was carefully examined, and several large drops of blood were discovered amongst the loose stones. The dog now became unmanageable, and after a brief consultation, they agreed to slip him. The animal when left to his own guidance, proceeded for a short time at a slow pace, snuffing the air on all sides, then suddenly raising his head, with a loud yell, set off at the top of his speed, in a direction different to that which the herd had taken. Lord L—— and his friend followed as fast as they were able, but were soon left behind in the pursuit. An hour had now nearly elapsed since they had lost sight of the dog, and they were about to give up the chase, when suddenly turning a corner of the hill (along the bottom of which they had been walking for some time) the savage barking of their favourite struck their ear. "That's Hector," said Captain G——, "he cannot be far from us now;" and, indeed, they soon caught sight of the object of their pursuit. The stag, it seems, as a last resource, had gained a ledge or shelf at the bottom of a lofty precipice, and there remained secure from the attacks of its persecutor. The dog had evidently made the most desperate attempts to dislodge his victim, and blood streamed from dreadful gashes in his neck and chest, but finding all his efforts unavailing, he now lay panting at the foot of the rock, eyeing his prey, and giving vent to his disappointment in the barking which had attracted their attention. The rest of my story is soon told, the stag was speedily destroyed, and the sportsmen returned home, jesting at what Lord L—— called his prophecy of the number they should kill.

D—D.

Novus homo ex æde Haliburiense amico suo, et  
Illi novo homini apud Rhedecinam. S.

*Μὴν ἡ τεκούσα σ' οἶδεν ὡς θυραῖος εἰ ;*

(Æsch. Eum. line 1051.)

Perlege quam variam tribuant collegia vitam,  
Scommata quæ socio sint toleranda tuo :  
Jam novus hîc homo sum, (gentis pars una togatæ :)  
Quem procul a domibus nescit abesse parens :  
Rheda simul claras fessum me transtulit ædes,  
Quà super ingenti pondere porta nitet :  
Æquales inter virides viridissimus asto,  
Dum terit incertos densa caterva pedes :  
Dulce sodalitiû ! sartor, librarius, urgent :  
Poscit opem sutor : tonsor et arma movet ;  
"Sunt bona—sunt nobis meliora—sed optima nobis,"  
Hæc recinunt rapidis ingeminata sonis—  
Aufugio tandem—sed me graviora manebant,  
Cogor et Eos pervolitare libros :  
Opposita horrendæ nigrant elementa loquæle,  
Litteræque in varium, torta, retorta, modum.  
Forsitan aggredior ? species inamabilis ardet,  
Damnât inauditum quisque Togatus opus.  
Ipse loqui, videor jam dedidicisse, Latine,  
Nec facili plectro carmina nostra fluunt.  
Non tamen hæc miseræ sunt sola procemia vitæ  
Advenit assiduus nox comitata malis.  
Area quamprimum tenebris immersa silcescit,  
Versat inexhaustos callida turba dolos.  
Nocte patent vigiles, me prætereunte, fenestræ  
Inque caput fœdis decidit imber aquis ;  
Si juvat ad tacitos thalami fugisse recessus,  
Qua prima optatum littera pandit iter,  
Anne mihi capienda quies, dum scripta perrero ?  
(Semper enim Ergophilus sum, sophiæque procus)

Aridus attonitas subito fragor impulit aures,  
 Sparsa cadunt nostri fragmina multa vitri;  
 Quumque ego exsiliens, quæ sint spectacula, lustro,  
 Tradidit infensam fracta fenestra manum.  
 Non, mihi centenis resonent si vocibus ora,  
 Furtaque et insidias commemorare queam:  
 Cum petaso nunc rapta toga est—subversa supellex:  
 Nunc solitum accessum janua clausa negat.  
 Nunc (simul ac redeo) passim confusa tumultu  
 Urceus, urceolus, scrinia, cista, jacent.  
 Ergo vale; superant certè mala nostra, fatendum est,  
 Granta quid, et fraudis quid Rhedecina paret.  
 Tuque adeo, o comitum quicumque novissimus intras,  
 Respice, quo pacto sit tibi danda salus:  
 Obde fores, moneo, semper clavi—obde fenestras—  
 Conditaque in loculis sint tua cara tuis.

S.

### THE DEATH OF BISHOP HATTO.

The following lines narrate the death of Bishop Hatto, who was eaten by mice. The tale says that "Bishop Hatto being importuned by the poor to give them bread in a famine, convoked them on a stated day, shut them up in a large building, and set fire to it. When they were burning he said, 'entendez vous crier les rats.' After this the country was overrun with mice, and the bishop having fled to the *Mausetharm*, on an island in the Rhine, near Bingen, was pursued by them (says the legend), and devoured."—It was thought the old ballad style was fitted for such a story, and therefore no defence is made for expressions which otherwise might seem affected.

O haste thee to the tower, my lord,  
 Thine only sure defence;  
 The fiend is nigh, the host is by,  
 O quickly flee from hence:  
 Thus told the messenger of woe,  
 The pest approaching near,  
 Each word he spake, the stoutest heart  
 Had chilled with sudden fear:  
 And see the sad procession march  
 With solemn steps and slow;  
 No minstrels gay beguile the way,  
 Full mournfully they go.  
 They had not gone a mile, a mile,  
 A mile, but barely two;  
 When clouded grew his countenance,  
 And sorrowful to view.  
 O curs'd the hand that lit the fire,  
 Ill-fated was the day,  
 Fain, fain would I for mercy ask,  
 But cannot, dare not, pray;  
 And since that hour, a thousand pangs  
 Each lingering moment brings;  
 Still roar around the crackling flames,  
 The victim's death-cry rings.  
 Yet on—I see the tower arise  
 Securely o'er the Rhine,  
 'Tis there we'll shun the evil power,  
 We'll quaff the ruby wine:  
 They stem the tide—they lightly float  
 Along the silver waves,  
 They mount the rocky staircase, which  
 The flowing river laves.  
 "O leave me now, my men," he said,  
 "One hour to gaze awhile  
 "Upon the vines that cluster round,  
 "And the tedious time beguile."

He had not gazed an hour, an hour,  
 An hour, but barely two,  
 When the heavens assumed a darker veil,  
 The earth a gloomier hue ;  
 And see, and see from Bingen's hill  
 The countless millions throng,  
 The hindmost press the foremost on,  
 And hurry them along ;  
 One minute more—the Rhine is gained—  
 'Twill sure their course delay,  
 On, on, they speed—the Rhine nor heed,  
 No stop to them, nor stay.  
 The bishop stood—no power to speak,  
 To call for aid had he ;  
 On, on, they speed—the Rhine nor heed,  
 They swim right merrily.  
 One minute more—the tower they've clomb—  
 The walls will stay their course ;  
 But vain the massy stones t'oppose  
 Their overwhelming force.  
 At every cranny, nook, and chink,  
 The myriad tribes in pour,  
 Ten thousand here—ten thousand there—  
 More after them, and more.  
 The last has entered now—not one  
 Remains there to be seen ;  
 But what they did I cannot tell,  
 The dark walls were between.  
 Nor groan, nor cry, nor wail arose,  
 Nor death shriek rang in air ;  
 Yet when the morrow's daylight dawned,  
 The bones lay whitening there ;  
 No flesh was on the head, nor hair—  
 Not one that came to see,  
 But shunned the hollow sockets stare  
 That mocked so fearfully.  
 I know not how the truth may be,  
 The tale alone I know,  
 And the rustic still, from Bingen's hill,  
 Full well the spot can show.

S.

---

 ALCESTIS OF EURIPIDES—l. 446—491.

O thou, whose spotless soul has nobly fled  
 To the dark regions of the gloomy dead,  
 And there in sunless mansions aye must dwell,  
 Daughter of aged Pelias, farewell !  
 But thou, grim monarch of the realms below,  
 Whose dusky tresses shade thy awful brow,  
 Know that no fairer victim to thy might  
 E'er sought the kingdom of eternal night.  
 And let the hoary ferry-man who guides  
 The Stygian helm, and o'er the oar presides,  
 Learn that his bark the best of wives has borne,  
 Across the sluggish waves of Acheron—  
 No poets, virtuous woman, shall for thee  
 Cease to awake their mournful melody,  
 Or, in thy well-earned praises ever mute,  
 Forget to sing thee on the seven-string'd lute.  
 And when revolving ages shall recall  
 Carnæa's holy rites and festival,  
 And Cynthia's fullest orb, with silv'ry light  
 Shed her soft lustre o'er the dews of night.

Then in the haughty Sparta's halls of state,  
 And Athens, parent of the wise and great,  
 The voice of bards in doleful strains shall rise,  
 And sound Alcestis' praises to the skies.  
 Would that to me the mighty Jove had giv'n  
 Wings, such as grace the deities of heav'n,  
 Then, quick as thought, from earth's bright isle I'd soar,  
 And seek thy spirit on Cocytus' shore;  
 Tear thee from scenes of endless woe and pain,  
 And lead thee joyful to the earth again.  
 Already did thy partner, doomed to die,  
 Writhe in the iron-grasp of destiny;  
 A moment, and the god had seiz'd the prize,  
 At one fell blow had claimed the sacrifice,  
 When thou, brave woman, durst, and thou alone,  
 To yield the ransom of *his* life—*thy own*.  
 Oh then, if aught avail my earnest prayers,  
 May highest rapture, purest bliss be her's;  
 May e'en the earth with lightest pressure hold  
 A wife so good, so generous, so bold;  
 And when storms rage and wintry tempests blow,  
 Protect the beauteous form that sleeps below.  
 For when his parents feared their son to save,  
 Unwilling thus too soon to meet the grave,  
 Whose lives now trembled in the latest stage,  
 Whose limbs had felt the palsied touch of age,  
 Then thou, Alcestis, in thy beauty's prime,  
 Whose comely form was yet unharm'd by time,  
 Consented friendship's strongest ties to break,  
 And die illustrious for thy husband's sake.  
 Oh! may it be my joy-inspiring fate,  
 Though rare to man is such a blissful state,  
 To find a wife like thee, to soothe my woe,  
 And bid the tear of sorrow cease to flow;  
 Ne'er from my soul would calm contentment roam,  
 Or seek in other breasts a kinder home.

MONERIUS.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*We are much pleased with "F.G.s" contribution, but do not feel justified in accepting it, until we have seen his continuation.*

*The following are accepted:—Translation of Horace, Lib. II. OD. 16.; and Κρικητοφίλος.*

*Reserved for consideration, "Προφήτης;" Verses on Amwell.*

*We thank "S." for his contribution, but are sorry that the brilliancy of the original article is not sufficiently sustained, to warrant the insertion of the continuation.*

*We hope that "O. P. Q.," the owner of the Persian name, and "Jolly Cock," will exert those powers which they evidently possess, to better advantage.*

*"Well Wisher"—too much flattery and too little rhyme.*

*N.B.—All rejected articles may be had by application at the Porter's Lodge.*

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# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

## PART II.

Liberius si

Dixero quid, si forte jocosius; hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniã dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv, 103.*

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No. 2.] WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1840. [PRICE 6D.

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“ Vos exemplaria Græca  
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.”

*Hor. A. P. 268.*

STRANGE as it may appear that an age remarkable for the highest mental cultivation should in some points fall short of a comparatively barbarous antiquity, yet such is indisputably the case; and any one who attempts to analyze the modern notions of tragedy will find them very inferior in depth to those of the ancient Greeks. The only true model of ancient tragedy, the only true representative of the ancient Greek tragedian is Æschylus. It is our present object, then, to show that the plays of this great dramatic author, more especially his celebrated trilogy of the “*Oresteia*,” possess in the construction and management of their plots, certain qualities, which not only distinguish them from those of his contemporaries and those of modern times, but raise them, strictly speaking, much nearer to the standard of perfection. But before entering on this subject it will not be uninteresting or irrelevant to trace briefly the rise and progress of Grecian tragedy, pointing out incidentally the analogy which exists in the history of our own drama. The tragedy of the Greeks, as every body knows, or ought to know (for the subject has been thoroughly sifted by modern scholars), grew out of the Dithyrambic song, a rude chaunt, in honour of Bacchus, sung by a ring of persons dancing round the altar of the jovial god, who were on this account called the Cyclic chorus. To this simple song succeeded a step in which the germ of tragedy began to develop itself more fully and perceptibly. This was an alternation between two distinct exhibitions; first was sung the Dithyrambic Ode, and then a species of actor was introduced to narrate a story, the song and the narration being entirely unconnected with each other. It was not till the time of Thespis that dialogue and a plot may be said to have really begun.

Ignotum tragicæ genus invenisse Camœnæ  
Dicitar, et plaustriæ vexillæ poemata Thespis,  
Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti fecibus ora.

Horace has been justly accused of an erroneous conception of his subject in this description of Thespis. He has obviously confused the *τραγωδία* and *τρυγωδία*, which are totally distinct, and applied that to tragedy which was only applicable to comedy. He was perfectly correct, notwithstanding, in ascribing the invention of tragedy to Thespis, who was the first to introduce dialogues between the actor and chorus, and to connect together any species of dramatic plot. Phrynichus, his pupil and successor, was the author of another change, not so important indeed, but instrumental in giving a loftier tone to the hitherto feeble flights of the tragic muse. This was the introduction of a female character into the dialogue. Contemporary with him was the great Æschylus, whose mighty genius out of few and scanty materials, raised the foundation of tragedy to an elevation so towering and majestic, that he seems to have left his successors little scope for enlarging or improving the sublime structure he had reared. In the time of Æschylus the songs of the chorus were closely connected with the leading subject of the play; in his “*Supplikes*” indeed it is

the heroine of the piece. This was swerving widely from the original intention of the Dithyrambic Ode, and we cannot wonder that an outcry was raised against the propriety of thus encroaching on the property of the favourite deity of the Greeks. The consequence of this outcry was a sort of compromise between Theology and the Drama: it was agreed that tragedies should be exhibited by threes at a time, that with every trilogy a fourth play should be exhibited, and that the chorus of this last piece should be composed of Satyrs, the attendants of Bacchus, thus securing to the God an interest in the Drama, which would compensate for the loss of the worship he originally enjoyed. Time has kindly left us one specimen of the Satyric Drama in the Cyclops of Euripides. No sooner do we leave Æschylus than the connexion between the chorus and the plot of the play gradually diminishes, and the further we advance, the more independent and isolated do its songs become. It seems in general to have held a sort of middle position between the actors and spectators: as an actor it mediated throughout the play, as a spectator it made a sort of subjective comment on the various proceedings. It was the idealised spectator of tragedy, a sort of embodiment of human nature and human feelings, giving the general impressions of the average of men. The chorus of Æschylus, besides these features, has a marked character of its own. It is something more definite than a representation of human nature in general; it is, as it were, Æschylus soliloquising on his own work, himself commenting upon the actions of the play, telling us what his designs are, giving us a clue to the dialogue, and preparing our minds to respond readily to his views. Such then was the origin of Grecian Tragedy: and he who is conversant with the literature of our country may perceive many points of analogy in the rise of the English Drama. For it also may be traced to a lowly parentage; to a prototype as rude as Thespis, in the anonymous author of the Chester Mysteries; it also, like the Grecian, was at first enlisted in the service of religion; even its "dramatis personæ" were taken from the Bible, and, more wonderful still, the old English drama went hand in hand with the pulpit in diffusing religion and a knowledge of the Scriptures throughout the land. It soon, however, shook off this religious character, the *mysteries* made way for the *moralties*, the *moralties* for *interludes*, and these were succeeded by a species of composition differing very little from the productions of the modern English stage.

We might here turn to the Hindu theatre, and trace a similar analogy in the history of its origin and progress; but we must come to the subject more immediately under consideration—what that element is in the tragedies of Æschylus which constitutes their superiority, in a moral point of view, over those of succeeding ages. Surely, then, this element is to be found in the exact conformity of his trilogies with the definition of Aristotle, that the aim of tragedy is through the means of terror and pity to accomplish the purification of these and such like passions, *δι' ἐλέου καὶ φόβου περαίνειν τὴν τοιούτων παθημάτων κάθαρσιν*.\* A tragedy based on any other principles than these, is calculated to produce bad effects on the human mind. For the law laid down by Butler †, is an undeniable principle of human nature, that when any mental affection is excited, our first impulse is to act upon it, but if this affection be excited too often without the possibility of action following, the mind at last sinks into a kind of deadness and apathy, and though it continues to long for excitement, loses the habit of acting upon its impulses. Hence arises the danger of all works of fiction; our feelings are worked up to a pitch of great intensity about nothing, and there left to themselves; and if we seek to act upon them, "*what's Hecuba to us, or we to Hecuba*." Now, a modern tragedy is calculated to leave just such an injurious effect upon the mind. For what in these days do we mean by tragedy? Simply a plot ending in a calamitous event happening to persons who more or less deserve it; the idea of retribution not necessarily entering into the definition. The "*Œdipus Rex*" of Sophocles is generally held up as the "*ne plus ultra*" of a tragic plot, and is so according to our present notions, but on that very account is calculated to leave a bad effect upon the mind. Œdipus is an imperfect character, a passionate, hasty man, and his treatment of Creon and Tiresias

\* Poet. c. vi.

† See Butler's Analogy. "Moral Discipline," Part I., chap. v.

show that too great prosperity had ruined his naturally good disposition. Perhaps then he was not altogether unworthy of some sufferings, but the heavy chastisement inflicted on him, is just that which he does not deserve. It is a mechanical destiny that works upon him, and calamities are heaped upon his devoted head without just cause. We see him therefore in a state which we cannot reconcile with a right ordering of things, because in the *heathen* poetry we must look to something like a *visible* restoration of right and its privileges even in this world. From the conclusion of this play, therefore, no moral lesson can be drawn; nor is it a result in which the mind can acquiesce: on the contrary, we are left in the greatest perplexity as to the fitness of things; the feelings are excited, and no steps taken to tranquillize them, no attempt made to accomplish their purgation. But now let us turn to the "*Orestes*," and mark the difference. The essence of the trilogies of Æschylus is this—that one series of events is worked out into three tragedies, each of these tragedies having a beginning and an end, and forming a perfect whole in itself. Of this nature is the *Orestes*. What then are its leading features?

The working of destiny upon the family of the Pelopidæ may be considered in two points of view, publicly and privately. First—publicly: they were the most glorious princes of Greece, they were at the head of the combined armies, their expedition to Troy and the capture of that city had added no little to their fame; in short they had arrived at the summit of that worldly prosperity which was the especial object of the divine *νέμεσις*. At the commencement of the "*Agamemnon*," then, we find this family marked out for humiliation, in return for the extraordinary prosperity they had enjoyed. Other circumstances also contributed to raise the anger of the gods against them. They had destroyed a city which itself had been the object of divine jealousy, so that the *νέμεσις* which occasioned its destruction redounded with double force upon the conquerors. In the act of doing this they had shown great recklessness of sacred things; violence, rapine, and impiety marked the progress of their arms. With their own people they were far from being on good terms. The whole expedition was undertaken to avenge the private quarrel of one brother, and swell the martial glory of the other; and to accomplish these ends every city in Greece had been robbed of the flower of its army. Secondly—privately: the whole family of the Pelopidæ were under a curse from the earliest times of their establishment in Greece, the curse originating in the slaughter of Myrtilus by Pelops. This same curse showed itself in another generation in the quarrel between Atreus and Thyestes, and the revolting vengeance taken by one brother on the other. In the fourth generation Ægistheus, the youngest son of the aggrieved Thyestes, becomes the personified Erinny of the family, and the avenger over the house of Atreus. It is in this character only that he appears in the "*Agamemnon*," his adultery being artfully kept in the background. Æschylus meant that the workings of the evil passions of Ægistheus should be the effects of an earlier cause, the curse working itself out in generation after generation. The two branches of the family become in turns the agent and the patient, the avenger and avenged alternately. Clytæmnestra also is brought upon the stage as the personified Ate of the family: the dark shades in her character are skilfully veiled over, and she only appears as the avenger of her murdered daughter, Iphigenia. Still the calamities that are so suddenly heaped upon Agamemnon are not referable to any crime of his own, and at the end of the play, we are left in a state of much perplexity. It was necessary, then, to make some link of connexion between this play and the next, that the mind might understand that things were not yet brought to their just and final termination. Accordingly towards the end of the *Agamemnon* we find frequent intimations that justice will come through Orestes. (*Agam.* l. 1280). This link is taken up and the chain carried on in the "*Choëphoræ*." There Orestes returning, under the distinct command of Apollo, prepares to revenge his father's death. Sufficient indications, however, are given throughout the piece, that the murder of his mother will be attended by evil consequences to himself, and his mind is much disturbed at the thoughts of matricide. After the murder came his forebodings, which serve as the link to connect the *Choëphoræ* with the third member of trilogy. In the "*Eumenides*" Orestes flies to Athens from the persecution of the Furies, and there puts himself at the disposal of the Areopagus. At this court Apollo presents himself, acquits

Orestes of any blame in the murder of his mother, and refers the murder itself primarily to Zeus, as the real pronouncer of those oracles which were given to the world at Delphi. Thus by an exposition of the divine authority upon which the murder had taken place, they settle the question, unravel the whole confusion of right and wrong, and relieve the mind from the perplexity occasioned by the various conflicting elements of the plot. The essence, then, of this trilogy, and therefore of the true ancient tragedy, was the *Κάθαρσις τῶν παθημάτων*.

Our passions are excited in pity for Agamemnon and horror against Clytæmnestra, and are left at the end of the first play in a state of great perplexity. In the next play, that Orestes may not have the whole share of our sympathy, the actual murder turns the scale a little, and the horror of matricide induces us to commiserate the fate of Clytæmnestra. Here is the climax of the perplexity; the fermentation is carried to its highest pitch, and we are further than ever from a *Κάθαρσις*. But what is the end of a process of fermentation? The impurities of the liquid are thrown off, and it returns to a state of tranquillity; but a tranquillity of a different kind from the first, for the liquid is not only stilled again but clarified. Precisely in this way did the plot of the "*Oresteia*" work upon the minds of the spectators. The passions of terror and pity were raised to great intensity in the Agamemnon and Choephoræ, and the clarification of these passions was effected by the Eumenides, which unravelled the perplexity, that man could not unravel by his own unassisted intellect, and settled the true distinctions of right and wrong. And thus *ἔλεος καὶ φόβος*, after being placed in a state of fermentation, are not left as in the "*Ædipus*" to die away without purification, but are made to come out in a clearer state, the mind being enlightened on those high subjects, which it might otherwise have never known. The spectators regain their tranquillity, but, as in the process of fermentation, it is a tranquillity very different from the former one; the first is a tranquillity of sluggish ignorance, the second, that of a higher knowledge, and a disciplined and enlightened mind. It was thus that the ancient tragedy was made not the mere means of supplying excitement to morbid and perverted feelings, but a powerful agent in the formation of a high, moral, and religious character. The dramatic poet of antiquity was the preacher of morality and religion, and from his works the heathen had to glean the scattered portions of that truth, which in after ages was delivered through the medium of revelation.

COTHURNUS.

---

HORACE. *Ode*. 16. *Lib*. ii.

For ease the storm-tost sailor cries,  
While roaring winds and lowering skies  
Perplex his varying way,  
While Cynthia hides her silver horn,  
While mists obscure, by whirlwinds born,  
Orion's golden ray :  
For ease the warlike Russ : for ease,  
While bounds his shallop o'er the seas,  
The pirate chieftain calls,  
Which neither treasures can provide,  
Nor purple garments, nor the pride  
Of England's lordly halls :  
For not the Consul's short-lived reign,  
The "fasces" proud—the menial train,  
Can drive stern care away :  
Nor can the sceptred monarch find  
Those spirits pure, that easy mind  
That cares but for to-day :  
Ah ! well is he whose happy life  
Knows neither sorrow, fear, nor strife,  
Whose sleep no cares destroy ;  
Whose board no glittering splendours grace,  
But the sweet smile, the happy face,  
His sole—his purest joy :

Ah! why does fickle-hearted man  
 Attempt so much in life's short span?  
     Why fly his country's shore?  
 What wretch expelled his native land,  
 Has found that peace on foreign strand,  
     Which here he found no more?  
 Lo! winged with more than lightning's speed  
 Care climbs the bark—Care mounts the steed,  
     A sure tenacious foe:  
 Faster than o'er his native hill  
 Bounds the fleet stag, and faster still  
     Than southern whirlwinds blow.  
 He whom no anxious thought annoys,  
 Grateful the present hour enjoys  
     With calm unruffled mind:  
 Blunts sorrow's dart with ready jest,  
 For naught is here so surely blest  
     As ne'er repulse to find.  
 To some long life's protracted state,  
 To some alas! the hand of Fate  
     Decrees an early grave!  
 Perchance to me th' Eternal Powers  
 May grant some sweeter, happier hours,  
     Than those to you they gave:  
 The bounteous hand of God to you  
 Has made the doubtful balance true,  
     And midst of worldly strife,  
 With equal share of harmless joys,  
 Which grief ne'er wears, nor care alloys,  
     Ordains thy quiet life:  
 To me the same kind hand bestows  
 Those joys, which boyhood only knows,  
     Life's stream to glide along—  
 To mock at care's resistless power,  
 And oft to soothe the lonely hour  
     With such inglorious song.

W

### ON MICHAELMAS DAY

AND THE ACQUISITION OF AN EXTRA HALF-HOUR OF SLEEP IN THE MORNING.

Thrice welcome, happy morn! our weary heads  
 May now a little longer on our beds  
 Repose—Alas! the habit deep impress'd  
 At the old hour of eight disturbs our rest.  
 The student grasps his ticker in a fright,  
 Presses the spring, then turns it to the light;  
 What direful sight meets his bewildered gaze?  
 A moment scarce to meditate he stays;  
 Straight from his couch he springs, with sudden bound  
 Breathless and pale, alights upon the ground;  
 Draws up the blinds; looks forth upon the quad,  
 His eyes half opened and his feet unshod—  
 No one is stirring; so he rubs his eyes,  
 Looks like a fool, but thinks he's looking wise;  
 Then as the recollection flashes by,  
 His ample bosom yields a sleepy sigh  
 To think that he so nice a snooze has lost.  
 Whilst by contending terrors he's been toss'd!  
 So into bed he turns without much sorrow,  
 Vowing he'll not be such a fool to-morrow.

Jessy. Cask.

"PUGNA AMWELLENSIS."<sup>1</sup>

E libris amissis Titi Livii Patavini.—Accedunt breves annotationes Gronovii.

A.C.C. xxx., LII.—Duo erant "Celeres,"<sup>2</sup> nocturni clamoris ludorumque Bacchanalium ante omnes auctores, qui tertiâ fere vigiliâ domum redeuntes, noctem, quod fieri solet, cantibus permulcebant; quæ jam domum appropinquantibus ignavi quidam è superiore sedium parte caput humerosque aquâ,<sup>3</sup> nec tam purâ, respererunt. Hôc accensi fenestras lampadesque lapidum<sup>4</sup> jactu eminus percipiunt; multus subinde ex utrisque clamor,<sup>5</sup> quæque in urbe oppugnandâ plerumque accidit.

Sub hoc tempus duo "Rostra,"<sup>6</sup> quæ in portâ "Ionis"<sup>7</sup> cujusdam latitabant iis lampades fragrantibus, atque alio tumultuantibus supervenerere: hic clavum, ille lanternam gestabat: ambo pænulis obvoluti. Quorum adventu alter juvenum tergum modo non dedit, alter se inhibuit. "Age, Amice," inquit, "pugnis pugnam, non pedibus, perficiamus." Exinde, signis collatis, oritur pugna non minus dubia, quam ferox, numero scilicet par, nec tantum viribus impar: Mox tamen juvenibus actum foret, nî alii tumultu excitî, sociorumque infortunias egrêferentes, atque in pugnam minus inviti, opem attulissent, atque eo rem redegerissent, ut tandem Rostra naribus sanguinolentis, oculis nigrantibus, dentibusque<sup>9</sup> excussis, se fugæ palam dederint.

Jamque in domicilia victores redibant, quum Portitor,<sup>10</sup> quem unus atque alter Rostorum huc et illuc cursitans excitârat, cumque illo Patientia eodem tumultu expergefata, rei intervenirent. Lampadibus fractis, et nocte tenebrôsâ Juvenes, qui sint, qualesque, ignari, atque omne ignotum pro horribili fingentes, pugnam denuo instaurant: Alter Portitori stomachum, quâ jacent illa, pede accipit, alter dat Patientiæ sanguineum nasum,<sup>11</sup> atque e campo pellit: Bino triumpho exultantes dormitum eunt Victores:

Ubi illuxit, speculatores locum explorant. Undique jacent pugne signa: hic nasorum sanguis, fractæque lanternæ: illic toga academica,<sup>12</sup> (quam ubique gestare gaudent Novi homines). Juvenes e lecto tintinnabula invitos, nec tamen capellum scindere<sup>13</sup> ausos, excitant: Deinde in concilium arcessuntur. Jamque parum abfuit quin Præfecti jussu, in rus se contulerint, aut saltem, solemniter moniti, Miltoni poemata transcripserint, cum Decanus<sup>14</sup>—

\* \* \* \* \*

1 *Amwellensis*] Vado Cervino urbs ob incolam sævitiem famosa, aliter ignota.—Gronovius.

2 *Celeres*] Qui sint, dubitat Gronovius: Quosdam esse campi incolas monet Freinsheimius, ita dictos, vel quoddam argentum celerime effundunt: vel quoddam in quadrigis agendis summam operam ponunt. Eodem esse ac Equites Romanos negat Crevierus.

3 *Aqua*] In hunc morem laudat Juvenalem Gronovius.—Sat. III. v. 275.

"Nocte patent vigiles, me prætereunte, fenestras."

4 *Lapidum*] Hoc etiam Romano mori comparat Noster:

"Jamque faces et saxa volant."—Virg.

5 *Clamor*] Qui sint nocturni tumultus.—Vide Juv. Sat.

"—quibusdam

Somnum rixa facit."—Gro.

6 *Rostra*] Sc. "rostrati homines" sicut "vexillarii."—Angl. "beaks."

7 *Ionis*] Qui sit, dubio est:—aliquem aut genere

aut virtute insignem, liquet, forsân è stirpe Ionica.

8 *Laterna*] Verbum Livianum: alio inveniri posse negat Scalliger.

9 *Dentibus*] Iterum Juvenalem laudat Gronovius:—

"pugnis concisus adorat

Ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti."

10 *Portitor*] Mirum est, quantum hic Noster erraverit:—Portitorem eundem quod Lictorem Romanum manifestum est.

11 *Sanguis nasorum*] sanguinem nasorum nosci posse miratur Gronovius.

12 *Academica*] Ex hoc unum aut ambos Platonis fuisse discipulos liquet: Quare hi barbari, togam gestare amaverint, Ego mercurule miror; vexata tota est constructio.—Gro.

13 *Scindere capellum*] Quid velit, nescio.—Gro. 14 *Decanus*] Cives quidam ex urbe Amwellensi nobilissimus profecto et præpotens.—Gro.

## A SOLDIER'S DEATH.\*

NATURE seldom shows more caprice than in the distribution of her favours to mankind. At one time we see a man crippled and deformed, with no energy of intellect to compensate for physical defects; at another, bodily imbecility is counterbalanced by strength of understanding. Here a barren mind is concealed by every beauty of external form, there bodily and mental endowments are mixed up in fair and equal proportions. Occasionally, but rarely, Nature delights to single out some one fortunate individual, and like a fond parent spoiling a pet child, make him the object of all her most estimable favours, and all her most lavish generosity. W— was one of Nature's favourite children. Seldom was greater perfection of mind and

\* This anecdote is founded on fact.

body united in one man. He was bold and courageous as a lion, active and light-hearted as a deer, good tempered, witty, lively, honourable and generous. His frame was athletic and handsome, his intellect so powerful, that no subject was beyond the range of its apprehension. The very passions and inherent depravities of man's nature seemed to have left him unmolested, unwilling to tarnish by their presence a character so spotless, or detract from a perfection that was scarcely mortal. And yet perfect as he was, and immeasurably superior to those about him, so thoroughly unconscious did he seem of his own high attainments and personal attractions, so ready to discover and appreciate the slightest merit in his friends, that even Envy's mouth was closed, and every man that knew him, loved him sincerely and heartily as a brother. How inscrutable then, how utterly incomprehensible, are the designs of the great Disposer of events. This very model of a man was cut off when his glorious career had but just begun, and was doomed to an all but ignoble death by the hands of merciless barbarians. It is thus that the loveliest flowers are often nipped in the bud, or gathered before their time, whilst those of less beauty remain unharmed, and are left to expand their blossoms in security. He who complains of the unequal distribution of Nature's gifts, who with a secret pang of jealousy compares his own ordinary endowments with the more than ordinary ones of his neighbour, should pause and consider whether in the end, he would be much the gainer by exchanging his own condition with that of any one other individual in the universe. Well, the man we have been describing, was called at an early age to quit his native country for the burning shores of India. The duties of a Cadet give little scope for the exercise of talent such as he possessed, but formed to shine in any sphere he so distinguished himself, that in very few years he was appointed to a responsible military command in one of the Northern Provinces. No wonder he soon became the idol of his corps. Cæsar or Buonaparte were not more passionately beloved by their armies, than was this young hero by the small band of men under his command. With them he would perform the most surprising feats of valour, and his indomitable courage led him to face the greatest dangers with the utmost calmness and intrepidity. No sooner did he come in sight of a party of his enemies, than leaving his army he would spur his horse into the thickest of their ranks, utterly reckless of all personal danger, and kill an incredible number of men by the mere force of his single arm. This gallant captain, then, was an object of the greatest terror to his foes. Unhappily the universal success of his military operations engendered in the breast of W—— a contempt for his opponents, which proved the ultimate cause of his destruction. After a short and brilliant career he was ordered with a small body of troops on a dangerous escort service. Their first day's march lay through a flat and sandy plain, without a tree to screen them from the scorching rays of an eastern sun. They proceeded this day unmolested by their enemies, who did not so much as show themselves. The confidence of W—— was thus excited and unwilling to harass a larger number of men than was necessary, he allowed nearly half his troops to return, and pursued his march with the remainder. But now the approach to a more hilly country, abounding with places, well adapted for concealment, made it evident that an attack was much more probable than it had been the day before. Indeed they were now entering a narrow pass or defile formed by an opening in a long line of hills, and it became very certain, that, in case the heights around were already occupied by their adversaries, the little army must fall into their power and not one soul escape alive. Scarcely had the probability of such a catastrophe flashed across the mind of their heroic leader, scarcely had he arranged his handful of men in the most advantageous position for resisting an attack, when suddenly a shout of triumph rent the air, and the heights around became peopled by three thousand of their deadliest foes. At such a moment the most lion-hearted might have lost his self-possession. But no—W——was not even disconcerted: with the most perfect composure and with that coolness and intrepidity which was peculiarly his own, he marshalled his little band and prepared them for victory or death. Having divided them into three detachments, he put himself at their head, and led the way against the enemy. The soldiers caught the fire of their leader, and rushed to the attack with the fury of men who knew their only safety was in victory.

Never since the days of Leonidas and Thermopylæ were numbers more unequally matched, never did soldiers show more determined intrepidity, more desperate resolution. Well would it be for British India, if all her troops and all her commanders were such as these! Long and bravely they maintained the unequal contest; already

five hundred of their opponents lay stretched upon the ground, and had their ammunition lasted one hour longer, the numbers of their adversaries must inevitably have yielded before the courage and patriotic ardour of this little force. But their ammunition gone, they were left defenceless, and then were massacred to a man, and not one single soul that entered that ravine came out again alive.

Who shall describe the grief occasioned by the loss of the brave, the handsome, the accomplished leader of that ill-fated but intrepid band? It was not the soul of one man, but the soul of the entire army that seemed to have departed.

Too soon, brave youth ! on honour's bed laid low,  
Thy gallant heart hath felt the fatal blow.  
Oh ! that some other victim Death had found,  
More ripe in years, for glory less renown'd !  
'Tis o'er—and dying thou has left a name,  
Dear to thy comrades, well beloved by fame.  
And when the actions of that fearful day,  
Thy gallant bearing 'midst the dire affray,  
Thy generous ardour, prodigal of life,  
Thy prompt encounter 'midst the hottest strife,  
Shall brightly flash again on memory's eye,  
To thee each veteran breast shall yield a sigh.  
But ah ! thy kindred ! what avails them now  
The dear-bought wreath that mocked thy lifeless brow ?  
Glory may gild, but cannot dry the tear  
Denied the solace to bedew thy bier.  
On foreign soil, alas ! in unknown spot,—  
But not unwept—thou liest, nor forgot !  
Thy cherished form the living heart shall shrine,  
And sacred sorrow's fondest thought be thine !

NEMO.

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#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Κρινητοφιλος* is unavoidably postponed.

"E." is reserved for consideration.

*We thank the author of the Legend of St. Christopher for his contribution, but fear its nature is such that we should be scarcely justified in inserting it. The originality and wit which he displays lead us to hope for other communications.*

*On second thoughts we decline the verses of "Προφήτης."*

*We are sorry that (W) has hit upon an ode already translated in a former number.*

*"Οινοφιλος" means well, but is rather prosy.*

*The "Lynes" of J. A. M. might be better.*

*"R—s." ought to be ashamed of himself.*

*N. B. Contributors are requested to select some Motto, in addition to their signatures. By this means rejected articles will be secured to their proper owners.*

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# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

## PART II.

Liberius ai

Dixero quid, si forte jocosius; hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniã dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv, 103.*

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No. 3.] WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1840. [PRICE 6D.

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And though that he was worthie, he was wise,  
And of his port, as make as is a mayde;  
He never yet no villainie, ne sayde  
In all his lif, unto no maners wight;  
He was a veray parfit, gentil knight.

*(Chaucer's Prologue to Cant. Tales.)*

THE most superficial reader of history cannot but be struck with the fact, that until the promulgation of Christianity, no trace of the principle of "honour" is found in the texture of society, and scarce even in the speculative writings of antiquity. Yet more remarkable does this appear, when the strictest investigation fails to discover any very close connection between the so-called honour of the present day, and the doctrines, and precepts of our religion. Without, therefore, any further excuse for grappling with what has so long been a "veraxa questio" of moral inquiry, we shall endeavour, but in no spirit of presumptuous dictation, to support the truth of our own conviction, "That true honour is the offspring of Christianity, and farther, that it preserves its purity, and confers its benefits only so long as it is guided by the strictest rules which the teaching of its parent has prescribed."

Now, the reason honour did not exist before the period mentioned would appear to be this—that ignorant of his real nature, man had, until then, valued himself by the standard of earthly things, and his importance with reference to them alone, and so it came to pass that patriotism, valour, and such like virtues, having for their end the advancement of temporal interests, were allowed to usurp the highest place in his moral code.

When, however, revelation discovered to mankind interests of a far higher grade, and the immortality of the soul, hitherto a subject of mere abstract speculation, became known as an established truth; when, in short, Christianity had published her glorious tidings, *then*, indeed, man began to consider himself as a being of a superior order; to make it the object of his existence, to regain that purity from which he learned to believe that he had originally fallen; and lastly, to regard his body as the temple of a spirit which never should suffer pollution.

Hence sprang a feeling of the dignity of manhood, induced by the knowledge of an exalted destiny, and the consciousness that by sin, and guilt alone could that destiny be marred—a feeling which, while it elevated the aspirations of man, was yet utterly distinct from presumption and spiritual pride.

This is true honour, and its guide is the rule of perfect morality. It might hence be proved, that a real Christian must be truly honourable; it is not, however, our object at present to enlarge on this part of the subject, but rather to consider the practical effects of genuine honour, and the variations and corruptions which it has undergone, as a general rule of conduct down to the present day.

Now the operation of honour may be considered in a twofold light, either as regards the individual or society.

As to the first, it leads man to avoid every shadow of guilt which may produce self-abasement; as to the latter, it teaches him to assimilate his actions as far as possible to perfect purity, and so to devote all the energies of body and mind to the love and service of his fellow-creature; and especially of the weak and unprotected. Here let us advert for a moment to one of the commonest errors respecting honour—that it is

the nature of that sense to experience pain from any accusation whether true or false, and that it is a duty enjoined by that sense to call for instant reparation. Now the only method in which a charge can affect real honour is by producing, when true, a feeling of self-abasement—but this is the penalty of sin against which no one has a right to rebel.

That *false* accusations do cause pain cannot be denied, but not by affecting honour, nor has that feeling anything to do with the right of demanding reparation.

In order to explain this, it may be here worth while to make a short digression.

A false charge either hurts us by exciting indignation, which, however, as it is contrary to the spirit of Christianity, it is our duty to repress, or by injuring our reputation. Fully now to enter into the question as to how far a love for reputation is a praiseworthy motive is utterly impossible, suffice it to assume that so far as it does not interfere with more important motives; the desire for the esteem of our fellow men is admissible as a principle of action; and that whatsoever thwarts this desire, may cause a feeling of pain not at all inconsistent with the most perfect purity of motives; but though it may be *allowable* to make all efforts not in themselves objectionable to regain or preserve reputation, yet to assert that it is incumbent on *honour* to do so, would be to permit the desire for the esteem of others, to usurp the place of self esteem as the original principle of that feeling, and to make the standard of honour the opinion of the world—a corruption which must lead, and as we shall see always has led, to consequences utterly destructive of all its purity, and nearly all its advantages. To return, however, to our subject—the principles and effects of true honour were such as we have been describing, for it was no speculation of philosophy, but the offspring of indelible belief. Our attention must now be directed to the various changes of form which honour underwent, although it will be in our power to do this but very briefly. When Christianity came in contact with the vast masses of rude yet *simple* barbarians, who had settled amidst the ruins of the Empire of the West, the obstacles which the prevalent degeneracy and crime of the falling mistress of the world had offered to the general reception of honour were removed. Christianity and honour advanced hand in hand, amidst general enthusiasm, and hence arose the institution of chivalry with its attendant advantages.

But already corruption was at work, and the system bore in itself the seeds of its own decay.

So great was the esteem in which honour was held, that society began to attempt the exclusion from its ranks of all who were known to have been guilty of dishonourable practices. Here was the opening through which the love of reputation might attain undeserved importance. Again, as *personal* courage from the state of society which existed in the darker ages, was more frequently required for carrying out the practical and obvious results of honourable feeling, than *moral* courage, so did it usurp the place peculiar to the latter, and a very undue estimation of its merits began soon to spread abroad.

Now, so long as Christianity remained in vigour, it kept in check the progress of these errors, but when superstition veiled this only source from which true honour can flow, then as far as regards society at large, it became an empty name; and its motive and standard being vitiated, or destroyed, the benefits which it originally conferred, became almost choked by the corruption which it engendered.

Hence it comes to pass, that in modern times "Honour" is but another name for slavish obedience to popular opinions, and that whosoever in conscientious purity dares to resist their mandates is termed "a dishonourable man." "Υπερβολή ἀδίκλας τοῦτό γε."

It remains for us but to hope for better things. Christianity has once more dawned at least upon this favoured land, and though it has now to contend against deeply-rooted prejudice and long cherished vices, yet the ultimate victory is certain, and a reformed code of honour will ere long add one more attestation to the inestimable advantages of Christianity.

φαίδων.

#### CASSANDRA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

The story of Cassandra is so well known, that it is only necessary to observe here, that the moment described in the poem, is that of the murder of Achilles in the temple, on his marriage with Polyxena, which proved the prelude to the fall of Troy.

Troja's halls and domes renown'd,  
 Echoed to the wassail gay ;  
 Hymns of joy were heard around,  
 'Midst the gilded harp-strings' play.  
 All, entrane'd in soft enjoyment,  
 Respite sought from toil and bruise,  
 Whilst the warlike son of Peleus,  
 Priam's lovely daughter woo.

See ! adorn'd with laurel boughs,  
 Marches yonder, band on band,  
 Through the temples of the gods,  
 At the Thymbrian's shrine to stand.  
 Round the city's wide extent,  
 Bacchanalian pleasure reigns ;  
 One poor aching heart alone  
 Pines in secret, and complains.

Joyless in the midst of joy,  
 All alone, Cassandra stood ;  
 All alone, she wandered forth,  
 To Apollo's laurel wood.  
 To the thicket's deepest shades,  
 Wildly fled the propheticess,  
 And, in wrathful agony,  
 Trampled on her sacred dress.

" Joy," she cried, " is spread around ;  
 Joy doth every heart beguile ;  
 Joy lights up my parents' eyes,  
 Joy beams in my sister's smile.  
 I alone, alone must sorrow ;  
 Fades from me this pleasing dream ;  
 In its place, I see with horror,  
 Wing'd destruction's light'nings gleam.

" Now I see a glowing torch,  
 Ah ! but not in Hymen's hand ;  
 To the sky I see it mount,  
 But 'tis not an altar brand :  
 Festal rites around are ringing,  
 Yet, within my inmost heart,  
 Still I hear the gods' forewarning,  
 Still with fear my breast doth smart.

" Yet they laugh at all my fears ;  
 Scorn and I may never part ;  
 Unlamented, I must bear  
 Through the world, a breaking heart :  
 By the fortunate forsaken,  
 To the merry ones a load ;—  
 Darksome fate hast thou assign'd me,  
 Pythian Phœbus, cruel god !"

*(To be continued.)*

D.

#### EXTRACTS FROM A STUDENT'S JOURNAL BOOK.

The sun shone brightly upon us as we left the little Swiss village of Hospital, to cross the mountain which separated us from Italy, and all its thousand visionary delights. We had already penetrated into the most beautiful parts of Switzerland and feasted our eyes on some of the grandest scenery in the world, and were now on the point of entering a country, which, in addition to its other attractions, possessed the charm of complete novelty. No one can tell what real novelty is, until he experiences the excitement produced on the mind by the simple process of crossing the channel and landing in a foreign territory. A new world seems to open suddenly before his wondering eyes. A voyage to the moon could hardly be a more entire change—

language, costume, houses, manners, customs, climate, everything becomes altered. The very air he breathes seems to have peculiar and distinct properties of its own. Even the animals have their national peculiarities; the little dog in the street seems to bark in a new language, and the pig, if we may believe Sir Francis Head, conducts himself in a very different manner from English pigs. If he seek repose after his voyage, his bed is fraught with so many novelties and strange things that sleep becomes a difficult matter. Either his counterpane is made in a curious manner, or his sheets do not feel like English sheets, or his pillows are piled up in an odd fashion, or something or other occurs to keep his attention continually on the stretch. Now this is all very exciting and pleasant, and the same sensations are felt, though not so forcibly, in passing from one foreign country to another. In crossing the St. Gothard, however, we were doing something more than this. A few short hours would place us amongst a people of whose country, we had heard, read, thought and dreamt since we were children, whose language was sweeter than the mellifluous poetry of the Mœonian bard, whose climate was as serene as that of Paradise, whose lakes, gardens, and vineyards were those of fairyland, or Elysium. The prospect of such a change might well have filled gloomier hearts than ours with delightful anticipations; the very carriage which was to convey us into such delicious scenes, seemed hardly to feel the weight of two beings so light in heart, so elastic in spirits as we were. To speak the truth, however, the carriage was not a sentimental one, and considering it had been the same journey a few hundred times before, was probably incapable of sympathising in the feelings of pleasure which the prospect of a drive over the mountains had generated in our breasts. In fact, the master of the hotel, thinking, I suppose, we should be very unlikely to dispute the point in a language we did not understand, had selected for our use on this occasion, the very worst vehicle I ever remember to have seen. The hotel itself was an old building that had stood there for some centuries, and the carriage was probably coeval with it; so antique and venerable was its appearance that we felt a kind of half-reluctance in harassing the last hours of its hard-spent existence. How sad, that such an old servant was not permitted to pass the remainder of its days in peace! As for the horses, they were, of course, entirely out of proportion with the carriage and with each other; they were strong, shaggy animals, harnessed, as usual, in as clumsy a manner as could well be contrived, and moreover, had such a vicious appearance withal, that I could not help thinking they had entered into a conspiracy to pitch us over the precipice, and that the driver, who looked like an Italian bandit, and had a particularly thievish expression of countenance, was an accessory before the fact. The event could not have tallied more nicely with my conjectures. We had proceeded half-a-mile or so up the side of the mountain, and had reached a part of the road which was carried along the side of a tremendous declivity, when one of these treacherous quadrupeds began to rear and plunge, and kick, and perform a series of antics which brought the wheels of our vehicle in close approximation with the brink of the precipice. A few granite posts placed at intervals, of a dozen feet, were now the only visible obstacles between ourselves and the bottom; already our heads began to whirl, and our faculties to desert us as we thought of the ignominy of being dashed to pieces by some projecting rock beneath, when providentially, our wheels caught in one of these same little posts, our harness snapped, and our two spirited steeds finding themselves at liberty, galloped home again, leaving us very much inclined to laugh at the absurdity of our situation, awful and critical as it had been a moment before. With faces rather paler than usual, we jumped out of the broken-down conveyance that had placed us in such jeopardy, and so sincerely thankful were we for our miraculous escape, that without venting imprecations on the hotel-keeper, his horses or carriages, we seated ourselves on a neighbouring rock and patiently awaited the arrival of fresh animals. The rest of our day's journey was performed without accident. The scenery of the St. Gothard is wild and desolate in the extreme; before us, behind us, on every side rose the snowy peaks of the great Alpine chain; a prospect of greater sterility and grandeur could not possibly be imagined: but no sooner had we reached the summit and commenced our descent on the other side of the mountain, than the sublimity of the Alps was succeeded by the soft loveliness and rich fertility of an Italian landscape. The road is constructed with great skill, and with such ingenuity that, in descending, horses may continue trotting from the very top of the mountain to the bottom with perfect ease to themselves and security to the carriage they are drawing. To accomplish this, the road is made to wind in a most extraordinary manner, and in looking down from above, its numerous convolutions, contortions, twistings and turnings

give it the appearance of a mighty labyrinth. Evening had closed in before we drew up at the door of a small inn, in the village of Airole, at the foot of the pass. And here as we have recorded the high expectations that swelled our breasts in the morning, so we must record the disappointment, occasioned by our first impressions of the land of vineyards and blue sky. Instead of the Paradise we had pictured to ourselves, instead of the Elysium our imaginations had painted in vivid colours, instead of the handsome, romantic, love-making Italians of the modern drama, instead of women with pretty faces and dark eyes, we found ourselves amongst a decidedly dirty people, in a dirtier village, and an hotel that was dirtiest of all. As we retired to our beds with a poor chance of escaping the attacks of the little creatures that "murder sleep," we could not help involuntarily exclaiming, Can this be Italy? How useful is an actual observation of facts and a practical acquaintance with the world, in checking the wild flights of imagination, dissipating the scenes of its enchantment, and tying us down to the disagreeable yoke of our more sober reason.

NEMO.

(To be Continued).

## LUCAN.—Book VIII. l. 835.

Rome, to the tyrant though thy temples rise  
 Scarce dead, yet ranked a tenant of the skies,  
 Thou hast not sought the ashes of the Great,  
 Which sleep, uncared for, in a foreign state;  
 What if past ages have the conqueror feared,  
 His nod respected, and his threats revered,  
 Yet take the conquered—if the ocean wave  
 Has not yet torn him from that bated grave—  
 Who fears the spot t' approach? the ground to tread?  
 To move the sacred ashes of the dead?  
 Mine may it be, though guilt the deed should urge,  
 His bones to rescue from th' encroaching surge.  
 Thrice happy then the dreaded tomb t' explore,  
 To search the secrets of the hidden shore—  
 To bear that burden to ungrateful Rome,  
 And call his spirit to his once loved home.

E.

## (PLUCK EXAMINATION PAPERS OF THE EAST INDIA COLLEGE.)

## MORAL ESSAY.

THE IMPROPRIETY OF THE DOCTRINE OF "MEUM" AND "TUUM," AS REGARDS THE ABSTRACTION OF CAPS AND GOWNS—

## 1. Translate and explain—

*Hoc malè perensum—vos jam captate—sed nunc—  
 Perdidit heu! missam lubrica dextera pilam;  
 Huc tamen, huc citius—quo tandem, pessime, jactas?  
 Longiàs e rectâ das volitare viâ—  
 Ite, (vocant alii) nunc, nunc, properate, capellæ!  
 Vix, equidem credo, tardior esse potes.*

(Silius Britannicus de ludo Cricetico, Lib. III.)

2. At some public schools a translation is termed "a cab;" at Oxford, a tutor is called "a coach." Trace the analogy between the two; also explain the phrases "to have a tuck in," and "to have a blow out." Do they both mean the same or different?

3. A primrose on a river's brim,  
 A yellow primrose was to him,  
 And it was nothing more—

A butcher on his horse so trim,  
 A mounted butcher was to him,  
 And he was nothing more.

Do you perceive any peculiar beauty in these lines? if so, state what.

4. Account for the universal adoption of one Christian name by the waiters of this college. Do you suppose the words "gyp," "scout," and "tom" to be synonymous? Show that the first admits of the most Philological derivation.

5. Give a brief sketch of the rise and fall of the Haileybury Debating Society. How many years did it last, and what circumstances led to its downfall?
6. Translate the following into Latin verse in the style of Horace's satires :—

Tom Smith, on giant aims intent  
To Haileybury Coll. is sent,  
A prodigy, if fame speaks true—  
Well learnt in Greek, to Sanskrit new.  
For some short time he studies deep,  
Nor takes his quantum suff. of sleep :  
At length one night (that night his last),  
Seized with desire of turning fast,  
He swears he will no longer read—  
Vows he'll perform some mighty deed—  
With three choice souls kicks up a shine,  
Fractures two lamps, and windows nine,  
Gets caught by beaks, and to his sorrow  
Is call'd to Council on the morrow.  
In "ipso facto" taken—there  
He's told to inhale the country air,  
And cursing his untimely fate  
He marches off to rusticate :  
But thinks it hard thus caught to be,  
Whilst others row, and go scot free.

*Swift's Works, vol. II. p. 65.*

7. Show the wisdom of forbidding wine at Haileybury. Do you agree with *οἰνοφίλος* that its prohibition is the cause of much drunkenness? If so, support your opinion by arguments drawn from the Philosophy of the human mind.

8. Show that the loss of the last cricket match may be attributed to the bad weather. Who conquered in the foot-race at the last Olympic games? and give the date.

9. Explain the word "mug."—Is it not Saxon in its origin? Explain the difference between "sporting an oak" and "sporting a panel."

10. Give the dates according to Fynes Clinton of the following occurrences—"the Rape of the Whisker," "the Field of the Court of Fives," "Pugna Amwellensis." By what Latin author is the last described? Give a sketch of the leading circumstances—who was Patientia? Do you think with Crevier that a man was intended and not a woman?

11. "Ecce! gubernator sese Palinurus agebat." This has been construed "Lo! governor Palinurus was coming up." Is this correct? or can you propose a better version?

12. *Μᾶν ἢ τεκούσα σ' οἶδεν ᾧς θυραῖος εἶ.* Translate this passage,—from which of the Greek tragedians is it taken? What are Blomfield's reasons for considering it spurious? discuss this.

13. Translate—

*τίς πότ' ἐκλέψεν ὄνον; τὰδε μοι θεσπίζετε, Μῦσαι,  
—δείνος ἀνὴρ, πῖλόν δε φέρει λεύκον τε, κακὸν τε.*

*(Orac. ex. Herod. Lib. X.)*

And

*ὁ δε νεανίσκος πολλὸν τὸν κασσίτερον εἶχε διὰ τὸ τὴν  
μήτερα τὴν μάγγυλὴν ἀποδεωκέσαι.*

*(Plutar. Lacedem. Apothegm.)*

14. Draw a plan of the College, marking accurately the situations of letters A, B, C, and D, and point out, according to the best of your judgment, the most convenient spot for pelting beaks without detection.

E.

#### AN ADVENTURE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

GENTLE reader, extraordinary things will occasionally happen to us creatures of circumstance, but woe to him who narrates them; better for that man is it to be doomed to the drudgery of a high stool and a greasy ledger, than to enlighten the ignoble vulgar

with one idea, beyond the daily ken of their vegetable nature. What happened to that bold despiser of common prejudice, Sir John Mandeville? What reward did the gratitude of his countrymen return for the important knowledge communicated in his travels?—"The labour of an age in piled stones?" No, the title of "a liar of the first magnitude." Equally deserving, and equally wronged is Abyssinian Bruce; and he who interferes to burst asunder the shackles of general ignorance is ever disregarded, or disbelieved, and his sole remaining consolation is, "that all the world except himself are mad." Yet, gentle reader, I have ventured, trusting in the superiority of your intellect, and the impartiality of your judgment, to dare the sneers of incredulity and to offer you the following account of an adventure which happened to myself. Having read in our most excellent library (which, by the bye, wants a Shakspeare with Johnson's notes and criticisms,) that our little globe of earth was surrounded by some 40 miles of atmosphere, I was seized with a desire to visit the regions of upper air; so having fallen into a brown study (after dinner and a bottle of good old port) I procured a small balloon, and filled it with all the *light* words and empty speeches I had heard for some days previously; adding vanity upon the authority of friend Solomon. I then dipped my body into a tub of Mackintosh varnish to prevent the escape of the gaseous compound, and having inhaled a sufficient quantity, secured all by a penny queen's head across my lips. Now, as you might easily imagine, Gentlemen Editors, being much more buoyant than air, and the vanity especially tending to self-exaltation, I shot up into the skies with the rapidity of thought; nor was it long before I came to the upper surface of the atmosphere, and found that I could ascend no farther, but was obliged to float like a cork on water. Bewildered and amazed at the success of my experiment, I shut my eyes to reflect a little on my perilous situation. I had not long remained in this state when lo! something cold and flabby struck me on the face. I started, and with a frantic effort grasped at the creature as it whisked by me at a steam-engine pace. I succeeded in getting hold of it, and in an instant found myself borne many miles beyond the limits of air; I cannot say that the effects were particularly unpleasant, my lungs merely suffered a slight collapse, and so I did not want to breathe. At length we stopped, and opening my eyes I found that my conductor was one of the signs of the Zodiac, Pisces, and a rum fish he looked: "Well," said he, winking a cod's eye at me, and patting my head with his fin in a patronizing way, "You are an interesting young man, aint you now?" Without paying any regard to this important query, I gasped out, almost unconsciously, "Very like a whale!" The fish looked fierce, and expressed an idea that I was getting personal; however, before I could reply, a cold-looking, blue, old maid came up, and the fish, soothed by her presence, (indeed a flirtation had lasted between them for 4000 years,) introduced her to me as Virgo; Cancer also waddled in, and was presented in due form. I was getting on extremely well with Virgo, and she asked me to dinner; this, however, I declined, as, you know, I had just dined before my departure from earth; she then commenced an inquiry into the manners of the moderns, and especially concerning culinary matters, and as we were talking of dinner, she asked me by way of example of what mine had consisted. Dreaming no evil, I replied "cod's head and shoulders with crab sauce:" on this Cancer turned very red, and Pisces, who was already growing jealous, shouted "Did you, by Jove! you villain; ho! ho! then you'll be after eating me next I suppose," so giving me a malicious flap with his tail he scuttled off; the blow falling on my mouth took off the seal, and out rushed, like the winds from the Cave of Æolus, all the oaths, vain speeches, and ideas, with which I had filled myself before starting. Virgo shrieked, cried "shocking," and went into hysterics—while I tumbled down almost senseless for a thousand miles or so. When I recovered my wits I found myself seated on the steps of a neat Gothic villa in the moon; and perceived a very ugly looking young man who was making his way towards me. He introduced himself as my guardian angel, observing he had been on a tolerably extensive wild goose chase in pursuit of me—and that I was the first of his charges, of whom he had ever lost sight. After seeing so many strange things, I was not surprised at his appearance, but merely hinted that he was one of the ugliest looking animals I had ever seen; he laughed, and told me that he was always near me though invisible, but as we were far beyond the atmosphere, my eyes could see things, which on earth, would be invisible. "As to my ugliness," he added, that is your fault, for guardian angels always take the same form as their charges;" so that he was what men would call my double: hence, he inferred that, (as Sam Slick says) *I had "put my foot in it."* I thought so too, and held my peace. He proceeded,

"if you wish to remain in the moon, I must cleanse you from your earthly pollutions," and so saying, without waiting for my consent, he wrung me between his hands like a wet towel, and much to my astonishment expressed a large quantity of oil and soot, which had accumulated, I suppose, from a way I had, of making a chimney of my mouth.

Now, gentle reader, I would willingly give you an account of the lunar planet if I could, but hardly had I set foot within its precincts, when a great moon-faced fellow kicked me out again, and down I went, like Yamen, "who fell, and who fell, to the regions of hell," so quick, that my angel could not overtake me, but I heard him shouting, 'Tis past h'eight, Sir, you'll be late for chapel.

LUNATIC.

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#### ANAC. ODE II.

Conscious of his winged speed,  
Proudly paws the noble steed ;  
Birds surmount the liquid air ;  
Flight preserves the timid hare ;  
Fish can ocean's depths explore ;  
Terror 's in the lion's roar :  
Chiefly blest in Nature's plan,  
Highest wisdom graces man.  
What could Nature yet bestow  
On her weakest child below ?  
What are woman's only arms ?  
E'en her bright and lovely charms.  
Strongest weapons she can wield,  
Stronger than the lance or shield ;  
Beauty's might is mightier far  
Than the gleaming steel of war.

Ω.

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#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Κρηνητοφίλος is again unavoidably postponed.*

*'Ελληνικός—We are pleased with the translation from Hecuba, but are sorry we have pledged ourselves to insert another version of the same chorus. We hope to hear from him again.*

*"A Reading Freshman" shows talent, but has not composed his verses with sufficient care.*

*We hope "A Friend" will act upon his motto. His present contribution is hardly good enough.*

*We are afraid that "Amator" is too much in love to judge of the merits of his own composition.*

*T. C. B. ought certainly to be one of the eleven, if he is not already.*

*"Jolly Cock's" is a good story, but not well told.*

*We keep "Ambo" for consideration.*

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# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

## PART II.

Liberius si

Dixero quid, si forte jocosius; hoc mihi juris  
Cum venià dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv, 103.*

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No. 4.] WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1840. [PRICE 6D.

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### WANDERINGS IN THE LONG VACATION.

BEFORE describing my travels, allow me to give a brief description of myself. Know me then to be Frederick Gwynn. In my own family I am thought rather below par; in the world I am looked upon as a something not exactly to be sneezed at—a man, who, if he lives, may reckon on a decrease of liver and a corresponding increase of rupees and guineas. “Don’t look at him; he’s only an ensign; but dance with that young writer: India is a good prospect, my dear,” were the words that greeted my ears a short time ago from the lips of a calculating matron. How I chuckled, blessed my stars, and wished my Director present to give him a proof of my gratitude by a strenuous bear’s hug. I pulled up my collar, touched my hair, and hurrying to the pretty daughter was accepted, while my friend in the epaulettes bit his lip, and looked no little mortified. At College some like me and some dislike me; such the fate of all, but

“With a sigh for those who love me,  
And a smile for those who hate,”

I will enter at once on an account of the various incidents which chequered and enlivened my summer rambles.

Arrived in London, I went to visit the household *penates*, where I staid three days, and then started for Dover. I had taken with me a carpet bag of my brother’s, which I had promised to send back the next day. This, however, I forgot to do, but remaining five days in contemplation of Shakspeare’s Cliff, crossed to Calais. The result of my negligence was the following letter, which I will insert for the reader’s amusement:—

“TO FREDERICK GWYNN, ESQ.

“ARE you a thief by principle, by profession, by habit, or forgetfulness? With weeping eyes and imploring voice you requested the loan of my carpet bag, and at last, worn out by your importunities, I conquered my delicate scruples, saw shirts and boots stuffed in without even a moan, and with that confidence peculiar to noble natures, beheld you and my carpet bag vanish round the corner of Oxford street without one suspicious lurking thought. Alas! such is ever the fate of virtuous self-denial; it but prepares the arrow which is to pierce the heart from whence it sprung; it pickles the rod for its own back. Two days passed, but still my treasure came not; three days, and but a faint ray of hope cheered the horizon; four days passed slowly on, till at last, with heart sickened by hope deferred, I wended my way hither; my sorrow increased by the honest, sincere grief which seemed to swell the spacious bosom of my good old travelling trunk. For eighteen months had that trunk and that bag travelled together side by side; they had derived in their journeys mutual advantages from their friendship so pure, and unalloyed by selfishness and interest. Crossing the Apennines, they had mutually shaded each other from the burning rays of the South; on the stormy waves of the Mediterranean, that trunk had sheltered the gentler bosom of his friend from the briny spray, and in the cold nights of winter, they had found warmth and companionship in each other’s society. The same dust had covered them when freed from the labours of their office; side by side they shared

in each other's toils and participated in each other's sorrows; together they enjoyed the sweets of relaxation and of ease, and never was the bosom of one full almost to suffocation, but the other felt a kindred, a brotherly sympathy in his own. When weary and oppressed, the bag would repose its head against the sturdy back of its companion: and in return, when his hardy nature, struggling against fatigue and harassed by the shocks which those most feel who pass over life's rough course and the world's stony roads, could not repress a moan, the bag would suffer his weight to rest upon its breast, and for miles be content to form a pillow for his aching temples. In short, their friendship was deep, and naught ever disturbed its harmonious flow; the same key would reveal to light the most hidden secrets of their bosoms; touching picture of unity and singleness of soul! Where in the world could two hearts be found, their sentiments, their tastes so similar, that the same idea would strike a corresponding chord in each, the same expression unlock in each the cells of reciprocal feeling?

"Such their friendship, and yet with a reckless contempt for such a touching display of affection, you separated this modern Castor and Pollux. With a mournful heart, I opened my trunk before coming here; a light breath passed as I did so across my face; 'twas the sigh sacred to friendship, and the creaking of the hinges told of the sorrow which thus vented itself in groans for the departed. I proceeded to my task; force was necessary to accomplish it; the friend who shared his labors was gone, and I was constrained to demand of my poor trunk more than reason or feeling warranted. When finished, I rested my weary hand on his shoulder; it felt moist, and on inspection, I perceived that the perspiration was oozing through his rough and honest skin. These were tears springing from a pure fountain, and the Peri might have offered them at the gates of Eden. Let those two sympathetic bosoms then again come together, and no longer oppose 'une amitié si douce.'

"Ever your loving, etc."

"Humbug," said I to myself as I folded up this singular epistle; "and does he think I have forgotten my English, because I happen to be in France? Why not say 'sweet friendship' as well as 'douce amitié'; it's just as short and just as expressive; his trunk may blubber for some time ere it sees that sentimental bag again," and so saying I sat down to a good French dinner. The theatre helped to finish the evening, and I fell asleep on an excellent mattress dreaming of Paris, and all its delightful gaieties.

F. G.

(To be continued).

#### CASSANDRA.

(Continued from page 19.)

Wherefore hast thou plac'd me here,

Fill'd with thy fore-seeing mind,

Doom'd, a threat'ner of the deaf,

Doom'd, a warner of the blind?

Wherefore gav'st thou me to see

Ills, for which I hold no cure?

What is fated comes to pass;

Woes, long dreaded, yet are sure.

Useless 'tis to raise the veil,

Hanging o'er the sons of earth;

What is life but ignorance?

What is death but wisdom's birth?

Take away this sadd'ning foresight;

Spare my eyes the blood-stain'd view;

Fearful lot, to see things fated,

Long foreseen, at length come true!

O restore again my blindness,

Give me back my guileless breast;

Since thy voice has dwelt within me,

I have known nor joy, nor rest.

Thou did'st give to me the Future,

But the Present's fled for aye;

Fled, the passing moment's pleasure;—

Then oh! take thy gift away.

Since to thee I was devoted,  
 By the altar's gloomy side,  
 Ne'er have I adorn'd my tresses,  
 With the bridal garland's pride.  
 Pain and grief alone I've felt,  
 Darksome gloom and bitter smart ;  
 All my country's woes have sunk,  
 Deep engrav'd, within my heart.  
 All around me live and love,  
 By no gloomy veil enshrouded ;  
 Ev'ry breast in sunshine basks,—  
 Mine alone is overclouded.  
 Spring in vain for me appears,  
 With its hues of brightest glow :  
 Autumn's warmth no solace brings ;  
 Summer's heat, or winter's snow.  
*(To be continued.)*

D.

## AN ANECDOTE OF RUSSIAN HISTORY.

AMONG the various crimes that disgraced the reign of Catherine the Second of Russia, the following is one of the least appalling.

On the borders of the lake Ladoga is situated the fortress of Schlüsselburg, long celebrated as a place of confinement for state prisoners, and many are the mysterious stories which are whispered concerning it. One thing is certain, that no man who entered it a captive ever came out again alive—the gloomy appearance of the castle itself corroborates these dark stories. Built at the extreme end of a long promontory, nothing is visible on three sides but the monotonous expanse of waters. Behind it a dreary wilderness of sand extends inland as far as the eye can reach ; and the only variations in the landscape are a few stunted pine trees scattered here and there, amid huge masses of granite, which have been washed down from the Finland mountains by some deluge long since forgotten. About the year 1764, in an upper part of this fortress, to which the only means of access was by a flight of narrow stone steps, was imprisoned the unfortunate Tzar Ivan Alexiévitch, who had been dethroned by the empress Elizabeth some twenty years before ; only a few months old at the time of his deposition, he had yet contrived to discover his real rank and rights, and this consciousness would occasionally excite to phrenzy the weakness of intellect which such utter seclusion for life had produced.

But another individual also was at that time within the walls, who was destined once more to bring the name of the unfortunate prince into notice. Mirovitz was a lieutenant in the Smolenskoi regiment, then forming part of the garrison, and a man of respectable birth, and once of considerable property, which, however, had on some trifling pretext been confiscated, to gratify the rapacity of some favourite of the Empress, and he himself was consigned to the obscurity of Schlüsselburg as a species of political exile. This measure was in the highest degree imprudent. Mirovitz instantly conceived the idea of liberating Ivan, and reseating him on the throne. The necessary preparations did not occupy much time ; the subalterns of the garrison, and a few of the soldiers were his only confederates. On the evening appointed, the principal conspirator was resting on the northern ramparts of the fortress ; a chill autumn mist was gradually gathering around, and the sun had long since disappeared below the horizon ; but still Mirovitz moved not ; absorbed in contemplation, his eyes seemed fixed on the waves which broke heavily against the massive stone wall beneath ; yet an acute observer might easily have detected the traces of violent emotion in his countenance. The darkness grew deeper, and deeper, yet he heeded it not, but with his cloak gathered closely about him, remained for hours absorbed in thought, and motionless. And now the heavy tramp of the relief was heard approaching. The sentinel was changed, and scarce had the footsteps of his companions died away, when the man approaching, whispered in his ear, that all was ready. Scarcely returning an answer, Mirovitz strode hastily to the interior of the fortress, where he found the greater part of the garrison drawn up according to agreement. Stepping forward, Mirovitz briefly announced that he had received orders from the Empress to liberate Ivan, and produced forged credentials. The deluded soldiers no sooner heard these tidings, than

following their officers, they rushed towards the Prince's apartments. At the foot of the steps leading to these, stood the governor of the fortress, who alarmed by the noise of their approach, had come out to ascertain its cause. Perceiving their intentions were hostile, he prudently retired to a guard-room adjoining the Prince's apartments, in which were stationed a select few of the most faithful of the garrison, to whom the immediate charge of the person of Ivan was committed. Loop-holes in the walls commanded the whole range of the steps, and a destructive fire was instantly opened upon the assailants.

A fearful contest ensued; the defenders, from their commanding position, had considerable advantage over Mirovitz and his party; still numbers prevailed, and in half an hour the muskets were wrenched from the loopholes and the outer door forced open. Here, however, the struggle was brought to a close, for the commandant himself, throwing open the inner door, admitted the infuriated soldiers, and pointing to the door of Ivan's apartment, cried "Behold your Emperor," eagerly did they rush in, but bitter was their disappointment. There lay their Emperor indeed, but in the throes of death. Alas! this was the cruel policy of Catherine—this was but the strict fulfilment of her murderous orders!

F. E. L.

### THE DEPARTURE OF THE ARGONAUTS.

THE morn is come, a busy throng has crowded to the strand,  
The winds are hushed, the gentle wave lies pillowed on the land,  
A thousand voices raised on high salute the opening day,  
And not one cloud is there t' obscure the sun's first beaming ray;  
O, 'tis a glorious sight to see how lance and helmet gleam,  
How gently to the first light breeze the waving banners stream;  
Yet every glance is sorrowful, each eye is dimmed with tears,  
Each heart, that beats so fast within, but ill conceals its fears.  
One ship is there, she nobly floats upon the heaving tide,  
'Tis the Argo—and she waits her crew; they must no longer bide:  
Away, away, the time flies past—there's one that tarries yet,  
That one, the chief; the noblest far of all that kingly set.  
Away, away; one form is seen advancing on the strand,  
'Tis Jason, and he proudly looks upon his chosen band;  
Around him, as he speaks, the crowd a deathlike silence keep;  
Above, the heavens—behind, the land—before, the heaving deep:  
"Farewell, farewell! 'tis ours afar sea's trackless paths t' explore,  
"To plough those unknown waves, which keel has never ploughed before;  
"To tempt the northern blasts, the cold of Scythia's snows defy,  
"To see new stars, to tread new ground, to view another sky:—  
"Perchance, in after times, our deeds, our names shall be forgot;  
"Yet hold—perchance e'en ours shall be a fairer, brighter lot,  
"And poets' lays shall sing our praise; and every son of Greece  
"With joy shall hail, the oft-told tale, of Jason's golden fleece."  
He spoke—three times was heard around the trumpet's pealing note,  
From cliff to cave, from hill to vale, the circling echoes float:  
They arm, they mount, they gaily climb the fated vessel's side;  
They ply the sturdy oar, and now with sails unfurled they ride;  
One shriek is heard, one piercing sound upon each list'ner fell,  
A mother's voice, a father's tone, has spoke the word—"farewell;"  
And ye, who as the bark grows less, still gaze upon the shore,  
Shall see them back as conquerors, or see them back no more.

(T.)

MR. EDITOR,

I chanced to enter a Freshman's room the other day, when a paper met my eye, containing evident preparations for some contribution to your work. As the poetry in question contains a great deal of fire, I enclose you the first stanza as a sample:—

"Methought I saw a hieroglyphic bat  
Sweep o'er the zenith in a slipshod hat,  
Prone to drink infant's blood; with horrid strides,  
A roast potatoe on the whirlwind rides!"

The ideas certainly have the merit of novelty, if nothing else.

S.

ON THE RETURN OF THE BONES OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE FROM  
THE ISLE OF ST. HELENA. 1840.

——— Nunc excipe saltem  
Ossa tui Magni, si nondum subruta fluctu  
Invisâ tellure sedent!  
Satis O! nimiumque beatus  
Si mihi contingat Manes transferre revulsos  
Ausoniam, si tale ducis violare sepulchrum!

LAC. VIII. 838.

PEACE to thy ashes! thee again we hail,  
Thou great, thou glorious conqueror! to thee  
Loud shouts of welcome once again prevail,  
And in glad homage Gallia bends her knee!  
Again Triumphant!—who could then foresee,  
When on the plain thy routed eagles fell,  
Again to thee that shouts of victory;  
Again to thee that choral hymns should swell;  
And France again receive the chief she loved so well!

## II.

Peace to thy ashes!—Death itself scarce seems  
For thee a certain resting-place to find:  
Forth from the tomb thy conqu'ring Spirit gleams,  
In death triumphant! nor art thou confined  
By the sad bonds that fetter all mankind!  
Could all thy matchless conquests be in vain?  
Could memory to thy glorious Name be blind?  
Forth from thy distant exile o'er the main  
Napoleon once returns to France—to France, again!

## III.

Peace to thy ashes!—Gallia's vine-clad hills  
Echo the sounds of triumph and of praise;  
One name alone Fame's brazen trumpet fills,  
One name alone adored in future days,  
In History's page, and Poet's golden lays:  
One name, that still o'er valiant hearts will sway,  
Still shine triumphant with undying blaze,  
Till Gallia's empire dream-like pass away,  
And time, the world's destroyer, time itself decay.

## IV.

Peace to thy ashes!—'neath the cloistered stone,  
Charles, the first founder of Gaul's empire lies,  
And still by memory's pious hand is shown,  
Where sleeps the great, the valiant, and the wise.  
Where thy tall column tow'ring to the skies  
With silent voice commemorates thy praise,  
There in sad grandeur be thy obsequies,  
That Gallia's children may with awe-struck gaze  
Think of their greatest Hero in their proudest days.

Ω

## \*EXTRACTS FROM A STUDENT'S JOURNAL BOOK,—No. II.

Between the hours of five and six in the morning of a brilliant day in July, a motley crowd of travellers were hastening from the numerous hotels that line the banks of the Rhine at Cologne, towards the wooden pier which served as a passage from *terra firma* to the deck of a steam vessel about to start for Coblenz. The sun had scarcely risen, yet all was life and motion in the neighbourhood of the mighty river. Porters hurried to and fro, some toiling under enormous burthens, others plying about eagerly for hire,—here three or four stout fellows were fixing a handsome English carriage on the deck of the vessel, there as many others were busily

\* This is not to be considered a continuation of No. I of these Extracts.

employed in securing two unfortunate horses in wooden cages preparatory to their embarkation ; here a large truck was in the act of disgorging its contents, and every one was actively engaged in selecting his own property from the general heap ; there a large party were awaiting with anxious looks the arrival of their luggage, which seemed very likely never to arrive at all ; whilst the perpetual ringing of a little bell, and occasionally an impatient movement of the paddle-wheels, combined with the angry puffing and snorting of the steam as it strove to break from its confinement, threw everybody who happened to be on shore into an excess of flurry and agitation, which was naturally a source of much laughter and amusement to everybody who happened to be safe on deck. But confusion seemed chiefly to prevail around the window of the little office where, one by one, tickets of admission to the various cabins were dispensed by a clerk, whose cool and calm demeanour contrasted most ridiculously with the hurry and agitation of his applicants. The more the little bell rung, the more the steam hissed, the more the crowd pushed and squeezed, so much the more provokingly calm and disinclined to hurry himself did the imperturbable clerk appear. One little old gentleman amused me particularly. He had overslept himself, and had arrived at the place of embarkation with only a minute or two to spare : heated and excited he rushed to secure his ticket, but twenty stout Germans already blocked up the window : in despair he retired a few steps, and then with a strenuous charge forced his way into the very centre of the mass. What became of him afterwards I know not ; he must have been either crushed by the crowd, or left behind by the steamer, for I never saw him again. Soon after six o'clock, we were under weigh ; the morning was beautiful ; and I looked forward with infinite delight to the pleasure of seeing scenery under such favourable circumstances. Knowing, however, that the banks of the river were flat and uninteresting as far as Bonne, I endeavoured to seek amusement for the first few hours within the vessel itself. And here there was no lack of materials. If a comic writer were desirous of studying character and finding fresh subjects for his pen, he could not do better than take a trip up the Rhine. No Margate or Greenwich steamer on Easter Monday, could possibly furnish rarer and more unique specimens of the genuine cockney than are to be found here. Strange, that men, whose ideas are incapable of ranging beyond the limits of a counting-house, and who take far more real interest in a good dinner than they ever will take in a landscape or a fine picture, should find anything congenial to their tastes, anything adapted to the complexion of their minds in the Rhine, its castles, its cathedrals, its romantic legends and delicious scenery. It is probably the desire of returning to his friends in the light of "a monkey who has seen the world," that is the chief actuating principle in the breast of a cockney, when he is fool enough to leave the only element that is natural to him, and exchange the high stool, the ledger, and the warehouse, for the pavilion of a Rhenish steamer.

I walked up and down the deck and amused myself at the expense of this particular class of my countrymen, who composed at least one half of the aggregate number of passengers. In the cabin I found a very interesting and garrulous specimen of the genus. This was a stout, coarse lady, whose appearance brought to my recollection Mrs. Trollope's Mrs. O'Donagough. She was attired in a very imposing manner, and in the most glaring and preposterous fashion of the day. No expense had been spared to create a sensation and attract the wondering gaze of those about her. She had a huge coloured map of the Rhine spread out on a table, and by help of this was trying to discover the beauties of the only part of the river which possessed none. At her side stood two ugly, vulgar-looking children, who were busily employed in devouring some eatables, with the voracity of young wolves. "Arry, my dear," (addressing the male child) "go up stairs and tell your Pa to come down, and let us know where we are." [Exit Harry, very sulkily.] "Well, I wish we were back in London. To think, h'Emily, that its a whole fortnight since we saw St. Paul's." "No, Ma, its only a week and four days." "Well, child, its all the same—what can have become of 'Arry : that boy is the worry of my existence : I'm always a fearing he'll tumble h'overboard. That reminds me h'Emily, of when you was lost for a whole day, and all the young men was sent in all directions to look for you, and at last you was found under a 'eap of goods in the ware'us. Oh ! 'ere comes 'Arry." "Pa says he can't come down, he's a-talking politics with a French h'officer." "Well, to be sure, I *am* glad he's got hold of a Frenchman, and a h'officer too ! As for the Germans I 'ate them, they're a nasty h'unliterate people, that do nothing but smoke, smoke, smoke till every room in the kingdom smells worse than your h'uncle

Snuffkin's tobacco ware'us. They say that most of 'em go on smoking in their sleep, but I never could believe that part of the story. Then there's the Dutch, they're so fat and h'awkward, and so dirty that they're obliged by h'act of Parliament to give themselves and their 'ouses a h'extra wash every day more than other folks. And as for their country, its like a large raft in the middle of the h'occean. They say its uncommon dangerous to dig wells for fear of springing a leak. They've plenty of canals, to be sure, and a prodigious lot of windmills. Why 'Arry, my dear, how many windmills did we see at Saardam?" "Fifteen 'undred of 'em, Ma, all in a lump, like a h'army of giants, and all a wisking and wizzing round so furiously, it made us sea-sick to watch 'em, you know." "Well, I never! what a memory the child 'as! If it was'nt for the *pictures* 'Olland would be the stupidest place under the sun, and after all they would'nt be worth looking at, if Sir Joshua had'nt made such a piece of work about 'em."

As I listened to the edifying loquacity of this woman, I could not help grieving to think that most foreigners draw their notions of the English nation from such specimens as these. But, at this moment my attention was directed into another channel, by the entrance of a true sample of the German nation, who came and seated himself at my elbow. He was a large, stout man, dressed in a rusty brown coat, that had been browned still more by the sun of some six or seven summers, and looked as if it had been made without the slightest attempt at a good fit. His mouth of course contained a pipe, as naturally as it did teeth, and the reservoir whence the huge china bowl was supplied, was a great leathern bag, slung round his neck, which was an *accident* of himself as *inseparable* as the pipe. His general appearance indicated a greater propensity to take fluid internally than externally. His features were coarse, his under lip enlarged immensely, and hollowed out in the centre by the constant friction of his pipe, his front teeth had taken their leave of his mouth, or were on the point of doing so, and his complexion wanted the glow of health and composure of muscle, characteristic of an English gentleman. He had not been seated long, before, to my surprise, he turned round and began a conversation with me in bad English. "And how do you like my country?" he said, after we had been talking together some time. I told him I liked everything but the cookery. "Ah, dat is because you have de English *gout*, but even if you love not de German dishes, you can always very easily become a chicken-†." Not being acute enough to perceive at once what particular facilities Germany offered for such an interesting and agreeable metamorphose, I smiled, and shook my head incredulously. "What!" he exclaimed, mistaking my meaning, "can it be possible dat you love not de *fools*?" My gravity was hardly proof against these absurdities, and an irresistible desire to laugh was getting the better of my good breeding, when fortunately at this juncture, the vessel stopped moving and excusing myself, I went on deck. We had reached Bonne, and were just receiving a very strange addition to our cargo. Until this moment, I had looked upon Europeans as beings without any very remarkably distinct features, but here were some animals that had just made their appearance, calling themselves men, of a totally distinct species from any other human being I had ever seen. There were six of them, and they differed from each other individually, about as much as the whole collectively differed from the rest of mankind. This one seemed to have directed all his energies of mind and body towards the cultivation of a bush of hair on his chin; that one plainly took a pride in the back part of his head, and had succeeded in making his locks reach half way down his back; the eccentricity of a third had displayed itself, harmlessly enough, in a bright blue coat; of a fourth, in a perfectly white one. Whatever disparity existed between them, each one was singular in his way. Some things, however, they appeared to have in common; each man wore a small cloth cap with a shade to it, each man had a large scar on his nose or some conspicuous part of his face, each man had a pipe of unlimited dimensions, and each man was remarkable for an impudent, independent swagger that was tantamount to a direct avowal, that he considered the universe as made especially and solely for himself and for nobody else.

When I first cast my eyes on these extraordinary animals, I set them down for a number of curious monkeys or ourang-outangs that had escaped from a neighbouring menagerie. But the menagerie turned out to be the great University at Bonne, and the monkeys, a portion of the students. With the Drachenfels, commences the exquisite scenery of the Rhine. But I will not fall into a common error of describing scenes

I found out afterwards, that the German word "*bekommen*," means to *procure*.

that are utterly beyond the power of description. The approach to Coblenz struck me as too enchanting to be real; I chose a retired corner and gazed upon the scene till every faculty became absorbed in intense admiration of its loveliness. Would I could have prolonged such genuine delight by retarding the progress of the vessel, but the paddles seemed to revolve faster than ever, and in a few short minutes, we found ourselves in the dirty streets of Coblenz.

NEMO.

(To be continued.)

### Δια νυκτος εγκαθευδων.

Once slumb'ring on my couch by night,  
With the deep ocean-purple bright,  
Gladden'd with wine, I seem'd to fly  
Midway betwixt the earth and sky;  
And by my side a beauteous throng  
Of gentle maidens tripp'd along;  
Whilst boys, than Bacchus' self more fair,  
Taunting my age and snowy hair,  
Full many a cutting merry joke,  
About those graceful damsels broke.  
Stung with their jests, one kiss I sought,  
When sleep and dream fled swift as thought;  
And I, alas! poor wretch, was fain  
To wish I ne'er had wak'd again.

P. B.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Ω's translation shall appear in our next number.*

*"Poodle" is a sagacious dog—but hardly witty enough this time.*

*S.S.S. is much too sentimental.*

*The subject chosen by S. F. J. is long since worn threadbare.*

*T. K. J's Parody is very good; we wish he had selected a more appropriate subject.*

*The "Reading Man's" dream is decidedly bad.*

*"Aquarius" does not understand the art of versifying.*

*We should be much obliged for a key to the handwriting of Aquaticus.*

*We thank Scriptor for his neat copy of an old story.*

*"Little Vic's" verses are good.*

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# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

## PART II.

Liberius si

Dixero quid, si forte jocosius; hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniã dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv, 103.*

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No. 5.] WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1840. [PRICE 6D.

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\* \* \* \* \* "Each heart  
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book,  
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,  
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,  
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;  
And so sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,  
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.—*Milton.*

"On croirait que cet ouvrage est le fruit de l'imagination d'un sauvage ivré." Such was the judgment of Voltaire upon the tragedy of *Hamlet*, perhaps the sublimest creation of an unaided mortal. Although this is an extreme case, this spirit pervaded in a greater or lesser degree, the whole criticism of that day; and, while the commentators of Shakspeare professed an almost idolatrous admiration for his genius, they were so infected by it, that they looked upon his works principally as objects on which to exercise their ingenuity, and love of speculation: indeed, so entirely were they overcome by the lifeless and material spirit of the age, that it would have been strange if their principles of criticism had had any very firm basis. The first and most obvious deficiency which strikes us, is the want of reverence which characterizes the whole of their writings on the subject. Shakspeare is now generally considered as one only to be approached with reverence and affection. "The Englishman, who without reverence, a proud and affectionate reverence, can utter the name of William Shakspeare, stands disqualified for the office of critic. He wants one at least of the very senses, the language of which he is to employ\*." But hoping that no one who has the slightest pretensions to be a judge of true poetry, would differ on this part of the subject, we shall endeavour to point out some of the other erroneous principles on which criticism on Shakspeare was founded, and to show that it was from the prevalence of these false notions that there arose the supposed deficiency of Shakspeare in various essential points.

It is a very common opinion that Shakspeare's genius was uncultivated, and devoid of judgment; and this was so strenuously inculcated by his commentators of the last century, from the non-realization of the ideal of dramatic excellence which they had formed in their own minds, that until within almost the last few years, it would have been considered the height of presumption and absurdity to differ from them, and even now this notion is by no means eradicated, though it is to be hoped that Stevens, Malone, and Johnson are gradually giving place to critics like Coleridge, Schlegel, and Tieck. The great object of that school, and of Johnson in particular, was to discover the *Moral* contained in each play, and to form their estimate of the whole, accordingly as this moral was good or bad. But was this Shakspeare's intention? Surely it requires but very little reflection to convince us that this is but a secondary object, and that the great aim should be to discover the *Idea* in the poet's mind when the play was first projected. When this principle is recognised, it must follow as a necessary consequence, that Shakspeare would not show his judgment, but quite the contrary, by conforming to any dogmatical rules, (as, for example, to those of Aristotle), nor, indeed, *could* he do it with consistency, but that he ought to endeavour in every way which seemed best to him to carry out and develope in all its parts, the *Idea* which he had formed in his

\* Coleridge's *Literary Remains*.

mind. With more or less difficulty this may be traced in all his plays; but let us take one in which Shakspeare has been frequently accused of wanton violation of historical truth, either from ignorance or from want of judgment—we refer to *King John*. In this play fourteen years are passed over without notice; the deaths of Arthur and John are made to follow one another in quick succession, and events of the greatest importance which took place in the interval are totally unmentioned; among others, *Magna Charta*. But, upon an examination of the play, we discover Shakspeare's Idea—the *Fate of Arthur*—the first step towards developing which he takes in the beginning of the first scene;—

“Philip of France, in right and true behalf  
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,  
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim  
To this fair island, and the territories,” &c.

And throughout the play, the poet's object is to trace all the events affecting or affected by the fate of Arthur, disregarding everything not bearing on it, and to attain dramatic unity of action, without attending to the strict chronological succession of events. But without going into a minute analysis of this or any other play, it will be sufficiently clear that Shakspeare, when he wrote, had some fixed purpose in his own mind; and accordingly, that the critic's office is to trace the progress of that purpose, and to show how each scene, and even each sentence, is bringing us nearer to the required end. Nevertheless, notwithstanding all this, there is another most important point deserving of the deepest consideration, but one which it would be impossible fully to enter into here. This is, the moral effect produced by Shakspeare's plays on the mind. It has been stated, with great apparent plausibility, that a bad effect must be produced when, in a tragedy, calamity falls upon persons undeserving it. If this be true, Shakspeare's tragedies are far from moral. Without going into this question, it may still be proper to make a few remarks upon it. And here it may be observed (though without considering the authority of great importance), that “Aristotle describes the popular admiration of the tragedy which ends happily for the good characters, and fatally for the bad, as a result of the ‘weakness of the spectators;’” though he tells us before that the aim of tragedy is—*δι' ἐλέου καὶ φόβου περαινέειν τὴν τοιοῦτων παθημάτων κἀδαρσιν*—thus showing that he thought that the desired end might be accomplished in another way from that generally received. Let us take a few instances from Shakspeare, and endeavour to show that in these cases a positively bad effect may be produced from a character not immoral coming to an unfortunate end. And it may be noticed, that if a catastrophe be utterly opposed to nature and probability, the effect produced by it will be comparatively small. In *Hamlet* Shakspeare has delineated a mind endowed with excessive intellectual power, without corresponding power of action.

Such is the Idea to be developed,—the weakness of Hamlet's will—as a necessary consequence of this weakness, “he yields to a sense of predestination:”—“If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all.” Such being the constitution of Hamlet's mind, with what propriety could Shakspeare have averted the final catastrophe? Surely a far more important lesson is taught by this play as it is, than would have been the case if Hamlet had lived; in the latter case truth would have been violated to no purpose. The same may be said of *King Lear*. But it would be needless to bring proofs of the high moral tone of Shakspeare's mind in detached passages, and while admiring these it is hard to believe that the *general* effect can be anything but a good one.

Those will best appreciate Shakspeare who know him best. “Make out your amplest catalogue of all the human faculties, \* \* \*,—and then of the objects on which these are to be employed, \* \* \*,—and then compare with Shakspeare under each of these heads, all or any of the writers in prose or verse that have ever lived! Who that is competent to judge, doubts the result?—And ask your own hearts,—ask your own common sense—to conceive the possibility of this man being—I say not the drunken savage of that wretched sciolist, whom Frenchmen, to their shame, have honoured before their elder and better worthies,—but the anomalous, the wild, the irregular genius of our daily criticism! What! Are we to have miracles in sport?—Or, I speak reverently, does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truth to man\*?”

R. H. D.

\* Coleridge.

## THE VOYAGE OF THE ARGONAUTS.

And is it thus? And can audacious T.  
 Have dared to tell what should be told by me,  
 Through dull fourteens his tedious way prolong,  
 Paint "the hushed winds," describe "the busy throng,"  
 In hacknied verses sing "the heaving deep,"  
 And lull the reader, tired out, to sleep :  
 O since uncalled for, unrequested, lays  
 Have e'en obtained an undue meed of praise,  
 Then waive, O Muse, the tale that slowly lags  
 In pompous phrases and high sounding tags ;  
 No "pillowed waves," no "beaming rays" be thine,  
 T.'s the Departure—but the Voyage mine.

Now think you see them, as the poets say,  
 The first who launched their bark and bore away,  
 Think that you see them when the first fresh breeze  
 Has curled in waves the surface of the seas,  
 And what each hero's bosom then befel,  
 Sing, heavenly goddess, pen inspired, tell !  
 Alas ! sad qualms and feelings strange arise,  
 The billows dimly float before their eyes :  
 Each, with a want he had not felt before,  
 Would give the sea for one good foot of shore :  
 Castor looks blue, and Tiphys cannot steer,  
 E'en Theseus now knows what it is to fear,  
 Illiterate heroes—men who ne'er could write,  
 Cast up accounts, and bring their deeds to light ;  
 And Jason's self—that "noblest" of the crew,  
 That chief of kings, is seized with sickness too.

Yet haste we on—this strain must ill belong  
 To the proud numbers of heroic song.  
 A nobler subject for my muse demands  
 When on the shore the way-worn army lands ;  
 Straight to the tyrant's palace they repair,  
 Intent on vengeance, and demand him there ;  
 Prompt to their call Æetes issues out ;  
 He looks a monarch, but he moves a lout,  
 And though he'd fain have seen them far away,  
 He sits him down, and bids them say their say :

Silence obtained, thus Jason speech began,—  
 "Think not to 'scape us, God-abandoned man,  
 "Thy day is come, e'en retribution's day  
 "Hovers around thee, thirsting for its prey :  
 "Honour to us, to thee disgrace is left,  
 "Be thine the meed of cowardice and theft ;  
 "For well we know, that th' enemy to Greece  
 "Would steal the donkey, as he stole the fleece."  
 Starting, the king to this made answer stout,—  
 "Does your maternal parent know you're out ?  
 "Your wrath pray cool—and learn it mild to draw,  
 "Here I am master, and my will is law ;  
 "And though your journey has been long, I fear  
 "That, Mr. Ferguson, you don't lodge here."

Thus spake the king, as he defiance bade,  
 And looked by turns the hero and the cad :  
 Now bandied words each fiery soul inspire,  
 And biting sarcasms rouse the latent ire ;  
 As yet no weapons could adorn the foes :  
 Their arms, those arms which Nature sole bestows—  
 With blow on blow, and fist on fist, the strife  
 Proceeds—untouched—unsullied by the "knife"  
 And darkening eyes and swelling cheeks betray  
 How fierce the contest of that fated day.

"Away, away," nor be it mine to trace,  
 The dire contusions in each livid face—  
 To tell how Jason and his hardy crew  
 Fought for "an hour, an hour, but barely two,"  
 Let this suffice, that ere the day was o'er,  
 The prize was Jason's, and he'd left the shore.

My story's ended, and my tale is told  
 In dulcet numbers, beautifully bold,  
 One boon I ask, and may this be my praise,  
 That if I please, I please by manly ways;  
 And that these verses, though they're strange, may be  
 A worthy ending to illustrious T.

(O.

## CASSANDRA

*(Concluded from page 21.)*

"Happy, yet unhappy, sister;  
 In her heart's insatiate pride;—  
 She, poor fond thing, hopes to be  
 Grecia's bravest warrior's bride.  
 Swelling full, her timid breast  
 Scarce to hold its joy doth seem;—  
 God of Heaven, from above  
 Envy not her blissful dream.

"And alas! alas! for him,  
 Whom her young heart blithely chose:  
 See how his impassion'd look  
 With the fire of true love glows!  
 Sure, for such a pair so youthful,  
 Nought but joy the fates decree;  
 Yet alas! a stygian shadow  
 Darkly spreads 'twixt them and me.

"Proserpine, grim Queen of Hell,  
 Haunts me with her dreary ghosts;  
 Still for aye her shades so fell,  
 Stand around in threatening hosts.  
 'Midst the playful games of childhood.  
 Never are they absent, never;  
 And in youth—more sober duties,  
 Still they mar my pleasure, ever.

"Now I view the murderous sword,  
 And the murderer's barbarous glee;  
 Neither to the right or left,  
 Can I from this vision flee.  
 Well I know and fear my fate;  
 Yet unmoved, prepar'd, I stand,  
 To fulfil my destiny,  
 And to die in stranger's land."

Hark! what clanging sound from yonder  
 Echoes in the holy fane;  
 Struck by Paris' deadly arrow,  
 Peleus' mighty son lies slain.  
 Eris shakes her snaky tresses;  
 All th' immortals fly to heaven;  
 And the thunderer's clouds hang gloomy,  
 O'er the town—to ruin given.

D.

## WANDERINGS IN THE LONG VACATION.

*(Continued from page 25.)*

Next morning I dressed betimes, and called for a cup of coffee. Nectar of the Gods! silt down to a draught of real Mocha, in slippers and a dressing gown, inhaling every now and then the fumes of a good Havannah, and you may laugh at care and "the thousand ills that flesh is heir to." After breakfast, I threw myself back in the *fauteuil* which seemed with extended arms to court my acquaintance, and felt in its full force the pleasures of independence. The world lay before me; I had but to choose. Paris, gay, happy Paris, was within reach, and my resolution was formed. "Que desire, Monsieur?" said the obsequious waiter, in answer to a strenuous tug at the bell-rope, the first result of my decision. "A place in the Coupé to Paris," I replied. And recommending my brother's divorced bag to the especial care of the porter, I descended into the yard and found preparations making to put in motion the huge vehicle that was destined to carry nineteen human beings to the joyous capital. The horses being harnessed by the help of three men and two women, the postillion cracked his whip as the signal for the passengers to take their places. Hearing a laugh at the further end of the diligence, I was curious to ascertain its cause, and putting my head out of the window, was much amused by the ineffectual attempts of a very stout woman from the Netherlands, who was endeavouring in vain to make her way good through the narrow door; "*Attendez, Madame,*" said the conducteur, running to her assistance, and before I could guess his intentions, he had buried his head in the voluminous folds of her dress and with one vigorous push, shot the poor woman on the knees of the passengers with an impetus that shook the vehicle to its centre. I looked rather astonished, but the crowd seemed to think the proceeding very natural, so I said nothing; as for the conducteur he merely smiled, as with a face like a boiled lobster, he exclaimed, "*Pau! il fait chaud,*" and jumping on his seat gave the word to move on. I could not help muttering to myself like Sterne when he saw the lady pull the check string, "such things in this country mean nothing."

And now we are off; the Leviathan machine rolls along; yet not so slowly as in England we are led to imagine. The postillion halloos and whistles, and after an hour's shaking, we arrive at the post-house, where six fine Norman horses are ready to carry us onwards. Again we move, but in vain did I look around for any scenery, any glimpses of a landscape, which could entitle the surrounding country to be called a part of "*La Belle France.*" Tired with the monotony of corn-fields and apple-trees, I went to sleep. On awaking, I looked for the first time with some attention at my two fellow travellers; the one next me had the ruddy glow and open benevolent countenance of a real John Bull. "You have slept long, Sir," he said; I assented, and expressed the pleasure I felt in the company of a fellow-countryman. "Ah, we all leave England," was his remark, "and we are all fools to leave it; we come abroad to stare, or rather to be stared at, and return with empty pockets and a feeling of disappointment; fools, fools! what can we find to compensate for all the comforts we leave behind?" "You love England then, dearly," I said. "Love it, Sir! who does not love it? where are such men, such women, such a government, such religious institutions, such horses, as in old Britain?" I could not help smiling at this curious climax. "Yes," I said, "our horses certainly are superior to all others." "Superior! they are more than superior, Sir; oh! if you had but seen my favourite! none in the county could beat it; such a head, such speed, such action, a coat like silk; in short, Sir, it was the beau-ideal of a horse; yet not for its beauty did I love him, but his qualities; we were as old tried friends together; you laugh, Sir, but it's the truth; if anything could make me believe in the animal magnetism they talk of so much at present, it would be the attachment that animal had for me: whip or spur he never wanted; never but once did I use either. 'Twas three years ago, I was out hunting with a pack of foxhounds; Redgate seemed to enjoy the sport as much as myself: presently we came to a thick fence, with a ditch on this side of it. Wishing to take it in good style, I gave my horse a lash with the whip. It stopped him; yes, sir, positively stopped him; I saw his flesh wince under the stroke, and felt in my saddle the thrill of honest indignation that was agitating his whole frame. Poor beast, it was ill deserved! After a moment's hesitation he sprang forward, and made the leap with a bound that almost unseated me. I would have given twenty pounds never to have inflicted that blow; disgusted, I left the hunt and took him home. He entered his stable with a drooping head; how different from his usual lofty bearing!

The services of many a day and night had been requited with a blow ; and the faithful servant felt it ! However," continued my neighbour with a sigh, "'twas the first and the last ; that whip was burned, and no other ever came into my house. But I am boring you, sir, with this long account ?" "Not at all," I answered, "I feel, I assure you, great interest in the fate of such an animal, and should wish to hear what became of him." "He died, sir ; yes, after a life which I hope was a happy one ; a few hours decided it ; I was with him ; standing seemed to hurt him, and he lay down ; I sat by him, and by chance turned my face away ; he moved his head and licked my hand ; the death struggle was nigh ; I saw those legs which had borne me so often, convulsed in agony ; to the last his eye was fixed on mine, and even when that became fixed in the rigidity of death, I fancied I could trace in its dim and altered surface a look of gratitude and remembrance. Poor fellow, I think he loved me !" "Well," said I, "and what did you do with the body ?" "Did !" said my neighbour with an angry start, "did ! Why, d'ye think the knacker had it ? No, he was buried under a yew in the lawn, and all that remains to his master of poor Redgate is this chain." I had seen him fumbling with something round his neck ; he showed it me ; 'twas a chain of horse-hair. Who could blame such affection ? It was natural and innocent, and I felt for the grief which the remembrance of this departed favourite seemed to arouse.

The Diligence rolled on, and the sun was rising as we rattled through Versailles. Hardly a soul was stirring in that town, the Mausoleum of all that was great and glorious in France. The memory of the dead seemed to hover over it, and drive away the demon of noise and talk, whose reign in France is so universal. A short time more brought us to Paris, and as I entered, I felt—but too many have felt the same already, and described their feelings for the benefit of the unsophisticated. I took up my quarters at the Hotel Meurice, following the fashion of my countrymen, who, abroad, always take care to herd together, as the best means of becoming acquainted with the manners and customs of a foreign country.

F. G.

(To be continued.)

### Συναγωγή τῶν Κρικητῆρων.

Ἦὼς μὲν κροκόπεπλος ἀπ' ὠκεανοῖο ῥοδῶν  
 Ὀρνυθ', Ἰν' ἀθανάτοισι φῶς φέροι ἡδὲ βροτοῖσι  
 Ἦδη δ' ἡγερέθοντο δι' ἔνδεκα κρικητῆρες  
 Πᾶντες ἄμ' ἐν κλισίῳ Ἀραβυθνώτιο ἄνακτος,  
 Πρώτιστοι πάντες δεινὸν κρικτητομαχηταί.  
 Γεγγέλινος παρέην δς πᾶσι μετέπρεπεν ἄλλοις  
 Ἐν πολέμῳ κρικτητομάχῳ, Αἰθῶς ἰδὲ δαΐφρων,  
 Ἦδὲ μέγας Σήτων, ὅστις πότε Ῥωκεβλαίων  
 Δῶμα λιπῶν, καλὰς τ' αἶσας νῦν Ἰνδικὸν δικεῖ  
 Βόσπορον ἐν δ' ἄλλοισι πατὴρ Καρθύσιος ἦκει  
 Δῶμα λιπῶν πατρικὸν, πτολεμεῖν ἰδὲ μάχεσθαι.  
 Βραμλεὺς δ' εἰσῆλθεν περικαλλῆς, δάματα ναίων  
 Οὐρανῶν, δς μορφὴν θεῶν εἰκελος, ὅστε μάχεσθαι  
 Δεινότατος, σφαῖραν τε λαβεῖν χεῖρεσσι πεποιοῦσ.  
 Ἐισῆλθεν δὲ Πίγως, μικρὸς δ' εἰσῆλθε Τυεΐδης,  
 Ἐισῆλθεν δὲ Δοτήρ, ἄβρον δέμας, ἀλλὰ κράτιστον,  
 Ὃν τ' ἀκμὴν καλέουσι θεοί, ἄνδρες δὲ Δοτήρα.  
 Τουχερίδης δ' ἦλθεν τηλεκλυτὸς, ἦλθε δὲ Φηρεὺς  
 Τστατος ἐγγραφθεὶς εἰς ἔνδεκα κρικητῆρας.  
 Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ῥ' ἡγερθεν δημηγέρες τ' ἐγένοντο  
 Τοὺς δὲ βίη φώνησ' Ἀραβυθνώτιο ἄνακτος.  
 Ὡ φίλοι, ἄνδρες ἔστε, καὶ εὐμνήσασθε ἕκαστος  
 Οἷοι νῦν βροτοὶ εἰσι μόθον κᾶτα κρικητῆρα.  
 Ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς θαρσείτε φίλοι, καὶ νικήσαντες  
 Μεμνήσθαι πόσιος καὶ ἐθνητός ἐν κλισίῃσιν.  
 Ὡς ἔφαθ'· οἱ δ' ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύον, ἡδ' ἐπίθοντο  
 Καὶ πάντες μεμῶτες ἔβαν κρικτητομάχεσθαι.

Κρικητόφιλος.

HORACE, *Ode II. 3.*

When Fortune frowns, an equal mind  
 Your best, your surest friend you'll find :  
 But in the prosp'rous hour  
 Exult not with unseemingly pride,  
 Nor trust too much to Fortune's tide  
 Nor mock the tyrant's power :

## II.

Whether through endless years of pain,  
 You've mourned stern Fortune's iron reign,  
 Or all the livelong day,  
 With wine that marked with ancient date  
 Has 'scaped the greedy hand of Fate,  
 You've whiled stern care away :

## III.

Where the tall pine, and poplar grey  
 A hospitable shade display ;  
 Where canopied on high,  
 Tinged by the sun's receding beam,  
 Down the smooth rock the wandering stream  
 Runs gently murmuring by :

## IV.

Bring garlands of the blushing rose,  
 Fit emblem of our short repose :  
 The sparkling goblet fill,  
 While fate allows us, and the thread  
 Of human bliss is not yet sped,  
 At the drear Sisters' will.

## V.

Your parks, for which you millions gave,  
 Your villa, washed by Isis' wave,  
 Must go when you decay ;  
 All that your thrifty hand can spare,  
 In secret hoard, some greedy heir  
 Too soon will bear away.

## VI.

Whether with Rothschild's wealth you shine,  
 Or sprung from Stuart's royal line  
 You draw this fleeting breath,  
 Or whether through the world you roam  
 Without a purse, a friend, a home,—  
 Still you must bow to death :

## VII.

All—all must go—or soon—or late :  
 Of all mankind the dubious fate  
 Lies in the destined urn :  
 The boat must bear us o'er the stream,  
 Where never solar splendour's gleam,  
 Whence we must ne'er return.

## TO THE HEARTLESS EDITORS OF THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

Infelix puer atque impar congressus Achilli.—

Virg. *Æn.* 1. L. 475.

O ! WHAT a pang distracts my heart in twain !  
 To please the Editors I've tried in vain ;  
 In court-like phrase I first invoked my muse,  
 But they hard-hearted, did my verse refuse :  
 They said I *flattered*, that my *rhyme was bad*—  
 If e'er again I flatter call me mad—  
 With struggles fierce I swallowed down my pain,  
 And vowed I ne'er would write for them again.  
 Fool, that I was, to overrate my power !  
 Again I wrote ; 'twas in an evil hour ;  
 For though with trembling hand and wearied pate,  
 I tried to do some service to the State :  
 And to this end, my highest powers bent,  
 They said, " 'Tis rather *prosy*, but *well meant*."  
 Yet once again my luckless fate I tried,  
 And once again was doomed to be denied ;—  
 They said, that under Cupid's dart I pin'd,  
 And all my *senses were by love confin'd*.  
 And when in much despair I lately writ,  
 Called me a *clever dog but not a wit*.  
 And now, dread Sirs, I've made you my complaint,  
 Which sure would melt a heart of adamant ;  
 And still I'll write, and write, and write at random  
 And on my motto act, " Nil desperandum."

Μεμψίμοιρος.

## A NURSERY RHYME TRANSLATED.

Collem ascendebat eum Gillä forte Johannes  
 Comportaturus, quæ coqueretur, aquam :  
 Labitur infelix puer, illiditque coronam,  
 Protenus et lapsa Gilla supercecidit.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

X. Y. Z. is a poor imitation.

Not yet decided upon—Ἑλληνικὸς—Μουσαφίλος—O ! Gemini.

"Veni Vidi" is too personal.

"Omnes Inspiro" very mediocre.

Nosco ought to have known better than to send us such trash.

We thank λ, μ, ν, ρ, μυ, for the good laugh his deeply affecting story afforded us.

The conundrum of Θάνατος has nothing but its extreme brevity to recommend it.

We purpose publishing our last number this term on Wednesday next ; and, if we are favoured with many contributions, intend making it a double one. We beg, therefore, that communications may be sent in earlier than usual.

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# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

## PART II.

Liberius si  
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniâ dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.*

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No. 6.] WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1840. [PRICE 1s.

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### THE CARVED CHAMBER.

DURING the autumn of the year 183—We happened to be staying in the ancient town of Lubeck, and had obtained permission to view a curious old room, belonging to a wealthy merchant of the town. Following our guide through a number of narrow and ill-paved streets, we at length stood before the gate of a house, whose style of architecture proclaimed its age, while the fresh painting, and modern decorations, shewed that its present occupant was “well to do in the world;” from the gate we passed into a species of outer court, and thence through a range of shops and well-stored warehouses, to what appeared to be the dwelling-house, where we enquired for the owner. Here a substantial burgher introduced himself to us; and conducting us through the house, ushered us through a heavy oak door into the room in question. The impression produced by the first sight of the apartment, was certainly very striking: it seemed as if we had suddenly been transported back to the ages of chivalry; the sombre stillness of the whole scene—the decreased light afforded by the narrow windows—the lowness of the ceiling—all combined to heighten the illusion. We remained for a long time in silent contemplation of all around us. The windows, as I have said, were small and sunk in walls of extraordinary thickness; the room itself was entirely panelled from the ceiling to the beautifully in-laid floor with fantastically carved walnut-wood. The ceiling itself was of the same material, and from it hung down fans, similar to those of Henry the Seventh’s Chapel, in Westminster Abbey. The heads of the various ornaments were composed of rarer woods, and even of agates, cornelian, and amber; while on all sides exquisite carvings, illustrative of scriptural subjects, were inserted in the panneling, and every piece of furniture was in excellent keeping—the whole appeared as perfect as if of yesterday. Our host meanwhile stood in the centre of the room evidently much gratified at our admiration; and when we had thoroughly examined every corner, rang an old and curious silver hand-bell, at the sound of which a servant brought in a tray of rich liqueurs, and refreshments, of which we were hospitably invited to partake.

Seated in high-backed chairs we readily accepted the offer, and began loudly to express our praises, and to admire the good taste which had so long preserved such a curiosity; nor did we stop here, but commenced a very particular inquiry into all circumstances connected with it. The subject was evidently a hobby with our friend, as he seemed much complimented by the interest we felt in it; and so with some apparent modesty he requested permission to narrate the following tale:—

One fine day, of the year 142—a sturdy and yet handsome youth, of about five-and-twenty, was lounging on the stone bridge which crosses the river Trave, just at the gates of the town. Though his light hair and bright blue eyes proclaimed his northern blood, yet his graceful bearing, and sunburnt complexion shewed that he had not always been a denizen of the lands of fog and frost; and a plaintive Italian air which he hummed to himself as he leant over the parapet—betrayed the source of his accomplishments and grace. But across the city drawbridge a second person now approached, whom the first glance might have shown to be

a genuine Lubecker—he was apparently some score of years older than the first mentioned personage; whom he quickly seemed to recognise,—“Ha! Jans Müller, my boy, art meditating suicide for love of the fair Louise? Nay, do not blush so, the whole town know the story. I could tell thee the very words in which old Carl Schöler hinted that Italian love-ballads and an elegant carriage were but poor claims in a suit for a pretty daughter and some seventy thousand marks to boot; isn't not so? Nay, cheer up, there's many a prettier face in the good town of Lubeck.” “I prithee, Schwartz,” replied his companion, “jest not with me more, I have long loved Louise and you know it well, and by the Virgin I will show that churl her father that I will win her despite all the opposition in his power.” “But what of the gelt?” “Curse the gelt,” angrily replied Jans, “I have that is worth thrice his pitiful hoard of savings.” “Say'st thou so my good friend, do not be so chary of it then for your own sake, show this fairy fortune of yours to her father, and I will venture that you are married within a fortnight of the same.” “Enough of bantering. I have not been away so long to no purpose,—and I'll warrant you that my sculptures in wood would in England or France amass twenty thousand marks as soon as the petty savings of a Lubeck trader, especially with such introductions at court as”——“Gently, gently, my man, you are fast getting rich indeed, to despise twenty thousand marks or the business of a Lubeck trader. Let me tell you, that save Hamburg, there is no town which can rival Lubeck in the Hanseatic league; but talking of your boasted carving, old Carl himself may prove a customer to you, if not a father-in-law, for you know he has to receive the deputies from Hamburg, who come to our grand triennial Hanseatic assembly; and he has been searching the whole town through for some one who will fit him a room worthy their reception; and, as he is as proud as Lucifer of his city, he will, no doubt, grudge nothing, but pay you liberally; to say nothing of the favourable impression which your being willing to turn an honest penny, will make upon him.” “Marry, thank you for that sneer, good Schwartz, it has given you at least one more ray of hope; good e'en to you, may I wake a happier man to-morrow.” “Amen,” was the response, “and a wiser one.”

A few minutes brought Jans Müller to the door of the house in which you now are.

It was not long before he stood in the presence of Carl Schöler. “Hallo! what have we here? Master Jans Müller again! by my troth you are a persevering suitor.” “I come not as a suitor,” was the cold reply, “you want a room for the reception of the Hamburg deputies, and an you will pay me my price, I will fit you one worthy of the highest lord in Christendom.” “Brave words, my young braggart; but pray what may your modesty demand?” “Five hundred marks, not a pfenning less.” “Modesty again, I see; stay, stay, methinks I have heard somewhat of your skill—let me see your handiwork, and if I approve, I will not refuse even that sum for the honour of Lubeck and her hospitality.”

The bargain was soon struck. Jans had brought with him from Italy several of his copies of the works of old masters, and many others of his own conception. I need not tell you more of their merits than that they are those now on the walls around you. Jans laboured with redoubled energy when he reflected on the important aim he had in view. The work was completed even in better style than had been stipulated. Carl was delighted, and paid down the money forthwith. “Right glad am I,” he said, “to encourage any one in an honest calling, and more especially the son of an old friend. Jans! Jans! thou'rt a hot-brained youth; yet, if thou can'st forget that I refused thee my daughter, I shall be glad to do thee a good turn.” “I thank you, Master Schöler; perhaps thou may'st be able to speak well for me to the burghers of Hamburg, who are to be with thee this day se'nnight. They say the great Town-hall at Hamburg is to be repaired, and could I but get the appointment for that office my fortune would be made.”——“Good! Jans, good! thou'rt a prudent fellow, after all; I'll see what can be done for thee.”

That day se'nnight quickly came, and with it a troop of visitors worthy of the most coruplent times of the London Corporation.

“Magnificent, indeed, brother,” cried one of the Hamburgers, while seated at dinner, “is this room—would that we could find such another workman to repair our town-hall.—Alas! the art is quite lost in these degenerate days: there

is no living man could chisel such figures as those I see about me :”—“Nay, I warrant our good town of Lubeck could produce one such man,” cried the delighted Carl; “I will wager you it does not,” answered the Burgomaster; “Nay, I Carl Schöler, will stake you here a thousand good marks against ten, that it does.” The bet was quickly taken; one, two, three; at length ten thousand marks had Carl wagered on the event: flushed with wine, and anxious for the honour of “his good town of Lubeck,” he recked not that he had risked one-half his fortune. “Nay, but,” his adversaries interposed, “he must be willing as well as able.” “No fear of that,” said Carl, “I am willing to let that be a condition of the stake.” “Well, then, produce him immediately.” “Good, here, Wilhelm, fetch master Jans Müller”—and master Jans Müller came accordingly. “Here, Jans, will you declare that you wrought the fittings of this room?” “Yea, marry will I.” “And will you engage to do the same for these worthy gentlemen, the Burgomasters of Hamburg?” “On conditions.” “On conditions!” interrupted the now frightened Carl; pray what modest demands will you now make?” “Only that I do not particularly wish to leave my native place without a companion, and that your daughter accompany me to Hamburg as my wife?” “Scoundrel,” shouted Carl, “I would rather see her in her grave.” “Then I shall decline your offer.” “Our marks! our marks! friend Carl,” cried all the worthy Hamburgers together. Carl was sorely puzzled, and looked about him in great perplexity. “By the bye, friend Müller, said one of the Deputies, “art thou not the young artist the Doge of Venice pronounced an honour to the countries of the North?” “I had that honour,” said Jans. “Nay, if that be true,” said the unhappy Carl, inwardly rejoicing to find so good a loop-hole for escaping with credit, “for the honour of Lubeck, I must consent.” “Will you pledge your honour to it?” “I do.” “Well, then, allow these worthy citizens of Lubeck to be witnesses?” turning to the pretended Hamburgers, who throwing off their disguises appeared in their own proper character as the most influential citizens of Lubeck.—“Nay, be not wroth, friend Carl,” quoth they, “we will willingly pay you our bets for the sake of our friend Jans—and be you sure that never had father a better son-in-law.” Need I add more. Jans and Louisa were married, lived happily and died lamented, bequeathing this room and all it contains as an heirloom to us their descendants.

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Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique  
Vatibus occurras, perituræ parcere chartæ.

JUV.

“What Poet would not grieve to see  
“His brother write as well as he?”  
—A fact admitted long ago,  
It wants no proof to show it so,  
But still examples we shall find  
Impress it stronger on the mind.

Now fancy all, at my command,  
Th’ *Observer* fresh in every hand,  
And gather in, as best you may,  
What the world thinks and what they say.  
(For mark me, there’s no difference small  
Between the thoughts and words of all :)  
Well, then : while fast the general shower  
Of censure falls, we’ll use the power  
That Poets self-inspired assume  
—Transport ourselves to yonder room.

See they begin :—“Pooh, pooh! what stuff!  
“For sixpence this is scarce enough!  
“This is too bad! D’ye think that we  
“Will thus again imposed on be?  
“Pray who for Billy Shakspeare cares;  
“Or Hamlet now?—If Austin dares  
“Again such nonsense e’er to print,  
“He’ll find he’s put the wrong foot in’t:

"Can we with this contented be,  
 "—Again 'Cassandra' *murdered* see?  
 "That thing on Cricket might be good:  
 "How is it to be understood?  
 "They seem determined us to cheek,  
 "And so have written it in Greek,  
 "And then that Horace!—what a fool!  
 "We had too much of him at school:  
 "And last to wind up all, this time  
 "They treat us with a Nursery Rhyme,"  
 Such words as these at random fly:  
 From every mouth the victims die:  
 For thoughtlessness directs the dart  
 Which envy sharpens in the heart.

But hark! in yonder knot I hear  
 More caustic critics—more severe,  
 With down-cast eye, and face dejected  
 They gaze upon the list *Rejected*,  
 Consigning with a deep drawn breath  
 The Editors to early death,  
 While some, less courtly, loudly swear,  
 And send th' *Observer*—God knows where:  
 This poet had, with eye to fame,  
 Monopoliz'd a Persian name:  
 Another wanton fate had led  
 To give his lay to X Y Z:  
 A third with more than usual fervour  
 Had sent a "Poodle" to th' *Observer*.  
 With undissembled zeal they blame  
 The more successful sons of Fame,  
 And fire revengeful o'er the page  
 Their battery of critic rage,  
 Till by some trivial misprint blest  
 To peace they soothe their throbbing breast.

Some few there may be in these days  
 Who yield a small award of praise:  
 Few—very few—who haply try  
 To see with less malignant eye:  
 Nor does their praise for aught else flow,  
 Their own discernment but to show:  
 —E'en I myself am hardly sure  
 That I'm from this contagion pure;  
 Some spirit bids me o'er and o'er  
 To wish I'd thought some thought before,  
 And scarcely glancing o'er the line  
 To wish sincerely it were mine:  
 Would then th' idea which I despise  
 Find greater favour in my eyes.  
 If Fates auspicious had decreed  
 That from my pen it should proceed?

So runs the world: all—all the same  
 Deem it the wisest course to blame:  
 For when your praises you've let fall,  
 They're not so easy to recall;  
 But censure wheresoe'er applied  
 Can always still be modified,  
 And, if you judge from partial sight,  
 Censure is surer to be right;—  
 What is there mortal things among  
 Where all is right, and naught is wrong?  
 And what which Envy cannot stain,  
 And Calumny has touched in vain?

## TABLE-TALK.

We are not going to exercise the office of censor over the late productions in our College Magazine, or even by indirect hints, to throw dark aspersions on any article whatsoever, be it prose or verse; we disclaim such proceedings altogether, and therefore have headed our lucubrations with the unaspiring and unsophisticated words—"Table-talk." If any of our readers (and we do hope to have readers, presupposing that we pass in safety through the Tartarian judgment of the Rhadamanthus-like Editors)—If any think our subject to be no subject at all, and the beginning trifling and badly executed, all we would ask of them in this case is, to omit the reading of it; as doubtless, in the present number, containing double the usual *quantum* of eight pages, they will light on plenty of other articles to amuse and instruct, so that we at least, in the bustle of well-executed thoughts, and the stunning effect produced by the continual flow of ideas, may hope to squeeze through unobserved. Now, by way of "Table-talk," we would just in mere general terms, inquire a little into the nature and standard of, and the difficulty in, writing a subject in prose and verse—not in any barbarous or unheard of language, such as Latin or Greek, but in what Mrs. Malaprop would probably term "the vermicular." English composition, we all know and allow, is the hardest line of writing in which to attain excellence: indeed, it seems a kind of rule that things nearest home, as it were, should be the longest neglected, and that the writing, and consequently the speaking with neatness, correctness, and elegance, in our own tongue, should be left for many to feel as a deficiency, when arrived at years of discretion. Without diving deeply into any disquisition to prove the advantages of a good classical education, we shall beg to lay it down as an incontrovertible rule, that there is no exercise more conducive to the acquiring a thorough knowledge of our own language, than a constant translating of the ancient classics. And now having just stated this proposition, we shall not advert to the matter again, lest our readers should take flight and "bolt" at the bare mention of the term classics. But, to return to our pristine "Table-talk," there have been published several pieces of poetry certainly above mediocrity, and exhibiting considerable skill in the arrangement of the rhythm, and the choice of metre, for at present we leave out all mention of the *Ideas* they contain; and be it known, that the composing English verse is greatly similar to that of Latin; in proof, if we would only appeal to those who have tried both styles, whether in English they have not felt as irresistible a desire to insert a word because it made a good rhyme, and to haul in by the shoulders an "een," or a "whilom" to fill up, as they have had a tendency in Latin to abound in "jams," "nuncs," "sempers," and other various and equally interesting helps-on.

We know several who have only attempted to commit their thoughts to paper in the harmonious language of poetry, and to them we look for confirmation of the truth of what we say, and of ourselves we are not backward to confess, that we have a feeling, which gently whispers in our ear, that mistakes in English are more easily avoided in poetry than in prose, the flow coming almost spontaneously from the metre and the rhyme, and that just as a bad pen was the excuse of a Galwegian Laird for spelling badly, so our words, when transferred from foul to fair copy, and from our own bad writing to the clear and beautiful type of Austin and Son, booksellers to the East India College, Hertford, will cast off their scales, like Virgil's serpent, and burst forth into a new and vigorous prime! But now, lest we should continue our talk so long as to turn the tables against us, we draw our little article to a close, and with the hope that the year 1841 will see the *Observer* awakening from its brief and dormouse-like sleep through the winter, aided by fresh geniuses and confirmed by the ripened abilities of those who have shown our little world "*quid mens rite, quid indoles*"—(hallo! no Latin within the precincts of the college), we bid our readers farewell under the title of—

N.

## MAGNA EST FUNERUM RELIGIO.

Lives there the man, who says it is not well  
To sound for parting souls the solemn knell?  
To drop a tear of sorrow on the grave,  
Where rest in death's cold lap the good and brave?  
To hymn our requiescat o'er the bier  
Of those who loved us and to us were dear?

'Tis the last boon that fond affection gives  
 To him who, once beloved, no longer lives ;  
 When no kind smile, no fervent sweet caress,  
 Can mark our friendship, or our love express.  
 It is not custom only that requires  
 This last sad office, and regret inspires,  
 It is not superstition's harsh controul  
 That bids us mourn for the departed soul.  
 No! 'tis affection's fondest, holiest tie,  
 That ever lives tho' all things else shall die.  
 When bending o'er the tomb where Lazarus slept,  
 Full of a mourner's anguish Jesus wept :  
 Oh, then, when some beloved companion dies,  
 Who can forbid the heaving sigh to rise ?  
 Oh, who can check the mourner's flowing tear,  
 That steeps in silent woe the loved one's bier ?  
 Go seek of ancient times th' historic page,  
 And learn the customs of the earliest age ;  
 Learn how in honour of th' embalmed dead,  
 The incense smoked, the helpless victim bled.  
 See where midst solemn notes that sound—the while  
 Yon mournful band prepare the funeral pile ;  
 Faggot on faggot heap, and pour between,  
 The pitchy stream to aid the blazing scene.  
 When all is ready, on the pile they place  
 The dead they mourn, and turn to heaven his face ;  
 Soon as the faggots catch the sacred fire,  
 Th' ascending flames encircle all the pyre ;  
 The grateful incense all around is shed—  
 And clouds of smoke enshroud the honor'd dead.  
 —But list where yonder sounds a solemn knell,  
 Tolls for a parting soul the village bell ;  
 Go where the weeping ash and cypress green,  
 Chequer the church-yard's melancholy scene.  
 See! up the gravelled path, the graves among,  
 The sad procession slowly winds along ;  
 Hear the good priest in solemn accents say,  
 " The Lord doth give, the Lord doth take away."  
 Learn from that stifled sob and murmur low,  
 How deep the grief a mourner's heart can know ?  
 Oh, never has the all-seeing sun I ween,  
 Beheld so solemn and so sad a scene.  
 Here all is nature, true unmingled woe,  
 Such as no monarch's costly tomb can show ;  
 Here the deep anguish of the monarch's heart,  
 Shames the best scutcheons of the sculptor's art.

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#### A JOKE.

It suddenly occurred to me one very bright Saturday, not long past, that my stock of white kid gloves was entirely exhausted ; my hair, too, was getting troublesome, and I would as soon trust my head to the Emperor of Morocco, as to a village barber ; moreover, I hadn't seen my dear aunt Thompson for a very *very* long time.—I can't say how long—and as she had a strong claim on my fealty, being my godmother, and I had an equally powerful reason for rendering her my suit and service (she is reputed to be immensely rich), my conscience smote me for full two minutes ; and then all these considerations coming like a tide upon me, I ran to my room—(O! that I could make it plural)—stuffed a tooth-brush and night-cap into the pocket of my mackintosh, handed over to the porter a little slip of paper, on which was written, "excuse Mr. Wiggins, to see his aunt," and then jumped on the box of the London coach, which luckily passed just as I was emerging from the College gates.

The journey over, fitted with my gloves and my hair Truefitted, I proceeded to my aunt Thompson's, in Harley-street. I am ordinarily innocent of either doing or say-

ing funny things—fun is not an ingredient of my composition—phrenologically speaking, I have not the bump of fun; and, conscious of my deficiency in this respect, I pretend to no character but that of a sober, steady, solid, matter of fact sort of fellow. Something however, no matter what, put it into my head, just as I had rounded Cavendish-square and was bearing off for Harley-street, that the cordial greeting which I knew I should receive at my aunt's was hardly a sufficient recompense for the disinterested act of duty I was performing; it was but just, therefore, that I should concoct some amusing little scheme for frightening the excellent charitable soul out of her wits. My plan was formed with the idea, and I determined to personate *pro tem*, a certain Mr. Boxer, who on various occasions had insulted and annoyed my aunt by sending her wild and unintelligible letters of a very decidedly amatory tendency, and of whom *she* had the greatest horror. Nobody could fathom the man's motives; for my aunt, although it was credibly reported that she was lovely at eighteen (indeed she would occasionally let you into the secret herself), had already numbered eight and forty summers. It was only, therefore, to the strong suspicion on the mind of her son Tom, that Mr. Boxer was a lunatic, that the said Mr. Boxer owed the luxury of possessing unfractured bones and a whole skin. Full of my scheme, I knocked at the door just about my aunt's dinner hour, and as I knocked pictured her to myself gently laying down the fish-slice and exclaiming in measured accents, "Now, who *can—that—be?*" The door was opened by a strange man-servant, to whom I could have easily passed myself off as the great Mogul, had I been inclined to personate that potentate. "Is Mrs. Thompson at home?" "She is, Sir, but the family are at dinner." "Oh! I won't detain her five minutes—say that I wish to speak to her on business of importance." "Yes, Sir, what name, Sir, if you please?" "Boxer—Mr. Boxer," and passing the servant I walked leisurely up the stairs into the drawing room. The man was palpably taken aback at my impudence, but recovering himself, he opened the door of the dining room where my aunt and cousins were seated at dinner, and announced, in an unsuspecting tone of voice, "Mr. Boxer, Ma'am, wishes to speak to you for a few minutes; he is in the drawing room, Ma'am." A terrible pause ensued. "B—B—Bo—Boxer," at length stammered my aunt, turning as pale as ashes, "I—I—never speak to any body, tell him—no, stay—ask him what he wants, or—or—say I am particularly engaged." The servant trotted up to me accordingly, and, finding me seated in an arm chair, with my feet on the mantle-piece, cutting the leaves of a new number of the Quarterly, was so completely dumb-founded (to use a homely expression), that he could make nothing of the message with which he was charged, but, opening his eyes instead of his mouth, treated me with a broad stare. Meanwhile, the scene in the dining room was humorous beyond description. All colour had fled from the visages of my aunt and cousins, and each, awaiting the result of the man-servant's embassy, looked at the other in silence, which had been unbroken ever since my aunt had delivered herself of her complicated command. At length my cousin Tom, whose quiescence, I will do him the justice to say, arose from the counter-working of various contending feelings, of which cowardice formed no part, drew in a long breath, with the words "infernal scoundrel!" and, upsetting a plate full of salmon and lobster sauce into the lap of his youngest sister, jumped from his chair to execute some sudden and fierce resolve. He rushed to the cane-rack, and, seizing a goodly rattan, by way of persuader, walked up the stairs, four steps at a time, and was in the drawing room in a minute.

The lamp had been carried down to the dinner-table, and there was no light, save that afforded by the flickering of a good fire. Tom strode up to me, and seizing me by the collar, sputtered out in accents choking with rage, "Mr.—a-a-a Boxer, I presume." I eyed the rattan for an instant, questioned the expediency of carrying on the joke, and burst into a loud laugh with, "Why, how now, Tom,—what's the matter with you, don't you know me?" The poor fellow's feelings had been so wound up, and he had so thoroughly prepared himself at all points for vigorous and decisive measures, that my voice and manner failed in producing immediate recognition. He looked fiercer than ever, and appeared to consider my laughing in his face as a piece of intolerable impudence. I really began to dread unpleasant consequences, when I bethought me to commence the offensive myself, and brought him to his sober reason by a hearty slap on the back.

The rest is soon told! Tom and the *ci-dévant* Mr. Boxer walked arm in arm into the dining-room, and presented themselves in *propriis personis*, to the immeasurable relief of my aunt and cousins, all of whom, as their countenances denoted, were

suffering from an accumulated intensity of feeling, occasioned, not only by the fancied presence of a low maniac in their drawing-room, but by the fear of a hostile collision between the maniac aforesaid, and the chief hope and prop of the family.

"John," said my respected aunt, after indulging in sundry long sighs, and a little wine and water,—“a clean knife and fork, and a wine glass for Mr. Wiggins.”

W. R. C.

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TRANSLATION FROM HECUBA.—*Line 893.*

Ilium, erst renowned in story,  
 Phrygia's boast and Asia's fear,  
 Fallen art thou,—drooped thy glory,  
 Ravished by the hostile spear;  
 Thy fair temples, lately towering,  
 Are with no gay turrets crowned,  
 Dust and ashes round thee lowering,  
 Ruins smoke upon the ground.  
 Me! alas! from thee fates sever,  
 Thou shalt ne'er rejoice my sight  
 Ilium! thou art gone for ever—  
 Death came in the dead of night;  
 Many a one—the feast was ended—  
 Slept, to longed-for rest resigned,  
 Warriors—nought of fear impended,  
 Lay in slumbers deep confined:  
 Joyful from the lyre's entrances,  
 They beheld the host no more,  
 They could see nor spear, nor lances,  
 Gleaming on their native shore.  
 Then I stood in bands confining,  
 Each tress of my flowing hair  
 With the mirrors round me shining—  
 To the couch I did repair:  
 Hark! what fearful voices swelling  
 Onward on the night-wind roll  
 Hark! what tones, destruction telling  
 Chill with fear our inmost soul  
 “Hasten—Troy in flames is burning—  
 “Sons of Hellas, haste away;  
 “Home awaits ye, late returning  
 “Now is retribution's day.”  
 I, with flowing garments, springing  
 And with terror well-nigh spent—  
 Cries of fear around me ringing—  
 To Diana's altar went;  
 Yet I saw my husband dying  
 Murdered by the Argive band—  
 Captive taken, midst the flying,  
 Then I left my native land.  
 From the deck I looked unheeded  
 On the scenes I loved so well  
 As the distant shore receded,  
 Then I trembled, fainted, fell;  
 And I poured down imprecations,  
 And I cursed th' adulterer's lot,  
 Joined—a source of woe to nations,  
 Joined—but with no marriage knot—  
 May the sea refuse to carry  
 That accursed, polluted, load!  
 Far from Sparta may she tarry,  
 Strangers land be her abode!

N.



## EXTRACTS FROM A STUDENT'S JOURNAL BOOK.—No. III.

Nor a day passes without affording practical exemplifications of some old English adage, some quaint, pithy saying that has descended from the lips of our great grandmothers; and these antiquated aphorisms very frequently express more and teach more in three words than many a modern work does in three volumes. Some old proverb of this kind tells you that "Misfortunes never come alone," a maxim of no great importance or general utility, and as an universal proposition incorrect, but one that received a very happy confirmation in the two individuals who after a variety of hair-breadth escapes, arrived one evening (as every one doubtless remembers) at a certain very dirty hotel, in a certain very dirty village in the north of Italy. I had shut myself up in my apartment, and shrinking from the bed in the corner with as much horror as I would have done from a den of ferocious beasts ready to pounce upon their prey, had extended my weary frame on a curious piece of furniture, that might with a little flattery have been called a couch; sleep was beginning to steal over my senses in its most winning and delightful manner, when the door suddenly burst open, and in walked my travelling companion, looking wild and terrified, his face pale as ashes, his eyes starting from his head, and his general appearance indicating that something very extraordinary had taken place. "In heaven's name," I exclaimed, "what has happened?" "A trifle, a mere trifle, my dear fellow," he replied. "I have just tumbled out of the window on my head, and have no notion where I am, and who I am, and who you are, and where we are going, and who all these people are?" pointing to a host of natives who had been witnesses of the accident and had followed him up stairs in much alarm. I saw at once that, whatever the cause, my friend was in a raving delirium, and without waiting to unravel the mystery, called the landlord to my aid, and lifted him on the bed. My next impulse was to call out, "the doctor! the doctor!" but the landlord shook his head, he understood no English—"Le medecin, le medecin!" I cried again, inwardly blessing a little dialogue book I always carried about with me; but the landlord shrugged his shoulders, he understood no French, and as my ignorance of Italian was about as extensive as his was of English, we could not have stood more in need of an interpreter had one of us been a Chinese and the other a North American Indian. By help of signals I managed at last to make the man understand my meaning, a carriage was sent for the doctor, and after a long interval which was nearly fatal to the sufferer, that functionary made his appearance. Instantaneous remedies were applied, and my friend slowly recovered his senses. It appears, he had seated himself on the window-sill to contemplate the stars, and there by a very natural and easy transition had fallen into an agreeable dose, which had proved still more naturally a prelude to a less agreeable fall into the street. Luckily the height of the window from the ground was only twelve feet, and my friend's skull and limbs miraculously escaped without fracture. For two days did I wait his recovery in that village, hour after hour did I sit in the sick chamber trying to amuse myself with nothing, until I had counted every brick in the row of cottages opposite, made a very exact and interesting calculation of the number of chimney pots, taken a pretty accurate census of the population, and finished up by a detailed account in my Journal-book of the manners and customs of the inhabitants. Omitting all these particulars out of compassion to the reader, I shall take the liberty of transporting him by a sudden leap to the capital of Lombardy.

Milan, as a town, is undoubtedly a very striking and attractive place, the Paris of Northern Italy, the focus of gait and fashion, the rendezvous of Austrian Aristocracy. Many of the streets might bear comparison with the finest in London, for their width, their handsome appearance, the magnificence of their shops, and the elegance of the equipages that are daily seen gliding delightfully over the smooth pavement.

But it also possesses one or two curiosities, that of themselves are sufficient to attract a large number of travellers. Its cathedral is a marvel of the first order, and should be ranked among the eight great wonders of the world. Imagine a huge edifice, about the magnitude of St. Paul's, built entirely of the purest white marble; imagine the greater part of this marble carved and chiselled out so exquisitely, that no little ivory model could bear a more narrow inspection; imagine the summit crowded with an infinite number of pinnacles, and on each pinnacle a statue; finally imagine that the whole building, enormous as it is, looks as if it were made to be kept under a glass case, and placed on the mantle-piece of a

drawing-room—imagine all these things, and you will still have formed but a very poor notion of the Milan Cathedral.

*La Scala* is another great object of attraction; compared with this, our Opera House sinks into insignificance, and, excepting the Neapolitan, every other theatre in Europe.

But I must beg the reader to take another leap and accompany me two hundred miles beyond the capital of Northern Italy. Let him fancy himself seated along with myself and my companion in the conveyance that starts every day for Venice. To renew the recollection of that journey is positively painful to me, even now. Crowded with six others into the interior of a dirty diligence, broiled by a fiery Italian sun, choked by the smoke of six cigars that were continually renewed, like the Phoenix, from their own ashes, cramped in all our limbs, annoyed by never-ending delays, pestered by postillions, bullied by police-officers, fleeced and cheated by every one, our countrymen in the Black Hole of Calcutta could not have suffered more torture, than we did for the space of two long days and one interminable night. The scenery to be sure was charming; there were the soft hills and delicious vineyards we had read so much about; there were the grapes hanging in graceful festoons from tree to tree, the peaches, the figs, and the melons; there was the majestic grandeur of the lake of Guarda; the towns we passed through, too, were all interesting; there was Bergamo and Brescia with its Roman antiquities, Verona with its ancient amphitheatre, Vicenza and Padua, each and all calling up a hundred different recollections; but all were nearly lost upon us, so thoroughly did our mental faculties participate in our bodily vexation. We might have made the journey in the boiler of a locomotive, with almost as little pain and inconvenience. I made a vow never to enter an Austrian diligence again. Our troubles did not end till we reached Mestre, on the shores of the Adriatic. There we exchanged the heat and the misery of a crowded vehicle for the ease and luxury of a Venetian gondola, and were just in the condition to appreciate fully the delights of this novel, and peculiar mode of conveyance. The gondola of Venice is a long boat built like a canoe, and much elevated at both ends, the bow is decorated with a curious steel ornament, resembling the blade of a hatchet; near the stern an upright piece of wood is fixed more than a foot in length, the upper part hollowed out to serve as a kind of socket for the oar, which is made to impel the boat with great velocity by a dexterous turn of the wrist and a very elegant movement of the body. In the centre is placed a little cabin, fitted up with windows and cushions, and this is invariably covered with black cloth adorned with round black knobs, very much after the fashion of a mourning hearse. The whole affair has a gloomy appearance, and looks intended to take part in a funeral procession.

“It glides along the water looking blackly,  
Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,  
Where none can make out what you say or do.”

Venice is full of these boats, and they are made to pass and repass each other and turn the corners with wonderful skill. They constitute the sole conveyances of the place; and his private gondola, is to the Venetian gentleman, what his carriage is to the Englishman. In one of these, then, we embarked for Venice. The voyage occupies about two hours; the day was dawning as we left the shore, and the sun rose upon us with more than ordinary magnificence. What could equal the splendour of the sight that now burst upon us for the first time? Was it reality? or was it some extraordinary mirage? a vast city rising out of the bosom of the sea; “as from the stroke of the enchanter’s wand.” Her hundred domes and spires raising their proud heads in silent majesty to heaven, gilded by the rising sun, and reflected in the calm glassy surface of the waters, she seemed some mighty phantom of the ocean; or rather the spectre of her former self; the abode of beauty still, though her glory was faded, her liberty departed, her palaces crumbling to the dust, though her canals echoed no longer to the gay voice of the gondolier and the soft notes of the guitar, though the noise of mirth and revelry had subsided within her walls.

Our time at Venice passed in unmitigated enjoyment; the hours glided on too easily and rapidly. There was all the excitement of being in a new place, all the pleasure of witnessing new scenes, without any of the fatigue of toiling about on foot over a rough pavement, and exhausting the energies under a baking sun, to see churches and cathedrals, and the interminable list of local curiosities, set forth in vivid colours in the pages of your guide-book. Our first act every morning was to order our gondola: enconced in this, we would wile away the day in traversing the canals, in passing from

church to church, and from palace to palace. Every thing was visited in its turn ;— St. Mark's, whose fantastic architecture has been committed to canvass so often, that every child is familiar with it ; the Doge's palace, with its terrible *pozzi* ; the well known Bridge of Sighs, which served as a passage for the wretched criminals from the council chamber, where their doom was sealed, to the dreaded dungeons whence they never returned alive ; the Giant's stairs, the scene of the decapitation of the celebrated Marino Faliero ; the Rialto, that most beautiful of bridges ; the Manfrini palace, and all the other palaces, churches, and picture galleries, too innumerable to be mentioned in detail.

The finest part of Venice is unquestionably the Piazza and the whole neighbourhood of St. Mark's ; but, like Melrose, to appreciate its beauties, it must be seen "by the pale moonlight." At such time so supremely lovely is the scene, that I challenge any city in the world to produce anything equal to it. The Venetians seem to have a strong attachment for this part of their city themselves. Towards evening every gondola is seen hastening towards the Piazza ; the whole town delights in congregating in this particular spot ; and the hum of human voices, unaccompanied by the sound of carriage wheels, or the tramp of horses' hoofs, produces a very peculiar and characteristic effect. Many a delightful evening did we pass, seated on one of the thousand chairs that are distributed about the Piazza. Here may be found abundance of food for the mind, for the eyes, and for the body ; for the first, in the train of thought suggested by every object that surrounds you ; for the second, in the beauty of the scene itself, and the variety of costumes that pass and repass in continual review before you ; for the third, in certain delicious ices that are to be had for a mere trifle, in any of the glittering *cafés* around.

How many different associations and images did the sight of this lovely city conjure up in our breasts. Who that has read and enjoyed the works of our greatest Poet, would not long to feel sensations like those which he felt ; who that is familiar with Shakspeare, with Otway, or with Radcliffe, would not long to realise scenes that have so long held an ideal existence in his imagination ; who that has read the history of the great Venetian Republic, and dwelt on the narrative of her riches and her victories, would not long to drop a tear of sympathy over the grave of her wealth, her glory, and her prosperity ?

In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyre—  
Her very by-word sprung from victory,  
The "Planter of the Lion," which through fire  
And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea ;  
Though making many slaves, herself still free.

NEMO.

CATULLUS. Nuptiæ Pelei et Thetidos. — l. 52.

The pensive Nymph from Dia's sounding shore,  
Sees the dark ship that faithless Theseus bore,  
While thoughts tumultuous in her bosom heave,  
What she just saw, she fain would not believe :  
Forsooth—deserted—in her sleep betrayed—  
On that drear island stands the beauteous maid—  
Alone !—her faithless lover ploughs the seas,  
His sails—his promise—gives he to the breeze :—  
With tearful eyes she still surveys the deep,  
While wrathful tumults through her bosom sweep,  
Like some Bacchante—in her rage alone—  
Whom powers divine had frozen into stone :  
Her auburn hair by no light band confined  
Fans her pale cheek, and flutters with the wind ;  
No purple robe her snow-white breast around—  
No circling zone—but falling to the ground  
Neglected, and dishonoured by her side  
Yield to the gambols of the flowing tide :  
For what can she at that dread moment care  
For purple garments, or for flowing hair ?  
Theseus ! for thee—in thee—alone she lives,  
To thee her thoughts—her cares—her soul—she gives :  
Ah ! luckless Nymph ! within whose snowy breast  
Venus has sown those cares that know no rest.

Ω.

## HAILEYBURY HOMERICS.

A misty morning, free from wind or rain,  
 Hath dawn'd upon the College walls again ;—  
 Each eye with joy the well-known symptom watches,  
 Which marks a day well fit for football matches :  
 All straight equip themselves in trowsers white,  
 And hurry onward to the mimic fight.  
 High o'er the rest the Patriarch's form appears,  
 In years he seem'd, but not oppress'd by years ;  
 The ancient youth enjoys a green old age,  
 Such as to Charon gave the Mantuan sage.  
 Around him cling a little flock-like band,  
 Who watch his footsteps, and walk hand in-hand ;  
 The youthful troop he guards with tender cares,  
 Directs their way, and all their small affairs ;—  
 They, the meanwhile, with love his cares repay,  
 And hail him Father, and respect him aye.  
 Thus some fond hen, encircl'd by her brood,  
 Picks out for them the choicest bits of food ;  
 The little chicks to pasture soft she brings,  
 And loves to warm them 'neath her downy wings :  
 They, in return, her footsteps never leave,  
 Clack when she clacks, and grieve when she doth grieve.

The Scottish brethren next, to fight are bound,  
 Adam and Allen, names of martial sound ;—  
 Together to the *skrimmages* they hurry,  
 And kick the ball and get kicked in the flurry,  
 Lead in the van or falling in the rear,  
 In the same puddle both their faces smear,  
 Thus the twin-brothers, who o'er ships preside,  
 Who tame the sea, and rapid coursers guide,  
 Together rush'd into the deadly fray,  
 Together bore the conqueror's palm away,  
 Together now they deck heaven's azure vaults,  
 And dance together an eternal waltz.

The active Senior next his bulk displayed,  
 And lends to either side his pond'rous aid ;  
 Now here, now there he hastes without a pause,  
 Kicks the wrong way, and violates all laws :  
 Till rushing on, impelled by inward fires,  
 He gets a *purl*, and from the fray retires.

A mightier still the combat next invades  
 The pride of Woolwich and Rugbœan shades ;  
 Before his might th' opposing ranks give way,  
 As fierce he seeks the thickest of the fray ;  
 Struck by his foot, the obedient ball is sent  
 On a long journey to heaven's firmament.  
 Whilst far beneath the players on the ground  
 Exclaim, "well kicked," till echo rings around :—  
 Thus when Sarpedon rushed (so sings the bard,)  
 To storm the walls which Grecia's fleet did guard,  
 From the firm earth a pond'rous rock he drew,  
 And the vast missile 'gainst the ramparts threw,  
 The well directed rock a breach has made,  
 And on the ground the smoking wall is laid ;  
 Both hosts of Greece and Troy with wonder pause,  
 And ring around both armies' loud applause.

There too was seen the chief of deathless fame,  
 Who bears, alas ! a stony heart and name ;  
 Like some stout bull he sweeps the ranks along,  
 Cheers on the weak, and animates the strong ;

Himself the while bears terror to his foes,  
 For few there are who dare his might oppose.  
 Thus when from Alpine Blanc's snow covered head  
 An avalanche descends with thunders dread,  
 Far fly the peasants from the impending death,  
 E'en frighted nature seems to hold her breath;  
 Where'er the glittering mass directs its course,  
 Rocks, pines, and houses own its fearful force,  
 To all alike it deals one common ruin,  
 The ground beneath with mournful fragments strewing.

Here many others might I also name,  
 All men of might, and all well known to fame,  
 But time 'tis now my striding muse to bridle,  
 Nor more waste time on narratives so idle.

ALDIBORONTI-PHOSCOPHORNIO.

### CHEEK—ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.

THE most interesting speculations which man can pursue, arise from the consideration of his own nature. Of these, the most eminent is undoubtedly an inquiry into the effects produced by that most incomprehensible and delicate system of irony, known as the "Art of Cheek." Now, in order clearly to examine this, to determine what peculiar feelings, and what proportion of them enter into each particular species of the art, it will be found most convenient to give a slight syllabus of the whole science, after the most approved, if not *improved* system of Aristotle.

Our chief difficulty will arise from the necessity of distinguishing between the art of Cheek, and that often confounded with it, the art of Sell.

The peculiar characteristic of the latter, however, is the entrapping of the most innocent and unwary, and the wounding of the feelings of the sensitive—peculiarities which render it utterly unworthy of the votaries of the nobler art.

Cheek then consists of a species of delicate irony, applied from the purest motives of humanity, for the sole benefit of its object; it is not necessary that it should be verbal—indeed, its greatest efficacy occasionally depends on the judicious use of symbolical illustrations.

After this brief exposition, it need only further be remarked, that our chief divisions will be marked accordingly as they act on the various sensations of the party Cheeked.

Our three great divisions then will be—

I. The Cheek Impromptu. This is by far the most eminent of all—affording scope to the talents of the Cheeker, and must, no doubt, come home with far greater force to the bosom of the patient.

II. The Cheek-Slang-ical.—This would hardly deserve the second place in our catalogue were we not desirous of keeping the next class distinct—instituted among cads, stable-keepers, and *pick-pockets*, it appears to have owed its introduction into the science to some fashionable imitators of these worthies. Let not him aspire to the honours of Cheek who rears its sole merit on such claims; for neither is the moral constitution of the Cheekee benefitted, nor is the talent and philanthropy of the Cheeker displayed.

III.—*The Cheek Symbolical*.—This again may be divided into

(1.) The Cheek Slango-Symbolical.

(2.) The Cheek Impromptu-Symbolical.

The former sub-division, as its name imports, is but an inferior corruption of the preceding class, intended to supply the place of absent wit, by a course of telegraphic signals. The latter sub-division is incomparably superior, and though its great diversity prevents us from going through each variety *seriatim*, we will give one example of its efficiency in the German students, who being prohibited from wearing tri-coloured waistcoats, walk the streets in trios, wearing respectively, white, red, and blue waistcoats, thereby suitably reproving their despotic masters for checking the signs of growing liberalism.

Such, then, being the nature of this practice, it remains for us to decide on a matter which has some connection with it—namely, who first introduced Cheek? The authorship of "Εικων Βασίλεικη" has not been the subject of more bitter controversy.

Some assert that the honour is to be ascribed to the E. I. College Tailor; this they support by a reference to his name; but it behoves critics to be accurate, for the slightest errors will oftentimes upset the most profound theories. The tailor is called "Cheeks," not Cheek—a difference most clearly proving that *he* at least was not the author. Another opinion assigns the origin of the science to a practice which prevails, or did prevail, on board her Majesty's ships, of selecting the greenest of middies to run for "Corporal Cheek of the marines, the widow's man." This theory, however, does not at all militate with our own. History has facts, and facts *are* facts. Corporal Cheek was once a living man—a man of a cheerful and a witty mind, of whom, though he has long since been dead, the memory still lives in the hearts of our seamen. Worthy imitators of the Corporal's fame, to you I address this hasty sketch; may it meet with your approbation, and its principles ever inspire you; and that increased philanthropy, good humour, and ability may remain amongst you, is the earnest desire of—

TWADDLE.

### CARMEN BUCOLICUM.

The heavens with more than noonday brightness gleam,  
On A, and B descends the downward beam;  
When forth from D, where gods once used to dwell,  
And still by godlike heroes loved so well,  
Two mortals issued—scarcely they I ween,  
Of mortal figure, or terrestrial mien;  
Garments their backs of dubious colour wear,  
And College Caps enclose their flowing hair;  
With pipe in mouth and sauntering step and slow,  
Out at the corner to the fields they go:  
The outer portals scarcely do they gain,  
Where Bush and his domestic circle reign—  
When he, whose mantling garments' azure fold,  
(Worthy by worthier Poets to be told,) Whose piercing eye, and wide-expanded chest  
Bespoke the hero—thus his friend addressed:—

Let us to Lynes' classic grove repair,  
To cooler regions and a purer air,  
And quaff, recumbent in the grateful shade,  
What gods call nectar,—mortals, lemonade;  
And eat ambrosia fashioned into cake,  
Which fairy hands in heavenly ovens make  
"Agreed!" could Florus such a scheme refuse?  
Florus—the favoured favourite of the Muse;  
Florus—who might have shone in classic lore,  
On Isis' bank, or Camus' sedgy shore,  
Had not stern Destiny's relentless hand,  
Doomed him to exile on far India's strand—  
"Agreed, and let us our repast prolong,  
"In playful numbers and alternate song."  
He spake exulting—challenged not in vain,  
The fair Alexis straight outpoured his strain.

(ALEXIS.)

Sweet is the shade in piping hour of noon,  
And Lynes' garden in the month of June;  
Sweet—passing sweet—when just the term is o'er,  
To think of Law and Pol-Econ. no more:  
'Tis sweet your health for just one day to lose,  
And bless the Doctor for an extra snooze:  
Sweet are thy puddings, Coleman: Sweeter still  
To see receipted your long half-year bill;  
But sweeter far than shade—sleep—puddings—all—  
The smiles of Phyllis, which my heart enthrall.

Thus sang Alexis :—Florus thus replied :

(FLORUS.)

'Tis *sad* to find your "small request" denied  
 For some "small" bill :—*sad*, very *sad*—to stand  
 Convicted with a cracker in your hand :  
 Sad are the thoughts, that fill the breast with fear,  
 Just when examination time is near :  
 Sad are the nightly visions that foretell,  
 A classic N, an oriental L.  
 A hideous dream of "Pluck" : but sadder still  
 To find those visions cruel Fates fulfil ;  
 'Tis sad your time in rural trips to while,  
 But sadder far, when Delia will not smile.

(ALEXIS.)

But who like me can merit such a prize ?  
 Who more than me can please a lady's eyes ?  
 What nymph my figure without rapture sees ?  
 Surely this face—these locks—were made to please :  
 What cricketer like me can urge the ball  
 Far—far beyond the furthest fag to fall ?  
 Who can, like me, with scientific art,  
 Take the light bail and make the player start ?  
 Whose fingers are more sure : All—all must still  
 Admire my "*action*" and applaud my skill :  
 Who can the football's bounding force control,  
 —With kick gigantic, gain the conquering goal ?  
 At yonder wall, what youth, audacious, strives  
 'Gainst me to play the glorious game of fives ?  
 And who, exulting on the waves of Lee,  
 Plies the thin oar with greater skill than me ?  
 Who less than me care for collegiate thralls ?  
 Who cut more chapels, and who miss more halls ?

(FLORUS.)

Grant it : I do not your endeavours blame ;  
 Mine is a nobler—mine a loftier aim ;  
 On classic wings, to leave the world behind,  
 To feed the genius—cultivate the mind.  
 While you delight in such wild sports as these,  
 Far other joys kind fate to me decrees :  
 In oriental lit'rature to shine,  
 And seek the hoards of India's golden mine.  
 'Tis mine, from ancient volumes to unfold  
 What Brahmins *said*, or Rajahs *did* of old :  
 Or, haply wandering roseate bowers among,  
 To melt o'er "Sadi's" flower bespangled song.  
 'These are my triumphs : weapons I can wield,  
 Stronger than those which grace the *cricket field*.  
 In such to triumph ever was my fate :  
 Stern Mathematics ! ye alone I hate.

(LYNIA.)

Cease, cease your strains : slow from his glorious throne ?  
 The sun descends, and noon-day heat is gone :  
 And hark ! with welcome and accustomed knell  
 Through the thick trees resounds the dinner bell :  
 Haste and away : obey the joyful call,  
 Go, seek your gowns and put them on for Hall :  
 Haste and away !—but stop one moment, pray !—  
 You for the Ambrosia—*you* the Nectar pay.

Ω.

AD AMICUM.—*Hor. Lib. VI. Od. 1.*

EN Decembrales subeunt Calendæ,  
 Termini finem gremio gerentes ;  
 Dissipa nugas, et inusitatos  
     Sume libellos :  
 Jam satis longo positæ veterno,  
 Scrinio invisæ latuère chartæ :  
 Splendeat lampas, tacitumque nôrit  
     Janua limen.  
 Namque post ludos juvenis protervos,  
 Sub diem frustra properat supremum  
 Terminum si qua poterit secundum  
     Tangere felix.  
 Ah miser ! fuis prohibent malignis  
 Invidæ sortes : sociasque nolens  
 Deserit turmas, et inauspicatâ  
     " Vellitur " horâ.  
 Mercuri (nam te pueris magistro  
 Poma vicino rapiuntur horto,  
 Tu " Professorum " potes arte mirâ,  
     Fallere mentes :)  
 Ritè tu vati decus appetenti  
 Des repentinum, sine te catenis  
 Vocis Eoæ nequit expediri  
     Nostra juvenus,  
     O ! GEMINI !

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*We are sorry again to refuse Έλληνικὸς. His compositions possess much merit ; but the subject has not sufficient interest, and he does not keep to the original.*

*Μουσάφιλος gives great promise.*

*' Poodle's' " Evening Party," has no wit to compensate for the extreme poverty of the execution.*

*Sam Buchka does not know what he has been writing about.*

*Ῥοδοχαρὴς very meagre.*

*Del's composition possesses great merit. We hope to hear from him next term.*

*A's " Ten Minutes' Production " shows very plainly that Nature never intended him for an extemporaneous poet.*

*The " Ode to a Tallow Candle " could not easily have been worse.*

*Ego is unintelligible.*

*The sooner " Vates " bids adieu to poetry and romance the better.*

*The present is our Last Number this Term. We sincerely thank all our contributors for the assistance we have received, and trust the same support and encouragement may be extended to the Editore next term.*

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# REVIEW OF THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

## PART II.

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico  
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit,  
Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso.  
*Pers. Sat. I. 116.*

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1840.

[PRICE 6D.]

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START not, my readers. Tremble not, ye magnanimous and spirited contributors to the weekly budget of talent, who only live from *Observer* to *Observer*, and only know Wednesday as the day of its publication. I am neither the *Quarterly Review* in disguise, nor a blue and yellow ghost of the *Edinburgh*. You will have reason to rejoice in finding me deficient in the pointed criticism, and well directed raillery which characterize the former; I am proud in being free from the spiteful malevolence that has so much and so long distinguished the latter. I do not wish to damp young energies, or nip in the bud the blossoming prospects of the aspiring candidate for literary fame, a task more worthy, as it has always been the characteristic, of our Caledonian Reviewer.

I come before you all—Readers and Contributors—enthusiastic Admirers, and depreciating Cavillers, as a humble individual, bowing in due submission to the all-powerful criterion of public taste. I consider myself quite as much exposed to the sober reproof of the learned, and the pointed raillery of the less well-informed, as the productions, to the “slashing and cutting” of which, I now prepare myself.

No one welcomed the re-appearance, or rather the resuscitation of the slumbering *Haileybury Observer*, with a more hearty welcome than the humble individual before you; no one hailed with greater veneration the rising of its luminary, no one looked forward with greater anxiety to its periodical Wednesday appearance, bestowed more hearty maledictions on the occasional tardiness of the publisher, or wished with greater vehemence that he were armed with a brad-awl, and had the Printer’s Devil in his power. No one smiled more auspiciously and bled more freely in its favour, and no one has used the privilege of a critic with greater freedom than is intended in the following pages.

But stop! did not we hear some one say, “We shall easily know who wrote this, for they are sure not to ‘cut up’ their own productions, and we can easily judge from that.” Stop, my friend! first catch your fish; first ascertain whether the writer of this has any such productions, then find out which he has treated with an undue lenity, and then guess at the individual. Now, in the first place, I have never told you, or given you reason to understand whether I have or have not any productions. Secondly, I shall take care that praise is awarded to those only who are entitled to it, and that censure shall be the lot of those only who seem to deserve it. Again, supposing I were to allow that I did own a fatherly feeling for some (which I by no means do allow) I should in that case take a leaf out of Brutus’ book, and when I assume the grave office of a Censor and a Critic, I should take care to be swayed neither by partiality nor prejudice.

So prepare, Mr. Editors, and Non Editors, my steam is on, and I am off.

No. I.

THE first words of the leading article seem to have been written under the idea that the *Observer*, like the Sleeping Beauty of old, had been enjoying a comfortable snooze of some few months; and after some pretty flowering language, descriptive of the dreams of the aforesaid weekly publication (but who ever heard

of eight pages of demy octavo, closely printed, and published for sixpence, dreaming?) the Editors, to whom of course we owe this production, proceed to enlighten us with a convicting truth to this effect, that they do not expect to startle the world with a meridian blaze of literary light, nor by the keenness of their satire, to increase the average amount of suicides in the Metropolitan and neighbouring districts—a fact of incontestable truth—an assertion which no one can, or would wish to contravene. Actuated again by the same generous though unnecessary alarm, they anxiously entreat all their readers to bear in mind that it is neither their intention nor their wish to supplant the works of “Boz” in the favour of the public, nor diminish materially the circulation of the “New Monthly.” Though pleased with the modesty which no doubt suggested the feeling, we must confess that the alarm was certainly unnecessary.

After giving vent to a dark hint at the probability of some “embryo” Newton, supposed at this moment to be buried under a heap of Sanscrit, Persian, or Hindustanee Dictionaries, springing suddenly to life out of their columns—a most improbable occurrence—and after exciting their friends to literary exertion, by a sort of moral “gnome,” strongly resembling in outward appearance, as well as sentiment, a very dark “Sanskrit Sloke,” they conclude with a touching allusion to the distant probability of their “Protegé” again falling asleep without a chance of there being a second batch of five public-spirited and disinterested individuals as themselves to play the part of the adventurous Prince, and again break its slumbers.

This spirited exordium is followed by a kind of parody of the introductory stanza of Scott’s “Lady of the Lake,” addressed to an imaginary harp, that is supposed to be in a fast state of decay, and very much out of tune at the present moment, somewhere near the Rye House, or elsewhere on the banks of the Lee. As a Parody it possesses some merit, though we recommend the author, on future occasions, to adhere closer to the metre of his original.

Although we rejoice in the name of a Conservative, we cannot enter into, or appreciate the merits of an ill-natured poetical-political lampoon, which is chiefly characteristic for its unmannerly gibes and puerile ideas; nor can we think highly of a poet, who, merely for *metrical conveniences*, converts his political antagonists into swine. The ideas, as well as the execution, seem to us, where they are not bombastic, to be ridiculous, and where they are not ill-natured, to be devoid of meaning.

With but slight notice of a sporting article, with a signature of *suspicious tendency*, possessing no doubt considerable merit, but several leagues a-head of our powers of criticism, and seemingly better suited for a number of “Fraser’s Magazine,” we come to some Latin Elegiacs, in the form of a letter of some Freshman in these parts, to a friend of corresponding freshness at the university. They detail in a humorous manner the miseries into which the student is initiated on his first arrival, and abound throughout with great classical merit, though for some reasons they do not seem to have received the applause they well deserve. We beg to assure those of our readers who may not have taken the trouble to peruse them, that they are well worthy of a couple of hours spent upon them, with the assistance of Ainsworth’s Latin Dictionary, if necessary.

Of the two remaining articles of the present number, one is a most singular production professedly built after the model of our old English ballads, but possessing in a most felicitous manner all the less pleasing peculiarities of the style, without any of the striking simplicity which is their chief and most fascinating characteristic. The other is a Translation of a Chorus from the *Alcestis* of Euripides, the merit of which is more than counterbalanced by the bad judgment in selecting the slow and solemn metre of Pope for the purpose of a chorus where the metre ought to be of a light and airy description and subject to occasional variations.

## No. II.

Our second number opens with an article of truly Herculean dimensions, sufficient by its very look to alarm every reader and to intimidate altogether those, whose object is to glean here and there for their momentary amusement. If that were the only consequence of its prolixity, it would not be worth a moment’s consideration, but we are afraid that its inordinate length will deter many others from its perusal, especially as its subject, though fraught with great interest to the admirers of the Greek drama, is not one likely at first sight to fascinate the casual reader.

However, two excuses may be offered, which may in some measure reconcile us to this seeming fault; first the nature of the subject, on which volumes have been written, and volumes still remain untold; and secondly, the successful way in which the subject has been treated, and such indeed is the merit throughout, that had we a pruning hook, with a "carte blanche" put into our hands, we should still be at a loss to decide which branches might be lopped off without disfiguring the stem.

One objection we must make here—not against this article especially—but against the general system of introducing quotations from classic authors, without any adequate reason—any peculiar suitableness of the passage quoted,—or any happiness in the allusion, but simply because it is a *quotation*, under the mistaken idea that a quotation displays a vast store of erudition and adds to the importance and dignity of the piece. Under this head come the lines from the "De Arte Poetica," of Horace, which have been thrust into this essay in a place where we are not aware of their making any addition to the argument, and where we are confident that their absence would never have been felt.

However all must allow that this article has enough "solidity" in itself to exist without the support of an occasional quotation, so we will leave it and proceed to the consideration of a translation of Horace, Ode 16, Lib. ii, which may indeed be rather called an adaptation:—as a strict translation what equivalent is there in the original for the latter part of the first, fourth, and the whole of the ninth stanzas? It is a fundamental law in translation that no addition should be made to the original, and still more no part should be omitted: no idea suppressed, no sentiment altered, however much the translator may flatter himself that the original is improved by the alteration:—For there are three classes of readers before whose eye the translation must be *supposed* to come:—Those who are entirely unacquainted with the original, and who look upon it only in the light of an English composition:—Those who were acquainted with it in their youthful days, but whose recollection (although they will often not allow it) is impaired by time:—and those who—few in number—think it worth their while to take their Horace, or whatever author it may be, out of their book-shelf, and consider the subject critically. It is to the second of these classes only that the present ode has any chance of pleasing, as its intrinsic beauties are not sufficient to attract the notice of the first, nor its correctness to disarm the criticism of the last. But we must not waste our time, and fatigue Mr. Austin's "Devil" with any such hyper-criticism as this, and I have no doubt most of our readers will join with us in allowing the translation the merit of a juvenile, (we must not say "school-boy") production.

Lines on Michaelmas Day—puerile in idea—as well as in execution.

Pugna Amwellensis:—It is fortunate that the learned author of this extract has informed us of the style he has been imitating, as otherwise we—the readers—should have been at a loss to decide:—as far as regards style, and diction, it might be with as much propriety ascribed to Cicero and Tacitus, as it has to Livy, though I do not think either of the aforesaid authors would be very anxious to father it. However the local allusions, and the burlesque annotations are happy, and will I have no doubt, compensate with most readers, for the uncertainty of the style.

"A Soldier's Death," founded upon fact, is described with a great deal of feeling and pathos. It contains the history of an officer in the Indian Army who gave bright promise of future distinction, but met with an immature fate owing to his intemperate valour, and want of sufficient caution. It is concluded by a poetical eulogy or lament upon the unfortunate officer, written with great feeling and taste.

### NO. III.

MR. EDITORS! MR. EDITORS! What are you thinking about? Whither have your powers of discrimination flown? Has every vestige of taste perished out of the land, that you treat us to such a dish as this before us? We really are at a loss what to call it: it cannot be justly called a Sermon from the publication in which it appears, and from the absence of a text, unless by the last "brevet" Chaucer has been promoted to the rank of an Evangelist, and his Canterbury tales have by some surreptitious means crept into the Canon of the Testament. We cannot call it an argumentative Essay, because it contains no argument, at least it proves nothing, and the reader whether a "superficial one" or not, is quite as much in the dark as respects the real nature of honour as he would have been had the author of this *treatise* never attempted to illuminate him.

Towards the end the eye is caught by a quotation from Demosthenes "De Coronâ," which has been similarly pressed into the service in a most unconscionable manner, with but little or no bearing on the subject, and seemingly more out of compliment to the classical lecture of the week than any peculiar application or meaning.

We have hardly time to recover from the unpleasant taste which *Φαίδων* leaves in our mouth, when before we are compelled to swallow an equally nauseous "pill" in the shape of a translation of the Cassandra of Schiller, which has the combined merit of great poverty as a translation, and great want of judgment as an English composition. We remember seeing somewhere a set of prints illustrative of the parable of the Prodigal Son, which the absurd taste of the painter had represented in all the peculiarities of dress &c. of the last century: we remember particularly noticing that the Prodigal Son was clad in a smock-frock and a slouch hat, while his father was arrayed in a splendid dress-coat and diamond-hilted sword, with a most accurate pig-tail, and lace ruffles, attended by two servants in gorgeous liveries. The unfortunate Cassandra is tricked out in a style almost as incongruous, and ludicrous. At present we must recommend to the Translator the use of a German Dictionary to assist him in rendering the original with more correctness, and Walker's Rhyming Dictionary to aid him in the composition of his line, and the aptness of his rhymes.

The "Extract from a Student's Journal Book" is written with a great fluency and command of language, but as it preserves a kind of medium path of excellence we leave it, and proceed to the perusal of a very able translation of one of the finest bursts of the Roman poet Lucan, which is rendered with great accuracy and good taste.

Pluck Examination Papers, like all articles where the object is to excite a laugh, are successful, and display a good deal of humour as well as some amount of classical knowledge. They have, however, a species of Cousin-Germanship with some papers of a similar sort published not very long ago at Cambridge.

We congratulate the Author on the following felicitous production, abounding in nonsense of the first water, and rife with most brilliant absurdities. Indeed, the state of the brain from which such a tissue of absurdities could proceed, can better be imagined than described. To use words in some measure resembling his own, he may be said to have sacrificed to the goddess Nonsensia, to have mounted on the wings of Folly, and travelled several days journey into the regions of Absurdity. And it is indeed a pity that he did not remain there—in a soil more congenial to his intellect, and more worthy of his talents.

The Number is concluded by a very able translation of the Second Ode of Anacreon, greatly superior to any of its predecessors from the same author; but we cannot imagine why the translator should have lopped off the first line, especially as it contains a good idea, and one by no means unsuited for translation.

#### No. IV.

UNDER the title of "Wanderings in the Long Vacation," to which, by the bye, it has no more claim than to that of wanderings in the moon, we have presented to us an article of considerable merit, and talent. The chief feature of it, especially as it occupies two-thirds of the whole, is a very amusing letter, which is above all praise from the novelty of the ideas, the easy flow of its style, and the humour with which it abounds. The idea of an alliance, offensive and defensive, having been formed between a carpet bag and a trunk, is worthy of the pen of Dickens, or Fielding. And, indeed, we very much doubt whether in their masterly hands the idea could have been improved upon, or more ably wrought up, than it has been in the present article. If we might presume to suggest, we think the idea at the close of the first paragraph, might have been a little more expanded, which would perhaps have contributed to the effect, without the danger of weakening the sentiment.

We would willingly, could we do so with justice, bestow one hundredth part of the approbation justly awarded to the preceding article, on the meagre continuation of the translation of Cassandra. One merit at least the translator has, viz. a strict uniformity of style, and he evidently strives to be consistent in his inelegancies, and unswerving in his faults.

It seems that the Author of the next article was suddenly inspired with a desire of contributing to the *Observer*, and urged by such noble motives had repaired to the College Library, in order to procure a subject. He seems there to have stumbled on a history of Russia, and thinking that that would suit his

purpose, culled out the first anecdote that met his eyes. In order then, to appropriate the anecdote to his own peculiar purposes, and evade the charge of plagiarism, he has dressed it out in a new suit of expressions, interlarded it with a few descriptions of his own coining, and in that state presented it to the public. Such indeed, to us seems its history. It certainly is a story; perhaps some good-natured readers may say it is an interesting story, but nothing else.

We cannot refuse to hail the often told story of the Golden Fleece, with feelings of satisfaction, and must allow the Author a certain *quantum* of praise, for the style in which he describes the preparations of the Argonauts, and the taste shewn in selecting a metre so well adapted for descriptions of any sort, especially for one of a solemn and melancholy character.

The next Contribution assumes to itself a merit, which (whether it has any other or not) it certainly has no claim to, viz. that of novelty. By some remarkable anachronism, or some other poetical figure, we are requested to believe that a Freshman zealous for the honour of the *Haileybury Observer*, composed four lines, which appear in the works of a Poet some time dead, and written, as some suppose, in a moment of temporary insanity. It requires a stress on our imagination, which we know not exactly how to indulge.

My dear readers, did you ever have the good fortune to receive as a Christmas-box, or a New Year's Gift a small volume, conspicuous in gilt edges, and a damson-coloured skin, one of those periodical tributes to the goddess Nonsensia, with a golden lyre on one side thereof, and a tiny wreath of laurel on the other (emblematical no doubt of the probable quantity of laurels its contents will obtain), and inscribed on the back, in fair golden letters, with the title of "Landscape Annual," "Ladies Casket," or such like. If you ever have seen such an article, cannot you imagine in one of the *genus* an engraving of the Tomb of Napoleon, and lines on the subject *vis à vis* to it on the opposite page. The lines before you, the Ode upon the Return of the Bones of Napoleon, are just cut out for such a purpose, were built after just such a model, and, we trust they may still, by some kind hand, be transplanted to their more congenial soil. In addition to a well-chosen motto, they have some claim to metrical merit; and we have no doubt that their sentiments at least will draw down shouts of applause from the admirers of Napoleon. We are scarcely competent judges as to the amount of triumphal shouts likely to hail his remains, but we cannot really bring ourselves to believe that Gallia's hills, whether clad in *vines* or *brambles*, can be so very—very glad to welcome back the chief who sacrificed several thousands of his countrymen to his own private ambition, and deluged "la belle France" with blood for nearly a quarter of a century.

Extracts from a Student's Journal Book are again rather prolix, and not of sufficient interest throughout to carry the adventurer through two columns of close print. Some portions, however are interesting and humorous, especially the description of the German savages—the Students of Bonne.

We have heard of an Editor of a London paper sending down with an order on his Penny-a-liner for a certain quantity of matter, measured by the inch; it seems that some gentleman is employed by the Editors, no doubt on the same liberal and easy terms, to translate Anacreon, and supply them with an *inch*, or an *inch and a half*, as the occasion requires. Perhaps we are wrong in our ingenious surmise, and Mr. P. B.'s pretty little description of pretty Bacchus-like boys, and gently tripping maidens, was reserved as a kind of tit-bit to finish the "Olla Podrida" of the week.

#### No. V.

UNDER all circumstances, and on all subjects, as, I dare say, some of my readers have already found out, Criticism is dull enough, but "really" some one might be inclined to cry out "Criticism upon Criticism is too bad": of such a nature however is the article before us, purporting to be a defence of the Bard of Avon from the cavils of his illiberal enemies, and more especially of a certain French "Sciolist," under which honourable title Voltaire is designated. Shakspeare has been fortunate enough hitherto to outlive the malignant sallies of his enemies, and the barbarous commentaries of Malone, we hope that he will be equally fortunate in surviving the spirited vindication of his friends and champions. The Author of this little treatise quotes freely from Coleridge, but with all due respect to the Author of that most extraordinary Poem—the *Ancient Mariner*—we do not think his opinion of such an exalted nature as to be incontrovertible, and must confess that Coleridge's intemperate sallies upon Voltaire are not more pardonable than Voltaire's illiberal and ridiculous criticism upon Shakspeare. We observe also that the Author by a

judicious arrangement has managed to introduce a quotation from Aristotle to shew his acquaintance with the Greek language, and the impossibility of the subject of the Drama, whether ancient or modern, being introduced without it.

Although we had no intention to depreciate the excellence of a composition that appeared in the preceding Number on the subject of the Argonauts, we really must confess that the subject was not of so great interest as to inspire us with any desire for a continuation of it, still less for an ill-natured parody upon it, with malicious allusion to its metre (which, as we remarked above, is well chosen,) and travesties of peculiar expressions. Indeed, we think that an author has no right to trespass upon a subject pre-engaged by another, and at least, if he does so, he ought to treat his predecessor with some show of respect. The present article is certainly very humorous, very happy in its allusions, and very easy in its flow, but we cannot help wishing that the subject had not been touched, and that we had been left with the same favourable impression that we had conceived of the former, which is now weakened by the ludicrous ideas suggested by the latter production.

The conclusion of Cassandra we pass over in silence and—

The continuation of Wanderings in the Long Vacation in some measure disappoints us, and we must unwillingly own that the excellence of the former article had raised expectations, which were not destined to be realised. Perhaps we expected too much, or perhaps the seeming falling off may be accounted for in this manner: the excellence of the former article consisted almost entirely in the "letter," which of course could not be continued: at any rate there are some touches of humour and drollery, and instances of happy descriptions, especially of the enthusiastic admirer of English horses, and his feelings at the loss of his favourite. It seems that the author had two very good anecdotes, for which the rest is merely a vehicle, and moreover not a very good vehicle.

The next article has attracted attention not so much from its intrinsic excellence, as from the peculiarities attendant on its production. Our first number announced its acceptance, and we, as all admirers of the noble game of cricket ought to do, looked forward with some interest to its appearance in the following number, but for some *unavoidable* reasons we were doomed to be disappointed. We were again raised to the highest pitch of anxiety at the publication of the third number, and reduced to the lowest state of distraction at not only its non-appearance in the fourth, but not even a notice of the why and wherefore it had been fraudulently excluded:—while a vague rumour was in extensive circulation, which through a channel, of a score or more "mouths," we traced to one of the Editors, of a rather "leaky" description, "that the article in question had been withdrawn," while other ill-natured news-mongers suggested that it had suffered the fate of infantine productions, and had been overlaid by its too-anxious nurses. At any rate, the Editors had a great amount of responsibility on their shoulders. Only fancy, my dear Readers, the feelings of the unfortunate Author, regarding with parental interest, and resting his hopes of future laurels on this, his virgin production. Think of his weekly disappointments and feelings of injured merit. I should hardly have wished to have been the nose of either of the Editors under the first outbreak of his righteous indignation. The appearance of the Number has not realized our anticipations. The Author certainly, if he is not already, deserves to be in the Eleven, for his delicate flattery to the powers which rule. As a composition, we cannot admire it. Nothing is so easy as to *parody* an author with such marked peculiarities as Homer, and proportionally nothing is so difficult as to *do it well*. The present production, interesting to those who can *construe* it, from its local allusions, displays a poverty of invention, and no happiness in adaptation.

The same remarks obtain for the following Ode of Horace, which we made upon one in a former number. The original is not sufficiently preserved; for instance, the third stanza, if anything, is entirely perverted. Again, the adaptation of modern instances, which are in all cases hazardous, are in this instance by no means felicitous.

The next article has some merit for ingenuity, in bringing together and ascribing to one unsuccessful Contributor four of the rejected articles. The idea is well imagined, and well carried out, though the verses are rugged.

The translation of the Nursery Rhyme possesses as much merit as such a subject treated in such a way can expect. The original is of course known to all, except to that class of individuals who from their important bearing, and grand way of talking, we may fairly suppose never to have been children. The ideas have been happily hit off, and neatly expressed.

#### No. VI.

We now come to the concluding number, and we are sorry that circumstances compel it to be so, and on the other hand we rejoice from its increased thickness to find that it contains a double share of the poetical and prose compositions of the Contributors. We are naturally

led to expect great things, and to imagine that in its service the pens of all have been used most industriously and successfully ; that many who have hitherto from feelings of modesty held back, have made a last and desperate attempt at literary fame, and that the regular Contributors have toiled with greater assiduity to eclipse, if possible, their former productions ; and we have not been disappointed. It is certainly the best number, without disparaging the preceding ones, of the set, and makes a good conclusion to the literary labours of the term.

"The Carved Chamber" is an interesting anecdote connected with the history of "Jane Müller," a celebrated carver in wood at Lubeck. The anecdote is well told, and the interest kept up throughout.

The next article seems to contain a kind of satire, not against the *Observer*, but against the Readers of the aforesaid journal, and the unsuccessful contributors thereto. The Author seems to be under the mistaken idea, that all the Contributors are tormented by the green-eyed monster, in reference to each other's productions, and that no one can look with any inward satisfaction upon any production, save his own. Such at least, as far as we can judge, seems the drift of his argument. There is some humour and some truth in the strictures with which he supposes the different Articles of the last Number were greeted, and he seems to have joined in a running fire, of which we saw some symptoms in the last Number, against some unsuccessful Contributor, who rejoiced in the name of "Poodle." The Author inculcates morality with a touch of misanthropy towards the end, and signs himself with a name which would defy the researches of Scapula, Schrevelius, and Donnegan, and the meaning of which, we own, we have in vain attempted to sift.

We should have been much obliged to the Author of "Table Talk" had he given us a kind of running commentary as to what he meant in his column of prose, for we know no other name to call it. It cannot be called a thesis, because it states nothing ; nor a dissertation, because it proves nothing. The commencement seems prefatory to something that never appears, and the end has the appearance of the conclusion to some argument that never existed. On the whole, it is a most mysterious affair, and would require a page or two more of the author's lucid prose to explain his object, and the drift of his argument.

We cannot but congratulate the Editors on being able to present to the public an effusion possessing such taste, beauty, and good feeling as the following :—The ideas are well arranged and well expressed. The opening is exceedingly beautiful, and although the middle rather flags, the last ten lines redeem its credit, and complete what may undoubtedly be considered the most successful production of the *Observer*. The justness of the sentiments, and the solemn tone of the ideas, in addition to the talent which they display, give evidence of the serious turn and superior attainments of the author.

"A Joke," like other productions of the same nature, contains a good deal of humour and drollery.

The translation of a "Chorus of Hecuba," is done with admirable taste and exactness, in a metre well suited to the original, and conveying no small portion of the sweetness that characterize the "Choruses" of Euripides.

Extracts from a Student's Journal Book, like the preceding numbers, is by no means deficient in interest, and is written in a very good and easy style. We think that the author goes over his ground at much too rapid a rate. He transports us from a dirty village in the North of Italy, whose name he does not mention, to the capital of Lombardy, or, as he is pleased to style Milan, the Paris of Northern Italy, and thence to Venice, with a velocity far surpassing Mr. Green's balloon, and putting the railroads to shame.

The translation from "Catullus" possesses a good deal of merit as a translation, as it adheres closely to the original, and, where the author does slightly expand, the idea introduced is not incongruous. The wind-up is rather too sudden, though perhaps, on the authority of Mr. Weller, that is *half the battle*, as it makes us wish for more.

We know not how the different gentlemen alluded to so distinctly in the "Haileybury Homeric" relish the joke, but for ourselves we are sure that our indignation would have been great, and perhaps vented itself in personalities, had our names and peculiarities been treated with as little respect, as has been used to some in this composition. A dark hint, or a pointed satire, is all very well—the person alluded to is soon brought out, but really we are inclined to call out, "hold, enough," when we see the license of the old Comedy renewed, and individuals brought upon the stage and exposed to ridicule under their own names. However, the piece abounds in humour of a good-natured kind, and if the victims themselves are content, there is no reason why we should be indignant. There is one objection, however, as regards it as an English composition, viz. the heaviness of the two last comparisons, which have not sufficient spirit for the subject. The conclusion also is too abrupt.

Concerning the following instance of dry-wit and witty-dryness we cannot exactly determine what to say. There is some latent fun enveloped in the greatest tirade of

nonsense ever seen. No doubt the author has taken his degree as M.S., Master of Slang, and should the East India Company consider it necessary to have a Professor in that department in this College, we shall have no hesitation in recommending him; from the judicious arrangement of the heads, and the spirited manner of illustrating and proving, we have no doubt that his lectures would be considered highly amusing as well as instructive. One of his deductions falls to the ground, as the E. I. Coll. tailor, "as it behoves critics to be accurate," is called *Cheek* and not *Cheeks*—witness the cards of that respectable and well-dressed individual. The theory therefore which attributes to him the invention is not so groundless as Mr Twaddle in his spirit of rivalry wishes to insinuate.

Shall we call the "*Carmen Bucolicum*" a third rate imitation, or an intense humbug? We feel inclined for the latter, but our respect for the feelings of the Author inclines us to the former. Well, be it so. The next question is who is the gentleman with the *azure garment's mantling fold*? We have in succession reviewed all the gentlemen who glory in blue *Pray-don't-ask-me-what's*, but against all of them some objection has been raised, either a deficiency as regards an expanded chest, or a slight mistake in the article of a commanding eye—at any rate Mr. Alex. has a right to be proud of the accomplishments whether real or attributed. As to Florus, he seems to be one of your sixteen-hours-a-day-hard-work-and-never-go-out sort of fellows. We have looked in vain into Lempriere and Ainsworth for a Nymph, or Deity of the euphonious name of *Lynia*,—a first-cousin perhaps to Lydia. The idea conveyed in the last line leads us to suppose that the lady in question was of a rather suspicious and close-fisted character.

The last Number closes with an "*Ode from the Sixth Book of Horace*," wherein the Poet is advising some friend of his to read hard, lest he should be plucked at some examination, into the nature of which we are not enlightened by any parallel passages of that Poet, or any note of the Scholiast. Indeed the Ode is by some, though upon insufficient grounds, considered to be spurious, but from the internal evidence of the style and the similarity to other passages, it may without a shadow of doubt be ascribed to the Venustus Bard.

We are now come to the conclusion of our grateful labours (as a Committee of the House of Commons would say), and on the whole, we think that all must be pleased with the production of the united talent and industry of the Contributors to the *Haileybury Observer*. The success that has attended the publication, and the number of contributions have been such as to warrant the continuation; and no one we are sure can deem the time spent in such labours to be thrown away, or misemployed. Part II. of the *Haileybury Observer*, stitched in a brown paper cover, with a view of the College for a frontispiece, and the name of the printers, Austin and Son, in legible characters below, will go forth to the world; and if it fails in attracting attention at the different courts of Europe, will at least be read in the distant climes of India, and inspire pleasurable recollections into the breasts of residents at the court of the Mogul and the City of Palaces.

But, surely one may fairly object; "Why, if all this be true, are we to read this ridiculous criticism, and have sixpence added to our bookseller's bills? Why cannot you leave good alone?" My good fellow, we must answer, pardon our absurdities: we have two reasons, which prompted us to trouble you thus. In the first place, we were inspired with the hope of amusing you, and supplying the deficiency caused by the sudden cessation of your *Observer*. Secondly, we consider ourselves the Champions of the Rejected Contributors, we wish to defy Editorial tyranny, and Literary oppression, to repay in proper coin the witty remarks with which the concluding page of each Number has been so liberally furnished. We speak in the united names of "Poodle," "Sam Buchka," "Jolly Cock," and the rest of the disappointed fraternity. If we are refused admittance into the *Observer*, we will find other means of giving vent to our sparks of wit, and bursts of talent.

These are the reasons which have given birth to this offspring of our Critic rage, which we humbly dedicate to our Readers.

εἰ μὲν καλῶς, ὡς ἐβουλόμεθα· εἰδὲ ἐνδεστέρας, ὡς ἐδυνάμεθα.

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# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

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## PART III.

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Liberius si  
Dixero quid, si forte jocosus; hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniā dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.*

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No. 1.] WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1841. [Price 6d.

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ANOTHER Term has arrived, and with it another number of the "*Haileybury Observer*"—prodigious! Was there ever an amateur magazine gifted with such extraordinary powers of longevity? The tables of mortality exhibit a vast number of sudden deaths amongst productions of this nature; and, to say the truth, we were a little alarmed lest our pet child should fall under the influence of the epidemic. We reflected too, with a slight shudder, on the events of the past year. We could not help remembering that our magazine had in the month of February last, suddenly and unexpectedly relapsed into the condition of a chrysalis; a state of torpidity and inaction brought on by a certain stiffness and frigidity in its members, which nothing but the genial warmth of a summer's sun had power to dissolve. With this unpleasant fact still lingering in our recollection we indulged a very natural suspicion that, if a similar event was ever likely to recur, now was the very time. But these "spectre-doubts" which hovered about us like ugly phantoms, haunting our imagination and disturbing our repose, have melted away; and in their place have arisen feelings of much satisfaction, flowing from the contemplation of the healthy and blooming condition of our little periodical, its good-humoured readiness to fill up its small station in its own small sphere, and the hearty good will with which its various supporters are evidently preparing to perform those functions which are essentially necessary to its maintenance.

Lying on the table before our eyes is a thin octavo volume, elegantly bound in green, adorned with a suitable quantity of gilding, and embellished, moreover, with a copper-plate engraving representing a magnificent palace, erected on the margin of an extensive lake, with a young lady and gentleman in the foreground who might do very well for Adam and Eve in the act of contemplating Paradise. This little volume contains, as all know, the first two parts of the *Haileybury Observer*. And what if the expectations excited by the tempting exterior of the little work, and raised to great intensity by a peep at the elegant building supposed to be its birth-place, are not altogether realised when we

penetrate beyond the cover and dive into the depths of the matter which lies beneath! What, if after perusing a page here and there we consign it to the bookshelf, and exclaim, "tineas pasces taciturnus inertes!" What if it meet no better fate than to collect the stray particles of dust, or form a safe retreat for a colony of spiders! still its aim has been answered; it has wiled away many an idle hour in a profitable manner; it has varied the monotonous routine of college life; and no unfortunate individual, confined in a lazaretto or shut up in a country inn on a rainy day, ever seized upon the "Newgate Calendar" or an old newspaper with half as much avidity, as did the students of Haileybury College on every successive number of their magazine, as it regularly issued from the press of the publisher at Hertford.

If such, then, was the sole aim of the two preceding parts of our publication, such is also the aim of that which dates its commencement from the present number. We repeat a sentiment we remember to have expressed before, that its object is to amuse the writer by providing some scope for the exercise of his inventive powers. Let all then become writers. True—there may be, and certainly have been a large number of rejected contributions; but he is not deserving of success, who is deterred from the prosecution of his object by a few failures at the outset. Out of a body of ninety students, there must necessarily be many capable, with a little exertion, of attaining such a level of excellence as will at once admit them to a place in our pages. And here, were it not needless, we would entreat the renewed support of those of our fellow-students who are not strangers to the *Observer*. They will not, we are sure, be guilty of such coldness of heart, such total apathy and insensibility of soul, as to neglect the old friend, who conducted so much to their amusement during the past term. To those gentlemen, with whose presence we are now honoured for the first time, we would say one word. They have not, in all probability, favoured us as yet with any communications. Their silence will have arisen from a very natural modesty. They wished to see what was the nature of the first number; they were not quite sure whether the standard of excellence was sufficiently low to warrant their attempting anything themselves. By a very remote possibility they might not, perhaps, have discovered the exact situation of the Editor's box. But now they are fully informed on all these points; and we shall doubtless be overwhelmed with a multitude of contributions. Oh, if they knew how electric was the thrill of secret satisfaction, which ran through every limb of our body, and reached to the very tips of our fingers, when our eyes fell for the first time on our own composition,—yes,—our own veritable composition, the legitimate offspring of our own individual brain, clothed in a clear, beautiful, transparent type, and looking so captivating withal, that we remember to have thought *that* the "proudest moment of our existence!"—Oh, if they knew how supremely pure and exstatic was the pleasure produced by such a sight, they would spare neither time, trouble, paper, or pens, in the attainment of a "summum bonum" so much to be desired!

With many aspirations, then, for the prosperity of our paper, we launch it once again upon the waters, trusting that, light and buoyant in its nature, it will ride safely over the stormy billows of opinion, and unassuming in its character, receive no harm from the keen and cutting blasts of criticism and satire.

## A PEEP INTO EDITORIAL CONCERNS.

Quis leget hæc? Min' tu istud ais? Nemo hercule—Nemo?  
Vel duo vel nemo—turpe et miserabile—Quare?

(*Perseus*).

It was a dull evening on the 31st of January, 1841, when three individuals, whose care-worn countenances, indicative of literary toils, at once proclaimed them to be Editors, entered a room in that respectable seat of learning and Belles-Lettres—Letter D. We believe that some of our readers might demand an accurate and unsparing description of the persons, figures, gait, looks, &c. of the Editors of the *Haileybury Observer*, and at first we had taken up our pen with the intention of describing each one of that respectable body in terms so explicit as to save his tailor, be he Cheek, Twaddle, or Barrand, the necessity of measuring him for his next suit; but on second thoughts we considered the extreme danger of verging on personalities: we trusted, moreover, that each, individually, and all, collectively, remain so deeply enshrined in the recollection of their enraptured constituents, the students of the E. I. C., as to need no refresher to their memories, and therefore we determined to proceed at once to business, and, with a daring hand, expose to the public gaze the secrets of Editorship—the penetralia of the closet—the arcana arcanissima of that sanctum, whither no prying eyes have hitherto gained entrance, and whence no whisper directly or indirectly has ever through any medium breathed the slightest information as to the unpublished business in hand! But to return to our “*muttons*”—when the three gentlemen above alluded to were comfortably seated, it might have been evident to any speculative observer that their expectant glances to the window, and ears erect to catch the sound of approaching footsteps down the stone passage, were as many indications of impatience at the non-arrival of the remaining parts and portions of the committee. At length, however, their wishes were gratified, and two individuals, whose appearance betokened extreme haste, rushed into the room: of one of whom, despite our fear of personalities, justice and equity compel us to say that he was rather, on the whole, conspicuous for a not very limited length of proboscis,—of the other we shall for the present say nothing. Immediately on the arrival of these last mentioned comers, business seemed to be the order of the day, and one Editor, before whom was piled a considerable quantity of papers of various kinds, remarked in a soft and oily voice “That the year —41 seemed to have begun as regarded literary productions similar to most other years, *i.e.* with the production of a good deal of nonsense. “Of four essays which I hold in my hand,” continued that worthy, “three commence with ‘Of all countries none is more,’ &c. I have also an ‘Ode to a Butterfly,’ and ‘A Day’s Deer Stalking,’ both of which have the merit of being so exceedingly novel and unheard of, that we must beg to decline their acceptance.” Having thus concluded with a smile, intimating his playful irony, the same Editor (we leave our readers to fix him as any one of the five) proceeded to read the following Translation of the Address to Epicurus in the beginning of the third book of Lucretius. To which address, as an hitherto quiet individual facetiously remarked, the author had probably been directed by his Epicurean pursuits during the vacation:—

O Thou, whose giant soul first raised a light  
O’er the sad darkness of the mental night,  
Who first hast dared midst erring men to show  
The various uses of this life below,  
Increase of glory to the Grecian line,  
Direct my footsteps, for I follow thine!  
’Tis no vain envy of thy deathless fame  
That bids me hope an equal rank to claim,  
Mine is a purer, mine a nobler end—  
Whence could the swallow with the swan contend?  
Or what could prompt the trembling kid in speed  
To aim at victory with the mettled steed?

Father, ’twas thine the ways of earth to show,  
’Twas thine a father’s precepts to bestow;  
And as the bees in flowery woods renew  
Their pleasing toils, and sip the honied dew,

Thus we, like them, in labours sweet engage,  
 And taste the beauties of each learned page;  
 Wherein thy golden words, shall shun decay,  
 And live, still fresh, with every lengthening day.

Soon as thy mind has told the human race  
 How Nature's work has sprung, and grown apace,  
 Quick as thy words, then vanish into air  
 Our gloomy fears, and soul-corroding care.  
 Back start the bounds of earth—I see unfurled  
 The various systems which direct the world;  
 I see, I see, the heavens its seats disclose,  
 Where gods delight in calmness to repose.  
 Those seats, nor snow nor frost invades, nor hail,  
 Nor watery clouds, nor beating storms assail,  
 But all the year, in glad succession rise  
 Unshowery suns, and bright expanded skies;  
 For every want here Nature kind provides,  
 In peace and happiness each moment glides;  
 Far, far removed, hell's gloomy mansions lie,  
 And space unclouded opens to the eye.  
 Thence, raised secure, a single glance may scan  
 The frame of Nature, and the works of man.

At this my soul a hidden working feels,  
 A thrill of pleasure o'er my senses steals;  
 That thus thy mind has bared before our view,  
 Superior worlds, and pierced all Nature through.

The next piece that came under the critical judgment of the committee, was an essay entitled, "The Effects of the *Haileybury Observer*." The production was lengthy, and its effect soporific, evidence of which was given by one Editor, in the shape of something approaching to a snore, whilst two others seemed determined to spare him the necessity of furnishing himself with stationery, by assiduously filling his pockets with seven pens, three sheets of paper, and an inkstand and a half, &c. &c. One part, however, contained some sparks, which we have thought fit to submit to our readers, as remarkable for the boldness and choice of its metaphors; it was as follows:—"The effects of our magazine have also been visible in the production of sensations both natural and awakening: springing from the low and unhealthy marshes of prejudice and ignorance, its flight, unlike the twistings and turnings of a snipe, has been more like the steady and unchanging course of the wild duck, rising gradually, and yet boldly towards the zenith: and there may it soar unharmed by the leaden drops that are sent from the ill-directed barrels of malice and audacity, only to settle down beside the warm springs of fame, and to set at nought the ice and snow of darkness and oblivion! As a corrector of abuses, its arrows, partially blunted, have attained unto their mark, but yet unto you, Gentlemen Editors, I submit it with deference, that you never suffer the pitchfork of envy to disturb the good seeds committed to the bed of literature, or the pruning knife of discontent to lop the young tendrils of the plants of genius."

At this peroration, which was given out in a clear tone by the nasal gentleman above alluded to, the quintetto were so much affected by their feelings, as to be totally unable to proceed for the full space of five minutes and a quarter; at length one more audacious individual ventured to break the sacred silence, and summoned his companions back to the dull routine of sublunary matters, from the groves of fancy in which they had seemingly been wandering.

The next examined was a beautiful Amœbean Ode, written after the most approved fashion of Horace. We regret that our limits do not afford us space sufficient for the introduction of it as a whole, and consequently have selected the following, requesting at the same time that our readers will pay particular attention to the climax contained in the gentleman's answer.

Very slowly peeps the moon,  
 Winking mildly through the gloom;  
 'Tis the set of dying day—  
 Lovers take their evening stray.

LADY.

Urge me not again to stay,  
Quickly flies the fleeting day ;  
Quit me—leave me—quick ! begone !  
I must seek my hated home.

GENTLEMAN.

Stay, oh stay, my vow to hear,  
My life, my soul, my duck, my dear ;  
Briefly said—the answer's thine,  
Wilt thou dearest ? wilt be mine ?

See, her beaming eye and blush,  
All his fears and terrors hush ;  
Love, though silent, mutters still  
On his listening ear " I will."

After this the meeting was ended, appropriately enough, by the perusal of a piece of lyricism, entitled " Thoughts on Winter," as follows :—

Spring returns with joy and gladness,  
And the summer sun is gay ;  
Autumn's fruits are very plenteous,  
Yet I love old winter's day.

See at morn on shrub and flower,  
Bright the sparkling hoar-frost shine ;  
'Midst that fair array of diamonds,  
Dim would be Golconda's mine.

And though every tree is naked,  
And each leaf long since is sere,  
Beauty still around them lingers—  
Death has failed to ravish here.

Go where fields their future harvest,  
And the rustic's hope contain ;  
Winter's cold and icy touches  
Promise give of summer's reign.

From the dark, drear earth arising  
Now the earliest blades are seen,  
Frost and snow—the stormy north wind—  
Bids them flourish fresh and green.

Thus may we in death's cold winter,  
Find with us the promise bright ;  
May we gain a fresher lustre—  
A longer day from that long night.

At the conclusion of this, another trifling piece or two were perused attentively by the five, which, however, we do not think worthy of forcing on our readers. The meeting then adjourned, and thus put an effectual stoppage on our writing any more ; still, as we sought again the quiet of our chamber, we could not help expressing a wish that those who, though able, had not put pen to paper for this number, would do so ere the next was published ; and whilst re-lighting our fire, which, by perversely going out, had left our room somewhat in the condition of Mr. Brien O'Lynn's inexpressibles, " pleasant and cool," we secretly hoped that the freshmen especially would not be deterred by feelings of false modesty, but take the advice of one who himself was a freshman but a short time ago, and write, write, write.

K.

## AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A COLLEGE CAP.

THE same stern destiny, which has sentenced you, my readers, to two years' hard work in the Haileybury galleys, preparatory to your further transportation, ordained to me the many miseries I am now about to record:—

Round the first moments of my existence hangs a cloud, which all succeeding investigation on my part has been unable to remove. On a subject deeply interesting to all—viz. the individuality of my parents, I am unable to give the slightest information.

My most distant recollections carry me back to a dark room in a dark shop, in the heart of London, where for some length of time (how long I know not) helpless, surrounded by companions in a similar situation, I led a wearisome existence, until I was suddenly transported to the more genial regions of Haileybury. It was here that I first entered upon the busy field of life—it was here that I first became aware of the paramount, and important duties I was destined to fulfil. My lot was to be united to a young and beautiful gown, towards whom I entertained a fervent affection, the memory of which to my dying day can never be effaced.

Although we are destined to exalted situations, and are at the *head* of whatever we undertake, still, if the truth be told, we are but servants. My first master was a short, thick-set, tight-legged, bullet-headed individual, with a mouth of unusual dimensions, who fresh from Dr. Flogboy's academy in the North, had the feelings of an individual lately dropped from the skies in his new abode. His freshness naturally encouraged liberties on the part of the more established settlers, and unfortunate I was in many instances the victim of their petulance, and many and severe were the colds I caught from the aquatic salutes discharged to welcome his arrival, and the cold water so continually thrown upon his proceedings. In other respects his conduct to me was kind, and excited my warmest esteem. He was proud of having me at all times with him, and on his return to his room, would manifest the most tender regard for my comfort, by brushing me carefully, combing my silky tassel, and leaving me to pass the night in the expanded bosom of my beloved companion.

But such happiness could not last long. In an unwary moment, in the innocent pride of his heart (a pride which I at least must forgive), he went with me to a breakfast party. More wary than my master, and profiting by the knowledge of the world which in my limited circle of acquaintance I had acquired, I trembled at the thought of the calamity which impended over me, and the separation which seemed more than probable. My worst fears were realised. The comeliness of my appearance, in which I especially prided myself, excited the notice of a capless individual, as I was lying midst a heap of mangled and mutilated fellow-creatures. It was in vain that I made use of my limited powers of communication, to awaken my master to a sense of my peril. His mouth and thoughts were too much engrossed by a mass of bread and jam, with which he was winding up his repast, to listen to my complaint. My rape was effected. I was borne off in triumph by this wretch, devoid both of principle and honour. Tears coursed each other down my cheeks; alas! they were but the prelude of further calamities.

My new master was wild and reckless, though not naturally cruel or malicious; but to prevent any claim being laid on my person, he deemed it necessary to dock off a part of what my old master considered my chief beauty—my tassel. I submitted to this indignity with patience, and saw my silken locks committed to the flames with suppressed indignation. I felt the want of my old comforts and my companion. I was no longer treated with respect—my complexion was soiled, and my person injured.

As I was one day ruminating on my altered condition in a corner whither I had been ignominiously thrown, I was again ravished by a cadaverous, auburn-haired, plaid-waistcoated son of Scotia, who had come on a piratical excursion in his neighbours' grounds during the hour of lecture. The change to me was for the better; but it was not of long duration. Enquiries after me were promptly set on foot; my lurking place was found out: the rape of Helen was not vindicated with more celerity. 'Alas! in the skirmish of my re-capture, I received a wound, the marks of which I shall carry to the grave. The vertebrae of my spine were severely strained, and the poor remnants of my tassel were gone—gone for ever! I was become a mutilated being.

The incidents of my life subsequent to this event were short, and without interest. I more than once changed my master, and each left a token upon me of his handy-work : one more inhuman than his fellows had the barbarity to dissect me, and, horrible to recount, extracted my back bone :—my limbs collapsed, and I became a shapeless trunk.

We are by nature a short lived race ; few exist beyond the third term, the era by which we measure our existence ; many perish before that time : among them I was one : my end was rapidly approaching : one severer pang than all awaited me :—On going one day into lecture my ear was caught by a familiar rustle, and my eye by the well-known figure of my former companion—still graceful, though evidently the worse for wear. Vain were my attempts to draw her attention. Time had fallen heavy upon me, and had effaced the beauty which she once loved. She knew me not.

Life thenceforward was a blank : I courted death, and was anxious for the moment to close my sorrows : and it was not long distant. Disgusted by my appearance, my master in a moment of excitement flung me into the hall fire. I cast one mournful look behind, I pictured to myself the regions inhabited by my departed kindred and ——— expired.

#### ANACREON—*Ode V.*

*Τὸ ῥόδον τὸ τῶν Ἑρώτων  
Μίξωμεν Διονύσῳ.*

Let us mingle the Rose, the Rose of the Loves,  
With the joys of the gladdening wine,  
As laughing and sporting around in the groves,  
Our temples with roses we twine.  
The Rose is a matchless, an exquisite flow'r,  
The Rose is the darling of Spring ;  
And the gods in the shade of the roseate bow'r  
Refuse not its praises to sing.  
For Cupid with garlands of Roses delights  
His delicate tresses to crown,  
As aye with the Graces in sport he unites,  
Or joins in the dance on the down.  
Then, Bacchus, so crowned, to thy fanes I'll retire,  
As blithe and as free as the air,  
And striking the sonorous cords of my lyre,  
I'll dance with some beautiful fair.

Ω.

#### A LOVELOCK.

Love is a delicate subject to meddle with in any way, from the real article itself to anything which has the slightest connection with it. Love verses, love stories, are in general more honored by a horse-laugh than a sigh, by tears of mirth, rather than of sympathy ; and yet why should I hesitate to avouch that my lovelock was indeed a lovelock—it was bright, silken—in short no epithet can describe it, it was the very emblem of love, not the coarse, oily ringlet of some full-blown peony of beauty, but a modest, flaxen, neatly plaited lock that had once actually luxuriated on the brow of the fair Constantia—still with the fatality which attaches to the name of love, that lock worked my woe.

Gentle reader, shall I make you my confidant? With the frankness implanted in noble natures, I will,—and therefore premise that I am but a recent importation from the land of oat-cakes, deer-hunters, and above all, of Patagonian, raw-boned, red-haired, *cadets*, with not a few, more fortunate, writers.

Still though I am yet “not hackney’d in the ways of men” I flattered myself that I had more acquaintance with the ways of women, and early pursued my wanderings, filled with visions of conquest among the beauties of the south.

It was not long before I struck up a very warm flirtation. The dearest hopes of my vanity were gratified, and for six delightful weeks I revelled in unalloyed bliss—unalloyed did I say—no, the certainty that I was so shortly to quit the sphere of my success did not a little damp my enjoyment; one thing I determined; I would strike one finishing blow and bear away some trophy, some remembrance, of my victory—a lock of hair! the very thing, but how was it to be obtained? *Sirs*, genius has a fertile invention and I was not long at a loss—a little coaxing of a spoilt child of twelve, who was honoured by the name of a younger sister of my Constantia, procured me a promise of the coveted treasure. The next day I received it, the exquisite creation upon which I have expatiated, neatly folded, tied with blue ribbon; it surely could come from no hands but those of one—I was enraptured, placed it in my left-hand waistcoat pocket and rushed into the boudoir, when, horror of horrors! what think you met my eyes? There sat *my* Constantia on the fauteuil, and by her knelt with her hand in extremely close proximity to his mouth, a strapping black-whiskered captain of dragoons; a sudden scream from the fair one, and an extremely unpleasant look from the Captain, were the consequences of my appearance—the lady disappeared—I flew back to the little imp who had deceived me, “Did Constantia give you the hair?” gasped I.—“Oh! dear no”—then where on earth did you get it? “Why to be sure, out of the *comb* in Constantia’s dressing-room.”

SYLVESTER.

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#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“A Gondolier” *must not be discouraged. His verses are good, and we recommend him to try again.*

“Foxglove” *is accepted.*

*Under consideration*, “H. H.” “I. D.”

“Quintus,” *very mystic.*

“Niger” *unintelligible and illegible.*

“Oriens” *is likely to rise.*

“Billy Munns;”—*we trust his next brew will be better.*

*We hope to hear more from* “A Teetotaller,” “A Wandering Jew,” and “Tom Todger.”

*All contributions intended for insertion the same week must be sent in, at the latest, by Saturday evening.*

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# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

## PART III.

Liberius si

Dixero quid, si forte jocosius; hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniā dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.*

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No. 2.] WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1841. [Price 6d.

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### HINTS TO WRITERS FOR THE "OBSERVER."

"Take advice, Sir, as the Doctor said."—*Sam Weller.*

It will probably have already occurred to the penetrating observations of many aspirants to literary fame, that there are two objects to be mainly kept in view in writing for that weekly paper, entitled the *Haileybury Observer*; the first is to please the taste of the Editors; the second, and by no means less important, is to please the public at large—i. e. the remainder of the Students. Now although we should naturally expect that what goes down with the Editors—those caterers for the public appetite—those purveyors, we may say, of literary commons for the expectant mouths of the community—would also be no less gratifying to the palate of the *οἱ πολλοί*, still it has often been found that the dishes cooked up and the food provided by that respectable committee have proved totally devoid of savour—tough and hard of digestion—"flat, stale, and unprofitable." This of course has produced effects lamentable in themselves, and yet such as might easily be remedied: and it is to bring about this desired object that we now take up our pen, thereby hoping so to pave the way for future efforts that in a short space of time—indeed, ere the snow that now encumbers the ground has melted away—our successful efforts will have become plainly visible to all, in the increased number of accepted productions, and the consequent augmentation of fame, bulk, and importance to the pages of the *Haileybury Observer*. Now, readers all, in the first place, despite what I have previously said, I would seriously advise you to apply all your efforts towards gaining the good will of the Editors, for without that, I need hardly say, you will not be able to book a place in the inside. Now, to gain that good will, several means may be employed: first and foremost, be particular in the choice of a name—a waggish and facetious appellation, or a very learned one, has been known to go a great way, and withal has this advantage, that if the offering is rejected the name will yet appear in the Answers to Correspondents, and by its oddity will doubtless excite a host of conjectures as to its talented and ill-used owner. We know some literary men in our College whose fame has been totally acquired by the singularity of their nomenclature,—at any rate, be sure never to affix to your composition any quiet and unpretending signature such as K.—T. H.—F. G.—&c. &c. Next, always enclose a sort of deprecatory note to the Editors, setting forth that you are young and inexperienced—that this is your first flight, and that your next will be bolder, &c. &c. &c.; and, finally, that if they (the Editors) are hard-hearted enough to reject your enclosed, they are requested immediately to commit it to the flames;—this sort of sentence always acts as a very strong appeal to the feelings, and may be productive of most important consequences. If possible, introduce an allusion—so distinct as not to be mistaken—to some rather conspicuous individual; paint him on the whole, in a somewhat ridiculous light; for

PART III.

C

if your composition be totally devoid of any art or polish, it will still be acceptable to some, from the mere circumstance of its marking a member of the College for the remainder of his stay at Haileybury.—If your subject be verse, so much the better : for verses, when pointed at some distinct person, naturally take a greater hold of the memory than prose, and are more easily hurled at him on every suitable occasion by his friends. Prose also is harder to treat well than verse, yet, if skilfully managed, it possesses great influence. For instance, always begin with “Gentle reader, we bare our bosoms for your inspection ;” or, “My dear readers, we unlock to you the secret repository of our heart’s store ;” or with some such insinuating address contrive to strike on a chord that shall find an echo in the very soul of the most Aristarchus-like critic.—In translation—a never-failing source when every other spring is dried up—Horace is a very good author to exercise your talents upon ; but here there is some dread of the original being known by a good many : Anacreon is a safer subject, and (seemingly) quite as inexhaustible : nor will there be much danger of detection if you wander from your author, and instead of Anacreon give the public his ghost, for few, either from listlessness or inability, will be at the trouble of comparing the Greek with the English, and thus you may luxuriate in your own imaginative powers, as indeed you may always do, whenever you wander in a more untrodden path of literature, and cull the choicest flowers of Lucan or Lucretius.—These are a few of the most important hints which we have to submit to our “gentle readers ;” and in addition let us add, that there is yet a subject untouched and unsullied, which many might handle with dexterity, and that is “ghost stories” and robberies. Deer-stalking has been of late pronounced by unerring authority to be exhausted, and therefore the more earnestly do we advise all to follow our advice, and inundate “*The Observer*” with stories rivals of the “Cock-lane Ghost,” and “Mrs. Veal with the rustling gown,” and great *κῶδός* be his who first shall tickle the public’s ear with a freezing tale of midnight horrors. Having thus, then, “gentlest of readers,” made you my confidant, and shown you desultory hints whereby you may gain entrance into the little volume, we bid you for the present farewell.

A.

---

#### THE FAIRIES’ LAMENT.

No more, no more, when the moon is high,  
And purple light overspreads the sky,  
Shall we chase with laughter her flying beam  
Over the breast of the starlit stream,

Where the water-lilies rise and fall,  
Girt with the rivulet’s silver thrall ;  
Pale as a vessel of marble mould,  
Or bright like a shield of embossed gold.

Here one dew-nectar would hovering sip  
From the azure hyacinth’s bending lip ;  
And some on the wings of a moth would pass  
Over the flower-inwoven grass ;  
Or over the windless waters float  
Gallantly borne in an oak-leaf boat.

But now no more by the slender rill  
That bursts from the heart of the grassy hill  
Will our sacred circles of darkest green  
Around the oak by the herds be seen.\*

No more will our voices by night be heard,  
Fitfully blent with the lone night-bird ;  
That fills the air with so sweet a strain  
That the joy to listen is almost pain ;

\*— “the green-sour ringlets  
Whereof the ewe not bites.”—*Tempest*.

The reverence paid to our race of yore,  
Men's hardened minds retain no more ;  
And harsh and book-gathered thoughts succeed  
To the brighter dreams of the olden creed ;

For now the sight of our grassy rings  
No awe to the gazing peasant brings ;  
Unheeding within their wreaths they stray,  
And, like their verdure, we fade away—

In the farthest East of the Indian Sea  
Isles by mortals unseen there be,  
Where the sunny air is with odours drown'd,  
And the blue waves break with a silver sound  
O'er the delicate seaweed and diamond sand  
Of a myriad-tinted shell-strewn strand.

And with gentle motion the sapphire seas  
Roll over rose-coloured coral trees ;  
And the painted star-fish amidst them glance  
Clad in their glittering radiance ;

And tresses of seaweed the waves beneath  
Round the wrinkled stems of the coral wreath ;  
Whose tints, gold, purple, and azure, may vie  
With the feathery clouds of the evening sky.

And each bright bird through the soft air springs  
On ever-changing and rainbow wings ;  
And no fierce beast, nor unlovely sight  
Those odorous valleys may ever fright ;

And flowers and blossoms strange and rare,  
Load with their perfume the fainting air ;  
And bend down their heads to the waves that pass  
Clearer than colourless crystal glass.

And stately trees o'er the hills and vales  
Bow their crests to the scented gales ;  
And shining fruits of flavour rare  
Glow on their branches everywhere,  
As of polished metal they moulded were :

Pearl'd sunbows over the waterfalls rise  
Whose silvery mists ascend the skies ;  
And scarlet parasites hanging hide  
The dark rock's shiver'd and wave-worn side ;

The year throughout in those golden isles  
Every element ever smiles ;  
And through the deep air's luminous vales  
Bright clouds float as on spirit-sails.

Speeding over the ocean-foam,  
There henceforward shall be our home ;—  
In England's solitudes fair and green  
Our roundel-rings shall no more be seen ;  
On Cambria's hills, by Avon's shore,  
The Fairy-people shall dwell no more ;  
By summer wood, or by haunted well—  
Sweet vales of England, for aye, farewell !

FOXGLOVE.

## THE BACHELOR.

When of the town and its dull pleasures tired,  
 To his old hall, the gay Sir George retired ;  
 With rustic cares he sooth'd his ruffled breast,  
 Drank the pure air, and happiness confess'd.  
 Yet was it lonesome, when the day closed round,  
 Than owl's scream, to hear none other sound :  
 To people every niche with warriors grim,  
 And fancied forms, that wildly scowled on him.—  
 His maiden friends would seriously advise,  
 That he the wedded state should not despise,  
 But choose a partner from the gentry round,  
 Sure it were hard, if one could not be found ;  
 But all his answer was a listless smile,  
 Or oftentimes he'd say " I'll wait awhile."  
 Now every day he rose at early morn  
 And gazed with rapture on the golden dawn ;  
 Then vaulted on his hack, and with a speed  
 That rivall'd railroads, reach'd the place agreed.  
 Then blew the huntsman staunch his welcome note,  
 Then answer'd shrilly hill and dale remote ;  
 Sir George is foremost in the eager press—  
 And urges on his steed with fond caress.  
 'Tis eve, and in Sir George's friendly hall,  
 Around the bowl, sate merrie huntsmen all :  
 Sir George, he drank the Queen, the Prince, the Lords,  
 With rather better wine, may be, than words—  
 When rising up he said, " My Gentle Sirs,  
 With your consent, we'll drink the Bachelors."

I.D.

## THE LOLLARD'S WOOD.

Fifty years ago, a few miles on the northern side of London, stood a small thicket dignified by the euphonious title of "The Lollard's Wood;"—bare fields now occupy the spot, but the older inhabitants of the neighbourhood still remember the name. I had once the curiosity to make some researches respecting the local history, and the following tale was the reward of my enquiries :—

"In the reign of Henry V. it is wellknown that a violent persecution of the followers of Wickliffe prevailed, and some few disturbances in the vicinity of the then village of St. Giles and elsewhere, whether real or fictitious, gave a demi-political character to the proceedings against them. It seems otherwise difficult to account for the rancour displayed by the generous nature of the King, with whom the very name of a Lollard was sufficient to outweigh the most meritorious services.

It was not long after the arrest of the celebrated Sir John Oldcastle, on suspicion of treasonable designs, that a single horseman was seen urging his steed to its fastest pace up the ascent which led to the wood in question.

Rushing through the underwood, he hastily secured his bridle to the branch of a tree, and slipping off his seat proceeded to make his way to the interior of the wood on foot. This was no easy matter, for the thicket appeared almost impenetrable, but stooping down; however, he contrived to thrust his body into a small gap, which appeared scarcely large enough to admit a fox—but was in reality the entrance to a circuitous and low passage, evidently cut with great care to avoid discovery—by means of this, he at length arrived at an open space where, halting for a moment, he anxiously listened lest any intruder should be near. All was silent, and he gave a low whistle, which was answered apparently from no great distance, and in another second the grass almost beneath his feet seemed to move, and the venerable head of an old man suddenly rose from the ground. The horseman, a fair haired boy of some sixteen years of age, started backwards at the apparition, but instantly recovered himself,

and advancing towards the cause of his alarm, delivered a packet of letters into his hands. Hurriedly tearing open their silken strings, the latter read them with an expression of deep anxiety, and then turning to the messenger he exclaimed, with an accent that betrayed his foreign origin, "What! have they even discovered this retreat, and can the malice of our enemies descend to hunt down even my grey hairs?" Alas! replied the youth, there have been traitors amongst us, and as to you I heard my father declare but this morning that you were the chief source of the evils which disturb the country, by the introduction of the tenets of the Vaudois—indeed," he added, "if it be in my power to give information of his den, I will in person see that no ill-timed mercy prevents his escape from justice. Sir William Glasdale honours me beyond my desert," replied the preacher, for such he was, "but tell me, are the pursuers already on our track?" "I fear me, that they are almost within earshot even now" was the reply "when I left my father's gate they were mounting for the pursuit, and had it not been for the fleetness of my horse, would have been here before me. You must fly directly, and by keeping along the marshes at the bottom of the hill, you will be able to baffle all chase, as they are too heavily armed to follow you there; and make your way in safety to the North, where our friends will give you shelter."

Scarcely were these words uttered, when a loud neigh from the horse that remained fastened in the outskirts of the wood, was answered by shouts of triumph from the pursuers. "We are lost," cried the young man, "and as this passage will be discovered, our retreat will be cut off." "Not so," replied his companion, "there is yet another way out of the wood, but it will be impossible to reach the marshes." For an instant both stood aghast, till at length the old man hastily prepared for flight, by casting aside his flowing cloak, when a plan instantly entered into the mind of young Glasdale. "Leave your cap," he cried, "and fly for your life; heed not my safety, I may surely make terms with my father." No time was lost, and in another second the aged minister was hastening to a place of security. Meantime the tramp of the soldiers was distinctly heard approaching, and the heart of the noble youth sunk within him. To fly, would be to expose his pastor at least, to certain death, for finding no traces of their prey, the enemy would infallibly push on and overtake the fugitive, before he could reach the marshes. On the other hand, to remain, would be to expose himself to the greatest probability of being butchered without enquiry, or a chance of mercy. Still delay was indispensable, and therefore disguising himself in the garb of his friend, he descended to the hiding place from which the latter had made his appearance. This was a small subterranean cell, to which there was a descent by a flight of rude stone steps; the sides were secured by stout brickwork, and a large stone completely hidden by a covering of turf, served to close the entrance. He allowed this to remain sufficiently open to attract the attention of his pursuers, lest they should pass over it, and continue their search on the track of the fugitives. The plan completely succeeded, the foremost of the troopers uttered a loud cry, and sprang to the side of the entrance. Young Glasdale instantly let fall the stone, and secured it by shooting a strong bolt within. A sword thrust angrily through the turf was broken against the stone, and every effort to effect an entrance was rendered unavailing by the strength of the masonry. At length, perceiving one spot apparently less well-built than the remainder of the wall, and which lay close beneath the entrance, Sir William Glasdale ordered his men to attack it with their battle-axes—with some labour a breach was made, and by the assistance of a huge lever, formed by a fallen tree, the stone was torn up. Here the contest ended, in vain a cry for mercy was heard:—the sword of Sir William Glasdale was passed through the body of his son, ere he could arrest the blow,—but the voice and the features of the dead as they rolled on the ground, revealed the awful truth to the whole band; they stood for some minutes in utter amazement. Slowly, silently they retraced their way; their stern and bigotted commander uttered no sound of lamentation, but ever afterwards was remarkable for the misanthropic fierceness and brutality of his character; his end was worthy of his life, at the capture of the Tournelles by Joan of Arc, a cannon bullet struck the bridge on which he was standing, and he fell into the mud of the fosse beneath, where unable to extricate himself, he sunk gradually from the weight of his armour, in spite of the efforts of his gallant enemies, who vainly endeavoured to reach him.

Εκυδης.

## THE DEMON BRIDE.

I tell a tale both strange and rare,  
 (And yet the story's true)  
 That happen'd unto Geoffrey grim,  
 The first Count of Anjou.  
 This Count he had a daughter fair,  
 Her name was Isabel ;—  
 O ! sweet was she to look upon—  
 Her father lov'd her well.  
 It happen'd that this 'ladie bright'  
 Went forth into the wood ;—  
 And lo ! in piteous agony,  
 A damsel sweet there stood.  
 "God help thee, damsel," straight she cried,  
 "What woes have touch'd thy breast ?"  
 "Sweet Mary, shield me," she replied,  
 "I know no joy nor rest.  
 "'Twas yesternight, when all was still,  
 Three ruffians fir'd our home—  
 My father, brother, did they kill,  
 But me they left to roam.  
 "And all this day I've wander'd here,  
 And here I'll wander still ;—  
 My dirge, shall be the whistling wind,  
 My grave, yon deep-bank'd rill."  
 "Not so, not so," cried Isabel,  
 "Our roof shall be thy home ;  
 It were not fair that Anjou's heir,  
 Should let the stranger roam."  
 The maiden thank'd her for her aid,  
 And arm in arm they sped,  
 To where the Castle of Sammur  
 Rear'd high its lordly head.  
 They cross'd the drawbridge o'er the moat,  
 And reach'd the arched way,  
 But when they pass'd the Castle Gate,  
 Each dog began to bay.  
 The Castle clock toll'd solemnly,  
 The warders look'd aghast,  
 As though a spirit were riding by,  
 Upon the whirlwind's blast.  
 They reach'd the Ladie's chamber room,  
 But as soon as they pass'd the door,  
 The torches burnt with sickly light,  
 The wind gave a sullen roar.  
 They laid them down to rest and sleep,  
 But after an hour or more,  
 Poor Isabel woke with a sudden start,  
 And a shiv'ring fit all o'er.  
 She tried to sleep, she tried to pray,  
 But sleep her eyelids fled,  
 And on her tongue some magic lay,  
 As it were a weight of lead.  
 The damsel by her side did lay,—  
 Asleep she seem'd to be,  
 But strange her countenance appear'd—  
 She mutter'd fearfully.

Long wish'd for morn at length did shine,  
 The damsels left their bed,  
 And to the Castle's stately hall,  
 In anxious silence sped.

Sir Geoffrey well receiv'd them both,  
 He press'd the stranger's hand,  
 And welcom'd her right heartily  
 To his paternal land:

"But what doth ail thee, Isabel,  
 Why flies the rose thy cheek?"  
 "O father, question not thy child,  
 I must not, dare not, speak."

Days pass'd away,—Sir Geoffrey lov'd  
 The stranger fair, 'twas plain,  
 And then he did to Isabel  
 His purposes explain.

"Thy mother's loss I long have wept,—  
 That loss must be supplied;  
 The damsel sweet, whom thou didst meet  
 Shall soon become my bride:

"But what doth ail thee, Isabel,  
 Why flies the rose thy cheek?"  
 "O father, question not thy child,  
 I must not, dare not, speak?"

## CANTO II.

Merrily, merrily, sings each bird,  
 As it rests on its leafy spray,  
 Merrily, merrily, rings each bell,  
 From its home in the belfry gray.  
 Merrily, merrily, speeds each boat,  
 As it glides o'er the dark blue lake;  
 Merrily, merrily, nods each flow'r,  
 In the depth of the wood crown'd brake.

Merrily, merrily, floats the cloud,  
 As it sails through the azure sky;  
 Merrily, merrily, pipes the wind,  
 As it rushes along on high.

And joyous winds yon bridal train  
 Through Saumur's gladsome vale,  
 To where the chimes of Saumur's spire  
 Invite, and bid them hail.

A troop of maidens were in front,—  
 Each bore a blooming bough;—  
 A troop of maidens were behind  
 With garments white as snow.

This troop of maidens sang aloud,  
 Through Saumur's gladsome vale;  
 Their song was—"Stranger Lady fair,  
 Thy bridal 'tis;—all hail."

"A deeper red doth blush the rose,  
 When strew'd before thy feet;  
 The lily's blossom fairer grows,  
 The may-thorn's bud more sweet.

Italia boasts her citron bow'rs,  
 The East, its cedars tall;  
 But thou, O flow'r of Saumur's tow'rs,  
 Art fairer than them all."

They reach'd the Church : the priest was there,  
 The marriage-knot he tied ;  
 That mystic knot, which binds for aye  
 The bridegroom to the bride.

But scarcely was the service o'er,  
 When ( Mary shield us well )  
 Tho' not a cloud was seen to low'r  
 Fierce, fork'y flashes fell.

That timid Priest, he told his beads,  
 And mutter'd prayers and vows,  
 That Baron bold, no beads he told,  
 But homeward bore his spouse.

The feast is set, the guests are met,  
 The wassail bowl they drain ;  
 The minstrels all, around the hall  
 Sing many a jocund strain.

But midst their glee and revelry,  
 Breaks forth a solemn sound,  
 For sullen moans and dismal groans  
 Seem'd rising from the ground.

The very dogs in terror crouch'd,  
 The guests made pray'rs and vows ;  
 That Baron grim, 'twas nought to him,  
 He only kiss'd his spouse.

'Tis middle night by Saumùr's clock,  
 No sound disturbs the night ;  
 Sleep hath gone forth on sable wing,  
 And hush'd all care and fright.

Why starts the bride from rest so soon ?  
 Why gazes she around ?  
 Why leaves the couch, where yet in sleep  
 The Baron bold is bound ?

A-CUSHLA.

(To be continued.)

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*We would have inserted " H. H." had the subject been suited to our pages.*

*Under consideration—" Timothy Tugbottom"—" Timon."*

*We hope for another blast from the " Bugle Horn."*

*" C." is deficient in point and polish.*

*We were not aware before that Agamemnon murdered Ajax.*

*" A Tee-totaller" evidently wrote his contribution before he took the pledge.*

*" Azibah" is rather too grandiloquent.*

*" Tu quoque" is an old joke.*

*" An Essay on Prize-fighting" is a stone too heavy.*

*" Ομπρην" is accepted.*

*We request that all contributors will, for the Publisher's convenience, write on one side of the leaf only.*

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# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

## PART III.

Liberius si

Dixero quid, si forte jocosus; hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniã dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.*

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No. 3.] WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1841. [Price 6d.

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### THE HUMAN PASSIONS.—A VISION.

ONE evening as I sat watching the light flames of the fire, as they flickered to and fro, I was insensibly led into a train of meditation on the source, substance, and nature of our passions, and their situation in the human frame. On this point I seemed completely involved in a mist. In anger we are conscious of a swelling at the breast, and a violent throbbing of the veins, and the cause of it we say is anger; but is that enough? does it convey any definite idea of how these effects are produced;—in a word, have we formed a definite conception of anger in an abstract view, and if we have, what is it? Those who are well acquainted with the structure of the human body, account for these effects by the workings of nerves and other contrivances in that wonderful piece of mechanism:—but to us, the uninitiated, is this satisfactory? Does it bring before us the form and substance of that which acts on these nerves? Meditating on this, I felt like a mariner among shoals without a chart to direct his course. At length, a kind of dreaminess came on, and raised up a conception of the following kind:—

Methought in the human breast, near the region of the heart, there was a garden,—a garden fair to look upon, and it was called the Mind; and round this garden were situated a number of small caves, inhabited by divers spirits. The names of these spirits were Anger, Hatred, Jealousy, Love, Content, and some others—such as Benevolence, Charity, Joy, Sorrow, Spite, who generally followed as attendants on the other superior spirits. Now this garden was naturally a blooming district, full of fair flowers, and watered by pure fountains, and to it belonged a kind of presiding spirit, a light-winged Zephyr, called Happiness, who passed the day in roaming 'mid the flowers, and reclining on the mossy banks of the fountains. But the aspect of this sweet spot was constantly being changed,—the spirits who inhabited the surrounding caves were ever contending for power, and this fair garden, the scene of their fierce and overwhelming contests, was laid waste, and buried in the deepest gloom. During the dire battlings of the spirits, Happiness fled the spot, but whenever a gleam of sunshine broke forth, the spirit returned, and beneath its fostering care the garden was once again restored to its wonted beauty.

Of all the spirits the fiercest was Anger; volcano-like, it would often break forth from its cave, and with a fiery stream of desolation sweep o'er the garden, and fill it with clouds, darkness, and destruction. The tempest o'er, and Anger once again slumbering in its cave, then came Sorrow forth, and slowly pacing, strayed amid the ruins, till some kindlier spirit shed its cheering rays on the spot, and blossoms and flowers once more appeared and flourished.

Hatred was the most dread, the most fell spirit; and its cave was a cave of deepest darkness, of blackest midnight, and when open there proceeded from it pestilential blasts, that spread through the garden, poisoning every flower, till at length forming

into a thick mist, they hung brooding over the whole place. When this spirit had once obtained the mastery, it reigned supreme, for none of the other spirits could endure its noisome vapours, they were thus shut up in their caves, and the garden never blessed with their presence, became a hideous waste. Spite alone revelled amidst this gloom; the constant attendant of Hatred, it rode upon the poisonous blasts, and drew nourishment from the most pestilential vapours.

A fitful spirit was Love, and its cave alternately full of sunshine and clouds. At one time, dancing forth, it would fill the garden with mirth and gladness, and shed a soft silvery light over the whole place; then anon a sudden change,—clouds and storms would come rolling on, the flowers droop their heads, the fountains cease playing, and all that so late was light, became a gloomy darkness.

Jealousy, Joy, Sorrow, and other spirits of that kind, ever and anon came out from their caves, and spread their influence through the Mind; but ere long they were compelled to give way to some of the more powerful ones, who once again asserted their sway. But when all these spirits were at rest, and slumbering in their caves, then came forth Content, attended by Benevolence, Charity, and numerous other little spirits, and filled the garden with eternal summer;—then Happiness roved from flower to flower, and sipped their sweets, and, spreading its wings, rejoiced once more in its renovated life.

Next, methought, in the brain there was an habitation for another race of spirits, called Memory, Thought, and Fancy; and that between the garden of the Mind and the chambers of the brain there was a passage, by which the spirits of the brain descended to the garden, and the spirits of the garden, or the passions, rose up, though but seldom, to the brain. From the intercourse of these two races of spirits arose considerable advantages; the passions were softened, regulated, and taught subjection; the garden was ornamented with new flowers, and watered with purer streams; and the spirits of the brain returned to their habitation with new vigour, and a greater degree of energy.

Of these, Memory was a brooding spirit, who watched over a number of little store-houses in the brain; and often would it descend, like the gentle settling of a dove, and calm the storms and disturbances of the spirits of the Mind: at other times it would stoop like a hawk, and occasion fierce outbreaks of Anger and Jealousy. Thought was a quiet spirit, sometimes melancholy, sometimes joyous; while Fancy was a restless one, that delighted to rove through unknown regions, gathering stores of new imaginings, which it brought back to Thought, who, after cleansing and purifying them, laid them up in the garner of Memory.

In addition to these there was a spirit called Hope, a messenger from the spirits of the brain, who always hovered near the garden of the Mind, even when filled with the deepest gloom; and often would it dart a ray of light through the clouds of despair, a sunbeam of brighter days, and dispersing the darkness, cheer the soil with the promise of a genial spring.

Such was the vision,—its shadowy forms, pictured as they then were in all the bright colourings of fancy, are departed, but the outline of the structure still remains, and as such, gentle reader, is it now offered to you; and though but the pencilling of fantastic thought, it presents a tangibility of form to assist the dreamer in his meditations on the nature of the Human Passions.

V.

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#### VIRG. GEORG. 466.

Phœbus himself gave warning from afar  
Of civil tumult, and internal war,  
Predicted Rome's disturbed—unhappy state,  
And pitying Cæsar's undeserved fate,  
Mid darkling clouds obscured his lustrous light,  
That awe-struck nations feared eternal night.  
At that dread time the earth—the air—the wave  
Of dire events portentous omen gave:  
How oft with lurid and unearthly gleams  
From Etna's furnace burst the fiery streams?  
Of heavenly arms Germania caught the sound:  
Where tower the Alps, convulsive shook the ground;

From the dark grove a mystic voice proceeds—  
 The ivory weeps—the conscious marble bleeds—  
 The sacred statue in its shrine grows pale :  
 Wide gapes the earth, and conquering rivers fail :—  
 Its banks despising—swelled with Alpine snows—  
 Eridanus the lordly river flows,  
 Uprooting forests with resistless force,  
 And scattering ruin in its headlong course.  
 No less mishaps the bleeding victims tell,  
 And midnight howlings through the city swell ;  
 From the clear heaven Jove's bolts unerring fly,  
 And flaming comets shoot athwart the sky :  
 Forsooth th' unholy fight is fought again  
 Twixt Roman armies on Philippi's plain :  
 By heaven's relentless destiny once more  
 Thessalian fields grow rich with Roman gore ;  
 And if the time should come, when this sad field  
 Shall once again its golden harvest yield,  
 The rustic, while his busy toil he plies,  
 These cankered arms shall view with wondering eyes,  
 —These empty helmets mouldering in decay,  
 And bones of heroes of a former day.

Ω.

Τυφλὸς ἀνὴρ, οἰκεῖ δὲ Χίφ' ἐνι παιπαλοέσση.

HOMER ! when we think of that word a confused and fantastic vision rises before us of a very dirty-looking school-book, well thumbed and dogs-eared ; a very fierce-looking and impetuous pedagogue, glaring savagely through a pair of spectacles, and brandishing in his right hand a cane, or some such terrible instrument of torture : with a row of meek boys sitting on hard forms, and looking as if they wished they had it in their power to exterminate at one fell blow the school, the schoolmaster, and the Mæonian. In fact, Homer has been made a " sine qua non " in the school-room ; the universal hack on which every tyro is to exercise himself, and no sooner are we called upon " relinquere nuces," than we throw him into a corner along with our peg-tops and our marbles, and consign one and all to perpetual oblivion. This treatment of the father of all poetry, the Mæonian bee, whose honey we have so often tasted without being conscious of its sweetness, is unjust, ungrateful, and much to be deprecated. We dwell with rapture on the productions of the Greek tragedians, but we forget that Homer combines all the fire of Æschylus with the tenderness of Euripides, and stands unequalled in the melody of his poetry, the ineffable sweetness and purity of his language, the aptness of his similes, and the exquisite beauty of his ideas. But more than this : Homer offers to the inquisitive mind an unbounded field for inquiry and speculation. A school-boy's ideas of Homer, it is true, are confined to the notion of a very old man, who wrote a very long poem, and lived in some remote period of antiquity ; but we must not be satisfied with any thing so vague, but strive to arrive at something more tangible and definite. There have been so many conflicting opinions on this subject that we feel little diffidence in asserting our own. Some have gone so far as to maintain that Homer never had any existence at all ; they boldly convert him at once into an abstract idea, a mere " signum ex instituto vicarium," a symbol in fact standing for certain poems that were connected together (δμου, ἑλω) by Pisistratus. Others again (and they must have been great wags) have come to the conclusion, after much investigation, that Solomon was the author of these poems, though whence and how he obtained so correct a knowledge of Greek they never could satisfactorily explain. In addition to this, there are three other theories respecting the Homeric poems. 1. That they were different poems written by one man. 2. That they were all one poem written by one man. 3. That they were different poems written by different men. Now of these we adopt the first as our creed ; for there is quite sufficient uniformity of style throughout each work to make it quite clear that a

Homer wrote the Iliad, and a Homer the Odyssey, but that the former at least was intended for a continuous poem is not so evident. In the first place, we would ask, where is the hero of the piece? Certainly not in Achilles, for we very soon part company with him, and do not join him again till the very end of the story. Each book, it is true, will serve as a link to connect the whole twenty-four into one chain, but each one is as complete in itself, and as plainly a separate episode as were the members of the tragic tetralogy. Nor is the design expressed in the first line of the Iliad carried out through the whole poem : and we cannot think that Homer would have commenced with these well known words, had he intended to write the whole consecutively.

The next question is, when did the writer of these poems live? And here we will be so audacious as to differ from no less an authority than Herodotus, who places the date of Homer some four hundred years before his own time. Now there is but one way of ascertaining the era with any probability, and that is by noticing the particular circumstances on which he is silent. We find, then, that he is totally silent respecting a very important revolution in Peloponnesus, on the invasion of the Dorians, eighty years after the Trojan war. This event produced great and lasting changes, and had Homer lived subsequently to it, some intimation of the fact, some allusion to the circumstances of the invasion, would most indisputably have escaped him. Instead of which, the name of Dorians only occurs once; and every thing tends to show that Homer was entirely the poet of the "Hellenes," the indiscriminate title of the Greeks anterior to the Doric conquest. And, indeed, he would hardly have called the sceptre of Agamemnon *ἄσπερον δαίει* (Il. ii. 46), had not the kings of Mycenæ still been flourishing. From these premises we deduce the conclusion, that Homer lived between the Trojan war B.C. 1184, and the return of the Heracleidæ, 1104.

And now another question arises, whether the Iliad and Odyssey were the work of the same man? We hope we shall not startle our fellow students too much by at once asserting our opinion, that the two poems were not the production of one hand. In the first place, there exists quite sufficient discrepancy between the style to justify the hypothesis, and various other considerations incline us to the same belief. The Odyssey is plainly assignable to a later date than the Iliad. Various arts and implements are mentioned in the one which are not named in the other; though it might be said, "non erat his locus" before the walls of Troy. But the great difference in the tone of religion which pervades the two poems, is the real basis on which we ground our theory. The notions respecting the moral government of the world, and the dispensations of Providence, are much more elevated in the one than the other, and are indicative of a higher complexion of mind, and a more enlightened cast of thought.

In the Iliad the gods are men in everything but power; but in the Odyssey they are a much higher order of beings, and are never found to squabble and fight amongst themselves, or be the promoters and originators of evil. In the former, the gods are *naturally* corporeal and visible to human eyes, and are made to take an active interest in terrestrial affairs; but in the latter, they never appear in their own shape except to one another, and are more removed and separate from mortals, working in a great measure by secondary causes. The light, too, in which good and evil are viewed, is not similar in both poems, for in the Iliad, *ὕπερ ἄσπερον*, generally signifies a great exploit, but in the other, it is used to denote positive sin. In the Iliad too, the *actual* mountain Olympus is the dwelling-place of the gods, but in the Odyssey, though it is still Olympus, the Olympus is more vague and undefined, and blended to a certain extent with the notion of heaven.

Such are a few of the circumstances which lead us to believe that the two poems are to be referred to different periods, and different authors. Dire contentions have agitated the literary world on this subject, much ink has been shed in the progress of the warfare, and still we can only say, "*adhuc sub judice lis est.*"

Λυττικός.

## EXTRACT FROM THE HITOPADESA.

*(Re-translated from the Original.)*

WHEN the hour of lecture was again arrived, the students said, "O, Sir! we have heard the history of the brave man, let now, we beseech thee, the history of the coward be told also." "Attend then," answered the Professor, "and you shall hear the history of the coward, of which this is the first sloke—

"He that fights and runs away,  
"Will live to fight another day."

The students said, "How was that?" The Professor then related the following tale:—"There is in the county of Hertford, a place called Haileybury: thither from various climes and countries two-footed ones on account of business go, and among them a certain individual named "Small-wit," who was in the constant habit of ablutions, and of reading the Vedes, and had also become a practiser of the severe vow and heavy penance of tee-totalism, lived. Now once on a time, when the moon, the leader of the Kumudini flowers, was reclining on the hills of Hoddesdon, one "Lightfoot," so called, came to "Small-wit's" house, and having gained his confidence, and having said, "Let us go to a neighbouring town" thus, they went together, and having entered into the house of a certain man, and having said, "bring us wine and biscuits," thus, they drank much, till at length they became overpowered. Then returning home, they did many unwise things, and broke many "windows, lamps, doors," and meeting with one "lantern-holding" man, Small-wit said, "Who are you?" "I am a beak," said he, "named Knock-you-down." Having thus said, and having tried to seize "Small-wit," he was struck on the head by "Lightfoot," and a great fight ensued, when suddenly another beak named "Have-at-you," having run up, and having said, "What's the row," thus, took "Small-wit," and having conducted him to a secure place, left him. In the meanwhile, "Lightfoot" in extreme fear at the arrival of the second, with great swiftness and trepidation went away and escaped: therefore, I repeat, 'He that fights,' &c. &c.

A GREAT PANDIT.

## THE PERSIAN ARMY CROSSES THE HELLESPONT.

Tales fama canit tumidum super sequora Xerxen  
Construxisse vias, multum cum pontibus ausus  
Europamque Asiæ, Sestonque admovit Abydo,  
Incescitque fretum rapidi super Hellesponti  
Non Eurus Zephyrumque timens.—

*Lucan. Lib. II. v. 672.*

Blithe o'er the plains, where hosts unnumber'd lie,  
Dawn the first blushes from the eastern sky,  
A hum of voices seem at first to rise,  
Float on the breeze, and slowly mount the skies  
Till gathering strength from each succeeding man,  
One shout triumphant o'er the army ran,  
Above—around—in circling echoes rose  
And sunk at length to calmness and repose!  
'Tis silence now, and moves the mighty throng;  
Spears shine on spears, and ranks drive ranks along,  
Her myriad tribes th' obedient east had sent,  
Their willing aid had every nation lent;  
In varied garbs the despot's slaves appear  
And sounds promiscuous strike th' enquiring ear;  
The wily Parthian brings his roving horde,  
Assyria sends her children of the sword;  
Far distant Nubia adds her swarthy race,—  
Their dress of skins, the produce of the chase—  
Arabia,—Lydia—own that king's control  
And Indus' waves to him obedient roll,  
The rising morn—the north—the south, obey  
And bend, too willing, 'neath his tyrant sway!

Unclouded shine the bright ethereal fields  
 And the light breeze a balmy fragrance yields,  
 Whatever flowers in orient climes are found,  
 Here, gaily scattered, deck the varied ground,  
 Sabæan perfumes slaves in order bear,  
 And all Arabia breathes its spices there,  
 Shrubs, gardens, woods, bestow their odorous spoils,  
 Nature's own work, and Art's unnumbered toils,  
 The earth, the sky have spread their gladsome wiles,  
 And every dimpling wave at that fair pageant smiles.

But first is offered what may lull to sleep  
 Th' offended God who rules the angry deep,  
 A band of slaves their precious gifts unfold—  
 A sword, and vessels of pure, burnished, gold ;  
 'Tis done—embosomed in the sea's dark caves  
 Are sunk those offerings to the greedy waves,  
 'Tis done—and onward flowed that living tide,  
 Asia's chief boast, and Persia's kingly pride,  
 From noon till night, from eve to morn, they went,  
 For seven long days that goodly armament.

But whose that form, which proudly stalks behind,  
 In whom appear all Nature's gifts combined,  
 —That noble gait, that lofty eye, and grace,  
 Bespeak the monarch of the Persian race,  
 I know that stature, and that soul of fire,  
 Whom mad ambition, thirst for fame, inspire :  
 E'en now he pauses once again to gaze  
 Where glides his army's dim-discovered maze,  
 Bright joy is there, yet springs but soon to fade,  
 And sadder dreams his lowering features shade  
 Perhaps dark thoughts his rising hopes depress,  
 Some care may canker, or some fear distress,  
 Some warning vision flit before his eyes,  
 The strong how feeble—and how weak the wise  
 Some whispering voice may ring a mournful knell  
 And dire defeat, and dread destruction, tell.

R.

## GENTLEMEN EDITORS,

IN the course of some anatomical investigations that, in conjunction with some others of my profession, I was making the other day, we met with a very curious specimen of a head, supposed to have belonged to a H——y student. I have noted down some of the most remarkable formations of the organs, that the medical world may profit by them, and be led to offer some solution of the phenomenon. The skull itself was of a wonderful hardness and thickness, and had the bumps of Forgetfulness, Stupidity, Gluttony, Drinking, and Smoking, developed in a most extraordinary manner ; indeed, they were so large, that they occupied nearly the whole of the head. On opening it, we found a railroad running between the two stations called the auricular orifices, so that everything entering at one was carried out through the other at a most inconceivable speed ; and what was most remarkable, notwithstanding the numerous turns and ups and downs in the line, the rapidity of the motion infinitely surpassed that we have attained to in our railroads, though they run on level ground. Between the eyes and the cerebrum hung a net of extremely fine, but very strong texture, in which all ideas, sentiments, and arguments, derived from the perusal of books in their passage from the eyes to the cerebrum were entangled, and, being unable to penetrate this obstacle, they dropped useless into a receptacle at the root of the tongue, where they lay tossing about, till the tongue was set in motion, when out they rolled in inconceivable confusion, yet perfectly harmless, all their point or edge having been worn off by the friction they had undergone. The cerebrum itself we have not yet examined ; but from its extraordinary appearance, we were led to imagine some most important discoveries would be made ; it is therefore left to be

opened at a general meeting of eminent surgeons and anatomists. The throat was large, and by the constant friction of things passing down it, the uvula nearly worn away. The tongue also was very large, but the nerves and muscles belonging to it so lax and powerless, that even a slow and tedious motion must with great difficulty have been imparted. But what most puzzled us was the appearance of the palate, which was lined with a coating of black. We could not account for this, till at last I suggested that the man must have made a chimney of his mouth by the continual practice of smoking, which easily explained the remarkable appearance of the parts about the uvula. These specimens we have now got preserved in spirits, and should any one be anxious to see them, if they will call at the H———y hospital, we shall be proud to show them. Should any of your readers have any opinion to offer on the subject, we hope they will enlighten the world with them.

I remain, Gentlemen Editors,

Your most obedient and humble Servant,

ORLANDO CUTLEG, Surgeon, F.R.S. &c. &c.

MR. EDITOR,

I feel confident that you, with all the thinking and reflecting members of this most sedate and Oriental-loving community, will join with me in congratulations to the community aforesaid, on the occasion of the disappearance of an epidemic, last term particularly prevalent, I may almost say universal, and of a most deleterious and discouraging tendency. I allude to a derangement in the sanguinary system, the result no doubt of the unhealthy malaria arising from the mass of Sanscrit accumulated in College. The dread scourge was wont to develop itself in frequent bleedings at the organ, designated in vulgar phraseology the nose, during the time that the ear was inhaling the flood of intellectual sweets daily devoured at the hour of lecture. For scarcely had it lasted for five minutes, when the most promising and studious youths might be seen, after making every effort to obviate the necessity of losing such an oasis, as it were, in the blank of their existence, to apply their handkerchiefs to their faces, and to make a sudden and precipitate exit; and such was the consideration of those high-minded and generous spirits, that they concealed all evidences of their misfortune so carefully, that no instance remains on record of a trace of blood being discovered. Doubtless they feared to discourage the burning fervour of their companions in the theatre of academic glory.

Such were the distressing facts which daily presented themselves to our notice. Can any thing be imagined more heart-rending than the scene? This fearful calamity spared no degree of eminence, but fell with its full fury on the admirers of Eastern lore, while it glanced with a lighter hand on him whose soul was wrapt up in the hidden beauties of the classics, or the fascinating problems of Euclid. And what must have been the feelings of the victim of its unrelenting cruelty? Torn from that spot which he held most dear in the whole College, cursing his unpropitious destiny, he issues forth with something distantly resembling a grin on his countenance, which as he recedes from the eye of the Professor, gradually assumes a more decided character, till at last it expands into that lovely expression of the features which generally accompanies the intonation of the voice known by the name of a horse-laugh.

Nor shall we deign to stop for an instant to refute those vile and unprincipled calumniators, who, jealous of the deservedly acquired glory of those paragons of Collegiate excellence, invidiously seek to detract from their fair fame, by insinuating that a slight inconsistency was observable in the speed with which the invalids rushed to the Fives Court and the Rye House. Our righteous indignation almost curdles the ink in our pen, when we record such horrible and gratuitous slander. Do the nameless wretches not perceive that this is the most effectual remedy which medical skill can suggest, repulsive though it be to the feelings and taste of those who submit to it? But they *do* submit to it, from the conviction that it will be instrumental to their speedily resuming the course of study which they were so loath to relinquish.

I shall conclude then, Mr. Editor, by again congratulating you upon the pleasing fact, that the paths of science and literature are no longer obstructed by this unseemly monster, and that such may never again be the case, is the sincere wish of your humble servant,

TIMOTHY TUGBOTTOM.

## HOPE.

Hope, like the beaming taper's light  
 Cheers and adorns our way,  
 And still, though darker grows the night,  
 Emits a brighter ray.

*Goldsmith.*

When keenest griefs the mourner's peace destroy,  
 Blight every bliss and wither every joy,  
 When nought remains to yield a brief repose,  
 Or lend a fleeting solace to our woes;  
 What mighty hand can every sorrow calm,  
 And o'er the sinking spirit pour a balm?  
 When o'er the form of some beloved one  
 Now cold in Death's embrace, unseen, alone  
 The mourner weeps, what sweet seraphic voice,  
 In thrilling accents calls him to rejoice,  
 Wafts to his soul the promise from on high,  
 That man's immortal spirit shall not die,  
 And then exulting leads him to arise  
 On thought's aerial wing beyond the skies,  
 And picture scenes of purest bliss above,  
 Where soul meets kindred soul, and all is love?  
 'Tis thou, immortal Hope! eternal pow'r!  
 Then is thy glorious kingdom, then thy hour!  
 Oh! come! thy deep-enchanted form display,  
 Thy matchless beauties, brilliant as the day,  
 When laughing spring adorned with purple flow'rs,  
 Now bright with sunshine, now bedewed with show'rs  
 From wintry slumbers bids the earth arise,  
 And spreads a calm effulgence o'er the skies.  
 At thy approach each sceptic doubt shall fly,  
 As night's chill vapours leave the azure sky,  
 When morn's bright chariot gilds nocturnal gloom,  
 And day dispels the darkness of the tomb—  
 Cause the pale cheek with rosy hues to glow,  
 Through every vein the stream of life to flow,  
 Affliction's soul-distracting pangs to cease,  
 And each tumultuous sorrow sink to peace.  
 Chase from the quivering eye the starting tear,  
 With joys unnumbered deck the circling year;  
 Celestial peace, ethereal bliss supply,  
 And teach us first to live, and then to die.

M.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Under consideration, "Don Roalez."*

*Our reasons for declining "ομπρον" are best known to the author.*

*We regret having overlooked "A Quaker's" contribution last week—we are sorry to decline it.*

*C. L.—His verses are very good, but the subject unfortunately is not quite adapted to our pages.*

*On mature consideration, we decline "Timon."*

*The "Haileybury Ghost" is a very improbable personage.*

*'Ovris is not bad.*

*"Old Buckets" is too watery.*

*"Dirghakarna's" name is very appropriate.*

*We have killed "The Second Epistle of Timothy T." at his own request.*

HERTFORD.

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# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

## PART III.

Liberius si  
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius; hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniā dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.*

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No. 4.] WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1841. [Price 6d.

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### THE INTERDICT.

IN a small village in the central part of Hampshire there exists to the present day a large porch attached to the parish church; disproportioned as these buildings generally are to the church itself, they are not uncommon, especially in the southern parts of England; and to one unacquainted with their history, would give but a poor idea of the national taste for architecture. A little attention will, however, soon discover that they are not often of the same date as the original edifice, and, in fact, there is evidence to shew that they were not introduced into England till the reign of King John; the reason of which may perhaps be illustrated by the following anecdote:—

One morning, in the latter end of the year 1212, in the porch in question was assembled, a party of ten or a dozen who were evidently waiting for the arrival of some other with no small impatience.

The eldest of the party was a stoutly built man, apparently of superior rank, and wearing the symbols of knighthood, and whose face would have been handsome, had it not borne the impress of overbearing pride and self-sufficiency; one lady was evidently his wife, and carried in her arms an infant a few months old; several others seemed to accompany her as friends, together with rather a younger knight; and a few servants completed the number.

"What makes the good father tarry so long to day?" asked the first-named man. "I warrant he is ashamed of his new waiting hall." "He will soon be here my Lord," answered the other knight, "for yonder I see him coming up the hill." The vicar of the parish was the person in question, who quickly joined the party. He was apparently some fifty years of age, and though of muscular and athletic frame, possessed manners of unusual mildness and grace. With some apologies for having kept them so long tarrying, he said,—"I was detained by a poor forester a short distance hence, to whom I was administering the last sacrament; alas! that, and the right of admission within the pale of the church, are alone remaining to us, of the offices of religion." "What mean ye," asked the first speaker, "I understand ye not."

"What, then, is it possible that you have not heard of the interdict laid upon the country," returned the priest. "And know you not that extreme unction and baptism alone may be administered by us, and even the latter not unless without the walls of the parish church."

"I had heard of the interdict," said the knight, "but I did not believe that it

would more prevail than the mandate of our king; and now I, Hubert de Vear, Baron of Alresford, do summon you, in the name of our lord the king, whose sheriff I am, to admit us within the church."

"It cannot be my lord," returned the vicar, at the same time stepping forward and placing himself before the door which led into the aisle. "This porch has been built, as you ought well to know, to supply the place of the consecrated edifice."

The baron made no answer, but rushing forward, endeavoured to reach the door; the priest, however, seized him, and after a short struggle, flung him back with much violence. The rest of the party had remained hitherto silent spectators, but now the younger knight stepped forward, just in time to prevent the baron from assaulting the minister of religion with his sword. "Patience, De Vear," he said, "you gain little by this unlawful violence, for were you even to gain entrance to the church, who would perform the ceremony?"

"There would be little question then," he answered, "fair cousin Ralph; I'll be surety that beggarly priest should christen my son upon his bended knees."

"John Talbot is of no mean race," indignantly interrupted the vicar, "to bend the knee to a craven such as thou—but," added he, checking himself, "I do wrong to be in wrath; still would I rather die than disobey the right. Brother, either part in peace, or bring your son to the font within this porch." Saying this he drew his lofty form to its full height, and gazed around him with a look of firm determination.

It was now the turn of the ladies to bear their part of course for peace; they had hitherto, so quickly had the transaction past, scarcely had time to be alarmed; and sooth to say, even now the lady of the baron seemed little to sympathise with the wrath of her lord and master: the prospect, however, of departing with her son unbaptized seemed rather to arouse her energies, and she immediately commenced an endeavour to soothe the anger of the disputants.

"Yield thee, Hubert," she began, "to the entreaties of this good man; what the Church has ordained he must surely obey; our boy may as well be christened at this font as elsewhere."

Alas! her gentle words served but, as oil to the flame, to increase her husband's ire.

"Determine ye," he cried, "that I will yield to a pitiful shaven crown, and shall it be said that the sheriff in his own county could not execute the commands of the king? Here! Gilbert, and you too, Walton," added he, turning to two of the menials who followed him, "Seize that fellow, and see that he never again enters the limits of the county; heed not his struggles, or his threats,—you know I am not wont to have my orders disobeyed."

Aware how useless further interference would prove, the party with the exception of the two servants, followed the Baron in silence to his mansion. The priest, meanwhile, submitted to be led in an opposite direction until out of sight of his oppressor, and here for the present our narrative must leave him.

The intended christening party pursued their way in no very cheerful mood, and soon arrived at their destination. The day wore on, and to it succeeded one of the fairest of English evenings, the bright harvest moon shone in all its splendour on a thickly wooded landscape—and, as our ancestors kept earlier hours than ourselves, all sounds were as hushed as at midnight.

This silence was ere long broken by gentle steps, which however beat upon the terrace in no very measured succession, but hurriedly, as if the owner or owners were not possessed of great mental tranquillity.

Our readers may guess that the lady Baroness was about to make her appearance, and they will guess rightly, for she did emerge from one of the wickets of the Castle, upon a terrace which ran outside one of the principal walls—she was accompanied by one of her friends, who was condoling with her upon her miseries, as it was very natural that she should, such having been the practice of all lady and gentleman confidants from time immemorial.

"I would give all that I possess," the Baroness began, "that our boy had been baptized to-day. What accident may not occur to prevent it hereafter?"

"What made my lord so wrathful to-day?" asked her friend, "twas pity he listened not to your advice; besides, father John Talbot is so well-beloved among the neighbours round, that ill-treatment of him might breed a formidable riot—and the Castle is but slightly built, nor would it be proof against a strong attack."

"I fear not that," said the lady, "but as to my lord's good-will or rather ill-will, 'tis more than mortal man can do, to tell the motives that influence it; it would rouse

my wonder far more if he had demeaned himself, for once, as becometh a knight and a good Christian."

"You speak bitterly, my lady," answered her friend, "but it is a hard thing to be wedded for life against one's will to the brutal creature of a tyrant."

"Aye, and yet his Majesty had grace to tell me that I might deem my lot a happy one; in that I was not sold in marriage, at least, to a base-born churl. Let what may come, however, my child shall be christened in spite of him;—and by Father John, for all that he is forbidden the country: I will not be baffled for the means."

We know not wherefore, but so it certainly is, all distressed heroines ever find some kind deliverer most conveniently at hand to rescue them from their difficulties; nor was the present case an exception to this rule. The good lady had scarcely given utterance to this spirited wish when she observed approaching through the moonlight, the figure of a man wrapt, as to his body, in a large cloak, and as to his mind, in deep meditation. A farther glance shewed him to be her cousin, Ralph de l'Haye, who has before been mentioned as the younger knight.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE DEMON BRIDE.

### CANTO III.

'Tis the middle of night, by the clock of the keep,  
The bride hath awoke from her midnight sleep;—  
From her couch she hath sped, at the casement she stands,  
And she opens it slow, with her fairy hands,

As though inwardly loth and repining.  
Why gazes she forth on yon star, so late?  
That bright-gleaming star, is the star of her fate:—  
She hails with rejoicing its silver light,  
And she sends out her voice to the silent night;—

Her eye with strange lustre is shining:—  
"Ye elves, who disport on the margent of Loire,  
"Ye witches, who rule in the turrets of Blois,  
"Ye fauns, who hold court on the plains of Anjou,  
"Ye goblins, who frighten the folks of Beaupreu,—

"'Tis the hour of my sway—hasten hither."  
They hasten, they come, those fantastical shapes,  
Disguis'd in the forms of men, serpents, and apes,  
They enter, unnotic'd, the Castle old,  
And throng to the hall of the Baron bold,

And the bride from her chamber speeds thither.  
The Baron hath woke from his spell-bound rest,  
And he finds that his bird hath forsaken her nest:—

"Ha!" fiercely he shouteth, "my bride, she has fled  
"To some pitiful paramour's secret bed:—

"I will track her, though hell were concealing."  
He hath leap'd from his bed, he hath rush'd from the room,  
He hath follow'd her track through the midnight gloom,  
Thro' darksome ways he hath reach'd the hall,  
When its doors flew open, by magic all,

A terrible picture revealing.  
Six torches were burning with downward flame,  
Six witches were sporting in elvish game,  
Six goblins were weaving a mystic dance,  
Six demons were wielding sword and lance—

His bride in the midst was appearing.  
The Baron was bold—not a word did he utter,  
Tho' somewhat he feared their hellish mutter;  
In haste he withdrew to the deepest shade,  
And listen'd intent, to each word they said,  
From the gloom of his hiding-place peering.

## 1st WITCH.

Since the morn was last on high,  
 I have sail'd along the sky,  
 On a broomstick featly riding,  
 To discover Bertrand's hiding.  
 Bertrand loves fair Isabel,  
 And, I guess, she loves him well,—  
 But the Baron, proud and grim,  
 Voweth vengeance deep on him,  
 And with cruel ban and bar,  
 Forc'd the youth to fly afar.  
 I, with words of treach'rous chiding,  
 Brought him back from forth his hiding,  
 And the youth, in yonder dell,  
 Met his much-lov'd Isabel.  
 Whilst of love was still their theme,  
 News I gave to stout De Hime;  
 He with many a curse and blow,  
 Fierce assail'd his youthful foe;—  
 Long and doubtful was the fight,  
 But De Hime prevails in might—  
 Stretch'd in death, to rise no more,  
 Bertrand welters in his gore.  
 Isabel had swoon'd in fright,  
 But recov'ring, (cruel sight)  
 Close beside her side did lay  
 Bertrand's body, cold as clay—  
 Hard along a river roll'd,  
 Deep and sluggish, black and cold—  
 To the eye of Isabel  
 Rest it offer'd, but too well:—  
 Deep within the treach'rous main,  
 Plung'd she, ne'er to rise again.

## 2ND WITCH.

Sister! bravely hast thou far'd!  
 List and hear what I have dar'd.  
 I, in guise of lady bright,  
 Wand'ring through the wood by night,  
 By a charm of potent spell,  
 Gain'd the heart of Isabel.  
 She, within the Castle wall  
 Brought me to her father's hall;  
 Soon he learn'd to love me well,  
 Forc'd by that same potent spell.  
 Saumur's Abbot saw us wed,  
 Saumur's Abbot now is dead:  
 They, who then my bridesmaids were,  
 Isabel and lovely Clare,  
 Both, no human pow'r could save,  
 Both, have found an early grave;—  
 And the Baron, proud and grim,  
 Sudden fate awaiteth him.

Count Geoffrey could endure no more,  
 He leap'd with frantic spring,  
 And from his fearful hiding place,  
 He fell into the ring.

Each torch at once its light withdrew,  
 Each witch and demon fled,  
 The hall, once more, was darksome, as  
 The mansions of the dead.

The morning came—the sun appear'd,  
 A glorious, golden ball ;—  
 His rays of light, they pierced through  
 The windows of the Hall.  
 His rays of light, that shone so bright,  
 They shone on scenes of woe,  
 For Geoffrey, lord of countries broad,  
 Was laid in death full low.

A-CUSHLA.

## WANDERINGS IN THE LONG VACATION.

*(Continued from PART II.)*

I HAVE heard of an Englishman, a good, honest John Bull, whose wife and daughter persuaded him to take a trip on the Continent. His fire-side, his mutton chop, and his quiet snooze after dinner, were more congenial to his city habits than French frogs and "soup maigre;" but the love of sight-seeing reigned paramount in the bosoms of his better half and offspring. Sight after sight fatigued his eyes, and wearied his legs, till at last, when the carriage approached some fresh town, he would anxiously peer through the window, and if neither church, tower, belfry, or steeple met his eye, his heart would bound with joy, and his lips involuntarily thank heaven that the inhabitants had not yet become religious.

Such, however, were not my feelings. I was but a young traveller, and eager with anticipated delight. I awoke on the morning after reaching Paris, revolving in my mind whither I should first direct my steps. As I lay thus thinking, the garçon entered the room with the intelligence that a gentleman was enquiring for me down stairs. I dressed and went to meet him; he was an old school-fellow, then studying medicine under the distinguished auspices of Dupuytren and Andral; he had heard of my expected arrival, and came to welcome me. After mutual congratulations, I told him that I felt like the ass between two bundles of hay: or, to use a more elegant simile, like Mahomet's coffin at Mecca, which is said to hang suspended in mid air, with a loadstone above, and a loadstone beneath, acting as counter-forces.

I will release you from your embarrassment, he said; "I am at this moment going to attend a lecture at the dissecting rooms of the 'Ecole de Medicine;' come with me, and you will witness a sight that no other town in Europe can afford you." I consented, and we marched off. On reaching our destination, we entered a large court, enclosed by half a dozen buildings of equal height, each building containing one room. Curiosity overcame all scruples I might naturally feel on entering, and I proceeded to examine the remains of mortality around me. There on marble slabs lay reclined in rotting helplessness what once had been the shrines of youth, vigour, beauty, virtue, and vice. Human nature appeared in all its ungarnished, its frightful reality. The bosom which had been warmed but a week or two before with feelings of affection, or tortured by guilt and remorse, had been opened by the knife: and whither had fled those tumultuous passions that had agitated it in life? The brain the seat of thought, lay spattered around the head, from which it had been torn; the eyes of some were closed as if in sleep, in others, open and glassy, they seemed to glare on your own with a fixed and glazed look.

I observed one young man in particular; he seemed as if but just dead—his height and well-formed limbs indicated a past existence of strength and activity—he was as yet untouched, and the whole figure seemed to embody an idea of perfect ease and repose. Had he been placed on a couch, the observer would have trodden lightly, for fear of disturbing such calm slumber; I looked and fancied I could perceive his chest rising as if the lungs were performing their natural functions; he must have died a tranquil death, for a smile still hovered round his lips; death had been busy, but man was soon to be busier still, and his hands will have utterly defaced the loveliness which the universal tyrant could only blight.

In one room I observed a lecturer trying to engage the attention of some dozen laughing students. The mind in time grows callous to any thing, and the stronger perhaps the excitement at first, the sooner does this feeling of indifference spring up; Nature which formed us, knows us well, and has decreed that in most cases, the evil should bring a cure with itself. But this is digression. On the table before the lecturer lay a head, on which he was eloquently reasoning, but his eloquence seemed

thrown away upon his thoughtless audience. I was not in a humour to laugh, and so turned away, and by chance entered a room which was empty,—of living beings I mean,—for here, as elsewhere, death had strewn its victims. I felt uncomfortable at being alone in the midst of many; a wide, wide gulph separated them from me, and me from them, and to walk in that silent place was like mocking their stillness and incapability. I thought the eyes of one or two turned towards me seemed to express these feelings, and to blame my idle intrusion; it was fancy; but a kind of pity came over me; “since death they had had but little peace; why should I join in troubling them?” I turned, and walked out.

For a month or two afterwards I slept restlessly, and often saw an arm or an eye in my dreams; the former throttling me, the latter looking on with a fixed and piercing glare. I happened some time afterwards to meet the great French anatomist Andral, and told him of my visit to the scene of his researches, and the effect it had produced. “No wonder,” he said, “your mind was too strongly impressed; I have felt the same myself, and particularly in one case.” I asked for particulars. “Once,” he answered, “I had been lecturing at the dissecting-rooms, and as I passed through the halls on my way out, I observed the body (if it could be so called) of a child, lying in one corner of the room. It was rather the parts of the body than the body itself: they had been flung there when no longer wanted, and owing to so long exposure to the air, the flesh had become discoloured, and the face exhibited symptoms of partial decomposition, but no alteration had taken place in the eyes; they were as glassy bright as on the day of death: and though accustomed to such sights, I felt as if there was a witchery in their gaze, and hastened to leave the hall; they seemed to follow me till I had passed through the door, and haunted me for an hour or two afterwards. But professional men have no time for fancies: I visited my patients and forgot the scene. That night I lay down, tired, to sleep, with a rush-light as usual in my room; some noise awoke me in the course of the night; I turned round and glanced at the fire-place; there on the hearth lay the child I had seen that morning; its attitude, or rather its confusion of parts was the same, and its flesh quivered as it touched the yet smouldering embers; worse than all, its eyes were fixed on me as before; I could not believe my sight, and leaping up in the bed, tried to reason myself into the conviction that it was a phantasy of the brain. But, no! there it was, and there, too, were those eyes, those horrid eyes, that seemed to paralyze me. I made an effort, and, springing from the bed, seized the rushlight; the eyes followed my every movement; I approached the fire-place; they glared on me; I knelt by the hearth, and in despair advanced my hand; their stern and fixed stare seemed to forbid my nearer approach. I thrust my hand into the grate, sought obstructed it; the vision had flown, and I returned to bed, with a great weight removed from my breast.” I thanked Andral for his anecdote, and have often since thought that if a man of his talents and powers of mind could so suffer his senses to be imposed upon, may we not attribute to the same cause, namely, some strong impression, the affirmed cases of ghost-seeing of which one hears so much.

F. G.

(To be continued.)

“Vos O clarissima mundi  
Lumina”—

Ye silent stars, in space unmeasured hung,  
Ye saw the shadowy Chaos overspread  
On ancient Earth, when motionless and dead  
The breathless pall of Darkness round her clung,  
As through Eternity she slowly swung.  
When the still mountains felt no living tread,  
Their stony veins no river-fountains fed,  
“Let there be Light” had not in thunder rung—  
Oh deathless stars, ye saw when light had broke  
Fair Eden’s garden, and again ye saw  
The Deluge wrap the world as with a cloak—  
The Pyramids uprear’d—Rome giving law  
To all—and ye will see the last great stroke  
Hurling Earth back to Chaos, whence she woke.

HERMES.

## MY BURIAL PLACE.

When life is past, its hopes and fears all o'er,  
 When passions throbbing agitate no more  
 This mortal frame, then lay me down to rest  
 'Mid nature's smiles and scenes the loveliest ;  
 Not in the charnel house, where all is gloom,  
 The dark, deep, loathsome silence of the tomb ;  
 Corruption's dwelling place, the feast of worms,  
 That creep and revel o'er our lifeless forms,—  
 Nor in the churchyard's dreariness, for there  
 Grim spectres roam, and load the midnight air  
 With howling shrieks, and groanings of despair,—  
 Where life ne'er comes, but with a careless tread,  
 To break the mournful slumbers of the dead,  
 Or lay one more within that dreary home  
 Of mouldering corpses, skeletons, and gloom,—  
 A few short prayers—a tear, and all are gone,  
 And you are left forgotten there alone.  
 No friend returning thither mourns your fate,  
 For all around is dark and desolate ;—  
 No weeper comes,—O say in life how dear—  
 To breathe one deep-drawn sigh, or shed a tear,  
 And save an epitaph to catch the eye  
 Of some light, roving, careless passer-by,  
 There's nought on earth to wake your memory.  
 My spirit never in such scenes as those  
 Could find the peaceful sepulchre's repose.  
 No—bury me 'mid nature's brightest scene,  
 On some sweet mossy bank of emerald green,  
 Where streamlets flow, and lightly murmuring play,  
 All bright beneath the evening's mellow ray—  
 —And when the breezes sigh, the leaflets kiss  
 Its tiny waves, and speak of happiness,—  
 There let me lie, my last long slumbers be,  
 Beneath the shade of some light-waving tree,  
 Whose leafy branches, wooed by Zephyr's sighs  
 Soft rustlings make, and murmur their replies ;  
 For there my spirit, as it lingers by,  
 May drink in nature's sweetest melody,  
 Renewing fondly scenes, when hopes were bright  
 Eyes beaming shone, and hearts with mirth were light ;  
 And deem once more it hears the notes of love  
 In those soft stealing whispers of the grove.—  
 And when I'm laid within my lonely bed  
 If some still mourn or think upon the dead,  
 Perhaps they'll come, nor meditating here  
 Refuse 'mid nature's smiles to drop a tear.  
 But if on foreign shores stern Death should come,  
 Far from those forms I love, far, far from home,  
 If strangers' hands should close my glassy eye,  
 Beneath the burning heat of India's sky,  
 No lov'd one near to dissipate the gloom  
 Of death's dark reign, or deck my lonely tomb,  
 Oh lay me where the breezes from the West  
 May waft some sighs from lands belov'd the best ;  
 Some low laments from mourners far away,  
 From friends belov'd in youth's bright happy day,  
 To wreath the fond mem'ry's garlands o'er my head,  
 And calm my spirit in my gloomy bed,  
 For as in life, in death 'twill ever rove,  
 To catch e'en one soft sigh, one whisper'd note of love.

W.

MR. EDITOR,

In your last number there appeared an article called "Extract from the Hitopadesa," of such a nature as to lead any one who had never read that book to suppose it to be a mass of absurdity. To prevent, then, such an idea obtaining among your un-Oriental perusers, and in vindication of a book most curious, as being the only remains of prose in the Sanscrit language, and being the fountain-head of all the books of its kind that had been published in all countries and all languages, and most interesting on account of the originality and sublimity of many of its passages, I submit to your notice the following Translation of *another* part of that volume.

EXTRACT FROM THE HITOPADESA.—Book IV.

Where are the monarchs who fill'd India's throne,  
 Their sounding chariots, and their armies gone,  
 Of whose great actions and aspiring schemes  
 With death-like monuments the earth still teems?  
 Alas! unseen all human frames decay,  
 As water trickles through the unbak'd clay.  
 Tost by the surge from some far distant shore  
 Planks meet with planks, and parted meet no more:  
 Beneath the tree, which hides the scorching ray,  
 The traveller rests, and rested goes his way.  
 Such in this world the meeting friends obtain,  
 They meet—they part:—when will they meet again?  
 As many friendships, as we mortals know,  
 So many thorns within our bosoms grow.  
 Ye in this world who would be truly wise  
 On youth and beauty gaze with doubtful eyes:  
 Both youth and beauty flourish but to fade,  
 And friendship's ties to break are only made.  
 With heedless course and wild impetuous flow  
 Ne'er to return the mighty rivers go;  
 Thus mortal hours unheeded pass away;  
 Day follows night,—and night succeeds to day.  
 Witness of antient kings the short-liv'd hour,  
 The lordly palace, and th' imperial tower;  
 Could they of death th' unerring weapon shun?  
 Their works remain—but their short part is done.  
 Vain to the wilderness th' ascetics fly  
 From cares, which, while they live, can never die:  
 If man could make the storms of passion cease,  
 E'en in a city he might live in peace;  
 He whom an evil conscience does not cloy,  
 Will fear no penance, and will want no joy.

Ω.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*We are sorry to decline "Del's" composition.*

*Patience is devoid of incident and interest.*

*We confess ourselves totally unable to comprehend the point of Peregrine Pickle's production, and would be thankful for a key to the mystery.*

*Under consideration—"The River Ayr."*

*Διαβολος is not fit for the upper world.*

*We shall be glad to hear from the Author of "Don Roalez."*

*Under consideration—"The Fisherman."*

HERTFORD.

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# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

## PART III.

Liberius si  
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius; hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniā dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.*

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No. 5.] WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, 1841. [Price 6d.

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### THE INTERDICT.

*(Continued from page 25.)*

THE lady did not long hesitate, but confronting the stroller, smilingly addressed him :

"Say, worthy cousin, art thou willing to do a true knight's devoir, at the behest of a lady fair?" Ralph started at his cousin's voice. "In Heaven's name," he cried, "tell me wherefore thou art here alone, it is no seemly place for a gentlewoman by night, and alone." "I am not alone, as pretty mistress Alice, my tirewoman, can testify," said she, turning to her simpering companion, "but I would not speak jestingly," she added, "dear Ralph, I crave your counsel and assistance, and for the sake of kindred, if not of early friendship, do not refuse it.

"I fear Constance, the cold and grave wisdom of my sober manhood would but little accord with your lighter spirit: and why not seek advice of your lord? still my hand shall never fail the distressed, and, above all, thyself in the day of need."

"O! dullard that thou art," replied his cousin, "wherefore do I seek for advice, save that it may be sage and calm? and wherefore do I *not* seek wisdom from my lord, save that with him I should not find it? or would you bid me ask his counsel how to violate his own commands?" "I do not read your meaning," said De l'Haye, "you surely meditate no disobedience to De Veat?" Constance drew up, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes proudly flashing,—*"Hark ye, Sir Knight,"* she cried, "I married Hubert De Veat by the king's command; for him I have parted from all I loved, and have submitted to his harshest will, yet, for the bidding of the church, I will do that to which nought else on earth could bend me, and disobey him whom I have vowed to serve." "Has, then, this morning's broil so much disturbed you?" asked Ralph.

"No tyranny," she answered, "be it king or husband, shall shake my allegiance to the sacraments of religion; no contempt shall destroy my respect for my spiritual pastor." "What would you then with me, gentle cousin. How can I aid you?"

"How else," asked Constance, "save by procuring me the opportunity of offering that respect, and observing those sacraments, by bringing father John to my presence?"

"It cannot be to night," he said, "the dawn will break before I can overtake him; and it would be but the deed of a pitiful braggart to bring him by daylight through the baron's country."

"Time does not press; to-morrow morning, an hour before dawn will serve my purpose. Let him see me at the new porch of the church."

The lady and her companion vanished, and De l'Haye remained alone. "It is no knightly deed," mused he, "to humour a woman's whims against her wedded lord; and by my troth, and 'twere not that De Veat is but a churlish blockhead, and Constance dearer to me than ought on earth, I might have well declined the office of guide to a hair brained priest."

Turning on his heel, the young man strode along the terrace till he came to a small flight of steps which descended to the neighbourhood of the stabling. Silently he passed down, and accoutring his horse, led it to the castle gate. The warder bowed as he recognised him and opened the gates. Nor did the strangeness of the hour create

any surprise; his departure remained unnoticed; or supposed to be on some errand of a private nature, of which in those troublous times there was no want.

Pressing onwards, the castle was soon left behind; nor did the knight slacken his pace till about day break, when he began to descend one of the chalk hills which intersect, in all directions, the face of the country in that neighbourhood.

In the valley beneath lay a village, which even in those days might have served as the prototype of sweet Auburn; here he dismounted, and, leading his horse by the bridle, walked towards the door of the hostel, muttering as he went,—“Those varlets will be surely here, there is no other inn for miles round, and their legs would scarce carry them farther.”

This conjecture was not wide of the truth. In the principal room of the house, beneath the shelter of a huge chimney, (such as are even now to be met with in Hampshire cottages) sat the two servants of De Vear. The vicar had but recently arisen from the rush-strewn floor of the neighbouring chamber, and was occupied by the study of a huge black letter volume which was spread before him on a table in one corner. The host and hostess were busied in the preparation of the morning meal, the bacon for which was hissing on the fire, while low and smoked rafters, latticed casements, and a clean white-sanded floor, on which a couple of dogs of the chase were reposing, completed a scene well worthy of the limner's art. The gentle, though valiant, nature of the knight, could not pass unmoved,—the recollections of boyish days, and their calmer pleasures, recurred to him with irresistible sweetness, and he remained for some minutes watching the picture in silent delight. Startled, at length, from his reverie, by an exclamation of surprise from the hostess, he advanced to the centre of the room, where he was speedily recognised by the two menials, who immediately rose before him. “Ha! my good men,” he began, “I come to save you further labour, father John must return with me; for in sooth,” added he, seeing that they seemed half disposed to question his authority, “your mistress has been seized with so grievous a sickness, that she has need of ghostly counsel and comfort.” At these words a shade of sorrow overclouded the faces of the whole party, for the mildness and beneficence of the lady had made her name beloved, both far and wide.

So far, then, the object of his journey was accomplished, and the knight had now but to rid himself of the company of the two retainers. “Gilbert,” cried he, “your lord bids you ride with haste to Southampton, to fetch the sage leech who dwells there; and you, Walton, to Chichester, where you will pray the bishop to send such drugs as he may.”

In a few minutes more the messengers were speeding on their way with no common alacrity, and De l'Haye found little difficulty in teaching the priest the purport of his scheme. A steed was provided for the latter without much difficulty; and about midday they set forward on their journey, through which it will be needless to follow them.

On arriving in his own parish, the vicar's appearance caused considerable excitement among his flock, by whom he was sincerely beloved; a hint, however, of the secrecy which it was necessary to observe, prevented any communication of his presence reaching the baron's ear. Evening drew on, but not with the splendour of the preceding night: the wind rose frequently in deep gusts, and the rain was falling coldly and heavily around; the heavens were dark, and not even a star was visible. About midnight, De l'Haye and the vicar walked, silently, into the churchyard, nor were they without astonishment when they observed a large band of villagers collected to protect their revered pastor. Still time wore on, and it was near day break ere the lady Constance arrived. Mistress Alice and her child alone were with her.

There was now no leisure for delay, and the ceremony was performed hastily, and tremulously. Scarce, however, had the concluding prayer been uttered, when the tramp of horses was heard approaching. To explain more clearly our story, we must carry our readers back a little in the course of events.

The two servants whom De l'Haye had dispatched to Chichester and Southampton, from their zeal for their mistress, had made no small haste upon their journey, and had arrived earlier than he had calculated; and owing to the delay of Constance, before she had time to return to the castle, their strange messages, and still stranger story awakened the suspicions of the baron. The lady's chamber, and that of her cousin were found empty, and De Vear's wrath knew no bounds.

Summoning hastily such of his followers as were within reach, he sallied forth in pursuit; nor was he long before he gained information of the priest's arrival, and of

the assembly in the porch. Immediately the whole plot flashed across him, and his fury redoubled at the thought of being outwitted and disobeyed. Still he paused before the house; he was brave, though harsh, and an unarmed priest and a woman were but unmeet objects for his vengeance. He gazed around for a moment half perplexed, till his eye fell upon De l'Haye who, just mounted, sat at rest upon his saddle.

Instantly the rage of De Vear blazed forth anew; turning to De l'Haye, he cried, as coherently as his rage would admit, "Caitiff! darest thou violate the bonds of hospitality, and abet a wife in rebellion against her liege lord; is it the deed of a knight to steal forth from the shelter of a friendly house, to plot villainy against it? Defend thyself." Saying this he spurred his horse with reckless violence in the direction of the knight.

"God speed the right," ejaculated the priest, and a heartfelt Amen from most around re-echoed his prayer.

So quickly did the whole scene pass that none had time to interfere. The baron continued his headlong career towards his adversary who sat calmly awaiting his onset; but when within a few yards of the latter, the foot of Hubert's charger struck against a tombstone, which the twilight was not sufficient to discover. Down they crashed both horse and man,—the animal, indeed, rose again instantly, and started at full speed down the hill, but its master never moved again.

The bye-standers crowded round the spot, but all was now too late. The helmet was burst in two by the force with which it came in contact with the grave-stone,—the forehead crushed, the features scarcely recognizable.

A wailing and a mourning arose around the corpse: amazed and astonished De l'Haye knelt beside it, and Constance lay senseless on the ground.

They buried him, but in silence, and no parting prayers were uttered over his grave; till after years had elapsed and when the "Interdict" had been removed from the land, a company of mourners from a neighbouring convent was seen to assemble round the tomb, and by them the masses were chanted for the repose of his soul.

The lady abbess led them forth, and one who knew her might have traced beneath her robes the form and features of Constance De Vear.

And in truth she had there retired, and spent the residue of her days in charity to all around; and when any younger sister sighed for the lighter vanities without, she would tell her how that young, and rich, and nobly born, sorrow and trouble had gathered about her, and that when by one sudden stroke he whom she had sought to love, was hurried to the grave, she had retired to that retreat to seek "that peace which the world cannot give."

One earthly care alone engaged her,—the love of her son,—nor was it unrewarded: noble in person and in mind, he grew up loved and honored by all, and ere she died, she saw him filling a prominent station amidst the true patriots of the land.

The name of Ralph De l'Haye is also found occupying no undistinguished place in history: it is believed he fell at the battle of Lincoln.

One word more. John Talbot long lived among his parishioners, loving and beloved: and a lately discovered monument to his memory bears witness that he lived to a full age, and went down in honour to the grave.

WINTON.

## LEONORA.

(From the German of Bürger.)

"O William, art thou false or dead,"  
Fair Leonora cried;  
"How long wilt thou remain apart  
"From me, thy plighted bride?"  
For William to the wars was gone,  
To meet his country's foe,  
Nor tidings to his true love sent  
To stay her weary woe.  
And now the joyous troop returns,  
And finished is the fight;  
And every face is gay around,  
And every eye is bright.

With fife and lute, with drum and flute,  
 With song of every kind ;  
 Each soldier now returns again  
 To those he left behind.  
 And children, wives, and mothers flock,  
 Each loving friend to see ;  
 But Leonora seeks in vain—  
 No welcome friend had she.  
 She asked of every joyful face  
 For him she loved so well ;  
 But none was there to solve the doubt—  
 The wished-for news to tell.  
 Then Leonora wept aloud  
 And tore her raven hair,  
 And threw herself upon the ground—  
 Her arms and head were bare.  
 "What aileth thee, my child, my child,"  
 Her mother fondly said ;  
 Then took her gently in her arms,  
 And raised her tender head.  
 "O mother, mother, all is o'er,  
 "The world I now resign ;  
 "For He who pities grief and woe,  
 "No pity has for mine."  
 "Help, Heaven help—and mercy grant,  
 "My child—to heaven pray ;  
 "What God will do, that well is done—  
 "God pity us this day."  
 "O mother, mother, vain the thought ;  
 "What God this day has done  
 "To me and mine, is not for good—  
 "My final course is run."  
 "Help—heaven help : the Father, He  
 "Will pity his frail child ;  
 "The good and Holy Sacrament  
 "Will stay thy grief so wild."  
 "O mother, that which burns within,  
 "Unseen to thy fond eyes,  
 "No Sacrament can now assuage,  
 "Or bid the dead to rise."  
 "Perchance yet William, traitor false,  
 "Far in a foreign land,  
 "To some more fortunate bride bestows  
 "His faith, his heart, his hand."  
 "O mother, what is lost, is lost,  
 "And what is done, is done :  
 "My day is past, my light sinks fast,  
 "My final course is run."  
 "Help, Heaven help, nor call my child  
 "Before thy throne this day ;  
 "She scarce can know—so wild her woe,  
 "What words, or prayer to say.  
 "Forget thy sorrows here below ;  
 "Forget thy earthly love ;  
 "Think on the bliss that dwells on high ;  
 "O turn to him above."  
 "Oh mother, what is bliss to me,  
 "What sorrow—can'st thou tell ?  
 "—With William there is bliss alone ;  
 "Apart from him—'tis hell.  
 "Be quenched thou light in darkest night,  
 "Here on my lonely way ;  
 "All happiness is lost for me,  
 "And gone is Hope's last ray."

So raged despair in her breast and brain,  
 Full sorrowful, I ween,  
 Till night threw o'er her sable veil,  
 And the starry host were seen.  
 Hark ! horses' feet are heard to beat,  
 And on the road to tramp ;  
 And as he slowly mounts the stair,  
 Now sounds the rider's stamp,  
 And hark ! three times a knock was heard,  
 Thrice rang the bell around,  
 And at the door was whispered forth  
 The long-desired sound.  
 " O wakest thou ? O sleepest thou ?  
 " To answer this my call,  
 " Dost thou rejoice ? or aye for me  
 " The scalding tear let fall ?"  
 " O William, is it thou returned  
 " To bless once more my sight ;  
 " But whence, O whence hast ridden here,  
 " All in the dead of night ?"  
 " All in the dead of midmost night  
 " 'Tis meet that we should ride ;  
 " Then mount thou up beside me here,  
 " And thou shalt be my bride."

*(To be continued.)*

R.

#### THE SEA NYMPH'S SONG.

Tarr lightly, trip lightly, 'tis the hour for delight,  
 The glassy wave slumbers 'neath the silver moonlight,  
 And the star-spirits smile from their bright isles of rest,  
 To see their fair image on ocean's smooth breast.  
 The winds are light-pillow'd on a soft fleecy cloud,  
 With meteors the heavens all-bespangled their shroud,  
 They sleep save the zephyrs, whose sweet murmurs bemoan  
 Their fondly-lov'd flow'rets, now faded, and gone.  
 Fond spirits are breathing from their shell's winding cave,  
 Their sweetest of music, that floats light o'er the wave ;  
 And the nautilus leaving its bed in the sea,  
 Skims gaily the billow, to that soft melody.  
 Then haste from your coral grotts, Sisters, entrancing,  
 The moonbeams are now on each tiny wave dancing ;  
 'Tis the hour for delight, then we'll linger no more,  
 But lead our dance featly on the smooth shelving shore.

ARETHUSA.

#### SUGGESTIONS TO INCIPIENT WHISKER-GROWERS.

To the whisker-growing community of the E. I. C., and also to those who feed on the hope of some day indulging in the pride of a pair of feelers, and the extreme satisfaction that is derived from the cultivation, pulling and stroking of the same, I would address this my sad tale, asking for their sympathy in my misfortunes, bidding them take warning by my fate, and suggesting the expediency of concurring in the measures I humbly propose, or in some others, whereby such serious and melancholy calamities may be ever hereafter avoided.

Bright was the day ;—happiest of the happy was I, when after careful investigation I found some alight whisker-sprouts springing up on the side of each cheek, giving a promise of a full crop, provided only due care was taken in the rearing and pruning of the same. A thrill of delight coursed through my veins ; I felt as though I were a new being ; and this all-engrossing subject took possession of my soul. Off I set to the barber's with a lightsome spirit, and a step full of hope, and as I strode along my fancy raised on high light airy castles, and painted bright scenes of days to come, when I should strut along, the admired of the ladies, the envy of the men, and,

by the mere power of my whiskers alone, perpetrate many and wondrous conquests. As thus I mused, a question—a knotty question, suddenly suggested itself,—what shape, and what size should my whiskers be? I stopp'd, I pro'd and con'd, I argued—but all to no purpose; I could not determine whether one large one, circling from ear to ear, should be mine,—whether it should have one continuous graceful curl, or be left to Nature's guiding hand, and become as bushy as the Fates would grant. But would not two distinct whiskers look better? Then, should they be let grow wild all over the cheek, or reduced to a regular outline, to be varied according to the fashion? But what shall be said to a triangular patch on each cheek, and a kind of goat's tuft on each side of the chin? Oh, no! that would never suit my face; besides, it would materially interfere with my studies in that abstruse science, so seldom philosophically pursued, namely, that of kissing. What would then be the use of the numerous experiments I have already so successfully performed, the knowledge I have acquired, the information still to be perfected by future experiments, and the results which I hope some day to give to the world? No, no, no, that would never do. How then am I to decide the matter?—an answer suggested itself, let the whiskers come first, and then you may settle the shape as you like. I soon arrived at the barber's, and asked, "Pray, can you tell me what is the best kind of stuff to apply to the whiskers?" "La, bless you, sir, what want you with whisker-oil: you wout need any this many a year!" Oh! the indignation of that moment, to be wounded in my tenderest point, my newly-budding pride,—to be insulted, I may say, so grossly. I instantly left the shop and searched out another, where my vanity was fed to the full, and I returned loaded with Macassar oil, genuine Russian bear's grease, &c. &c. having emptied my pockets in purchasing a stock for the full perfection of what was to be my joy and pride through life. Thus supplied, I oiled, I greased, I shaved, I brushed, and laboured hard to accomplish my heart's desire; but the Fates were unpropitious, the season unfavourable, no crop could I raise; till at length in despair I determined to leave them to their own devices, and to trust to their generosity after the care, the great care I had taken of them. Thus resolved, I shunned looking at them for a month, endeavouring to drive my thoughts from them, and calm the anxious fears that constantly troubled my breast.

The month was up, the eventful morn arrived,—I awoke,—my heart palpitated with hope and expectation, I rushed eagerly to the glass, and saw,—and saw, indeed, an incipient whisker—but alas! alas! 'twas all growing the wrong way; I cannot look back to that moment without horror,—to think on hopes disappointed, expectations blasted, and that the glittering structure raised by them should thus at one blow be overwhelmed in ruin,—may it be for ever blotted from the tablets of my memory. My nights have been full of restlessness, my days full of inquietude and jealousy;—exposed to the taunts of those possessed of the much-prized ornaments, ever manœuvring to keep the most showy side to the company, and wasting my time in endeavours to cultivate what, alas! has proved a barren soil.

Gentle reader, such is my sad tale; and such I trust will not be your fate, but such it may be, let us therefore consider some measures whereby such a calamity may be avoided. Let us draw up an humble petition to the Honourable Court of Directors, showing, that anxiety of mind, depression of spirit, and consequently loss of health is likely to arise from such a calamity, whereby they may be deprived of the valuable services of their desponding servants. Let us humbly suggest the expediency of sending a person to travel, and to collect the best recipes, the best oils and greases; and of appointing an officer to the College who shall preside solely over the whisker department. The advantages likely to arise from this are considerable, a contented happiness of mind, and consequently a greater degree of application among the students, a considerable improvement in their personal appearance, and therefore a greater degree of credit reflected on the Company (who are in many cases judged of by their servants), new lights that will be given on the subject to the world in general, and the probable introduction of those excellent appendages, called beards, by the mere stroking of which men are said to calm their anger, and soothe their troubled breasts. These must be obvious to the most careless reader, let us not, then, delay a moment, but seek to avert a serious calamity, humbly hoping the Honourable Court of Directors will take into consideration the petition we may draw up, and that henceforth no student will be troubled with slow-growing, unequal, scanty or perverse whiskers.

A DESPAIRING WHISKERANDO.

HORACE.—*Lib. I., Ode 22.*

He who is pure in thought and deed,  
Of Moorish javelin has no need—  
No need of Scythian bow :—  
An easy heart—an upright mind,  
A surer safeguard you will find,  
My friend, where'er you go.

Whether you tempt the stormy deep,  
Where the tempestuous billows sweep  
Round Syrtis' dangerous shoals :—  
—Climb haughty Caucasus, or stray  
Where, sung in many an ancient lay,  
The famed Hydaspes rolls :—

For whilst I through the Sabine grove  
Unconscious wandered—whilst of love—  
—Of Lalagè I sung,  
From the dark thickets of the wood—  
Although alone—unarmed—I stood—  
A wild wolf from me sprung.

No such escape from Sylvan foe  
(As Daunia's warlike children know)  
In their beech-groves befell :  
Nor can the Libyan deserts, where  
The lion holds his secret lair,  
So dire a portent tell.

Oh ! place me where no verdant trees  
Invite the Zephyr's genial breeze  
Through the green leaves to blow !  
Oh ! bear me to those horrid plains,  
Where darkness atmospheric reigns,  
And winter's lasting snow :—

Or place me 'neath the torrid zone  
In trackless climes of waste—alone—  
Where mortals dare not dwell—  
Still from my lips one name shall spring—  
Her sweetly-speaking will I sing,  
And sweetly-smiling tell.

Ω.

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*Perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat.  
Democritus, quanquam non esset urbis illis,  
Prætexa*

MR. EDITOR,

It is usual to call man a rational animal to distinguish him from other animated beings ; how is it then, I would ask, that his conduct is marked with more irrationalities than that of any other living creature in the world ? Our old friend, Democritus, saw nothing in the brute creation to excite his mirth, though the behaviour of his fellow-creatures kept him perpetually in a broad grin. And could the mind of the wisest man amongst us be laid open to our view, could we examine narrowly its complicated structure, and tell every thought, every feeling, every passion that found its way within ; could we penetrate into every recess and corner, and trace words and actions to the springs whence they emanated ; could we, in one word, behold this extraordinary compound of contradictions and inconsistencies laid bare before our eyes, then, I say, there is hardly one amongst us who would not feel inclined to follow the example of the merry sage. There could not be a more absurd and irrational feeling in man, than his intense love of superiority over his fellow-men. Yet it is a feeling which seems inherent in our very nature, and shows itself almost before we have begun to form ideas, or exercise our first faculties. Show me the child of four years old that does not look down contemptuously on the child of three ; or the boy at school, that does not despise the whole body of his juniors ; or the young man that

does not pique himself on certain qualifications, no matter what, which raise him above his companions; or the student, with a new gown on his shoulders, that does not swell with the sense of his own importance, and consider that an immeasurable distance separates him from the great body of unpretending mortals. Walk up Portland Place on a fine afternoon in the height of the season, and you will see a number of respectable middle-aged gentlemen in full dress, lounging about on the door-steps. These, of course, are the butlers; and great, you may be assured, is the contempt with which they look down on the footmen with powdered heads and scarlet liveries, who may be seen in the pantries below. The footman, in his turn, looks down with scorn on the groom with the striped waistcoat; the groom casts a supercilious glance on the small tiger with the brass buttons; and the tiger glares indignantly on the butcher-boy with the tray. Wherever there is the slightest shadow of a plea for claiming superiority you may be quite satisfied it will be pounced upon with inconceivable rapidity. The veriest beggar in the streets is not so ragged or so tattered, but he considers himself superior to some other wretch more ragged and tattered than himself. The very dogs and cats catch the feeling from their masters; the drawing-room pet would never condescend to exchange greetings with the favourite of the kitchen; and the kitchen-favourite would be far above conversing with the vagabond pugs and poodles of the street.

And now to bring the matter a little nearer home. Give wings to your imagination for a few moments, and follow me to the college chapel, whither I am just about to proceed. And now that we are seated, let us look around. You perceive that the striking feature in the behaviour of all is this—that chapel being considered strictly as an affair of college discipline, and not a religious duty, every body's sole occupation consists in staring at every body. But there is a wonderful difference in the bearing of the parties under this mutual scrutiny. Opposite to us is a huge, meek-looking freshman; he is quailing, yes, quailing, under the disdainful glare of that insignificant youngster in the corner, who happens to have received his appointment earlier in life, and has already passed two terms at this oriental conservatory. But how is this? the young gentleman in the corner is now, in his turn, shrinking beneath the gaze of a gentleman with whiskers and a torn gown; and no wonder, for you must know, that the whiskered student has been four terms at college. His countenance, you perceive, bespeaks a more enlarged mind—a mind that has grappled fiercely with many a hydrostatical and astronomical problem—a mind overflowing with all kinds of oriental lore; so overflowing, indeed, that there is an unpleasant chance of its all running off before he reaches India. No wonder, I say, that such a man should command deference, even by his look. But you have seen enough to be convinced that human nature is the same here as elsewhere. The fourth-term man considers himself a cut above the third, the third above the second, and the second above the first. This may be all very natural; but I cannot help thinking, that had Democritus been told of such a thing, he would have cracked his sides with the violent exuberance of his mirth.

M.

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#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*We trust that "Σιλην's" next article will be more original, or at any rate more correctly transcribed.*

*We cannot decide upon "River Ayr," until we have seen the conclusion.*

*We trust that the author of "Iphigenia in Aulis" will turn his talents to other subjects.*

*We decline the "Fisherman."*

*Our modesty prevents the insertion of the "Editorial Rhymes."*

*Our next Number will be the last this Term. We trust to receive sufficient contributions to enable us to make it a double one.*

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# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

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## PART III.

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Liberius si  
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius; hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniâ dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.*

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No. 6.] WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10, 1841. [Price 6d.

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### SCOTLAND AND ITS LEGENDS.

ROMANTICALLY situated at the foot of the hill of Fair, and but a short distance from the small village of Echt, stands the old castle of Midmar. Although many centuries have now elapsed since it was built, it is not dilapidated; and the granite walls, in many places more than a yard in thickness, seem to set time at defiance. The loop-holes in the walls, the strong iron-doors, and the old dungeon beneath, give evidence that it was built for warlike as well as peaceful purposes; and many are the dark tales of slaughter that are reported to have taken place within its sombre walls. So great, indeed, is the dread of the peasantry for this spot, that no one for miles round would be found hardy enough to remain there after dark.

They have, however, a particular dread of one long gallery, in which there is a door leading to another chamber, which is so skilfully concealed as not to be discoverable on the minutest examination. The mystery connected with this room I learnt when a child, from an old nurse who had been many years in the family, and who although she allowed that she herself had never been personally an eye-witness of any hob-goblin scenes, was very well acquainted with many persons who had been pursued down the long galleries by ladies and gentlemen in high-heeled shoes and antiquated dresses.

She, moreover, declared that on one particular night these frolicksome ghosts were in the habit of holding a "bal masque," and dancing Scotch reels, jigs, and strathspeys with great glee, to the music of a certain old piper.

It was a beautiful evening in June, 1715, that the heroine of my tale, accompanied by her maid, ascended the steps leading to the top of the turret, and on their arrival at the summit looked anxiously at the narrow and almost impassable road leading to the castle.

"An do ye think that they'll be here soon, my leddy," said Jenny, addressing her young mistress. "An the red coats catch puir Tam, he'll be ta'en to Edinbro', and then his head will aff; and I'm sure my heart will brak wi' greeting."

"Indeed, Jenny, I am very anxious myself," said Ellen; "but I hope that they may yet escape. Oh! that they were in safety."

As she spoke, two horsemen appeared galloping down the glen about two miles from the castle, and at the same moment the glittering armour on the top of the hill shewed that their pursuers were not far behind.

On they came, riding with reckless speed, both cleared the small mountain stream at a leap, and in a few minutes more drew up their wearied steeds at the castle door.

"Away with the horses to the wood!" shouted the cavalier to his attendant; "and if those rascals do not find them in the stable, they may perhaps imagine that we have not halted here." He then threw himself from his horse, and with hasty steps entered the castle, and ascending the turret where we have left Ellen and her maid, was in a few moments in his mistress's arms. He was tall and well made, with handsome but bronzed features, and seemed to be about six-and-twenty years of age.

"Dearest Ellen!" said he, as soon as he could speak, "I fear there is but little chance of escape from those blood-hounds. There is but one hope, and that is the secret-closet—there I must remain, and perhaps may not be discovered; but if I am, I shall at all events lay down my life gladly for my Prince's cause."

"Talk not so, dearest Ewan, I beseech you," said Ellen; "they will not, they cannot put you to death: think of the services that your father rendered the government: they cannot put Ewan Macdonald to death like a common felon."

"Alas! I fear, dear Ellen, that the father's services will but serve to incense them against the son. If I am taken, all is over; concealment is the only hope."

By this time the dragoons were close to the castle, and Ewan had only time to enter his concealment when their cries and shouts were heard in the hall.

"He must be here," shouted the commanding officer. "Let one party search the house and another the woods; and, Blunt, do you search the stable and see if their horses are there."

The search was carried on for several hours without success, until at last the troopers returned bringing with them the unfortunate Tom and the horses. Rendered certain by this that the object of their pursuit was within the walls, the search was renewed with double ardour, but still without effect.

"I should not be at all surprised if he is skulking in some secret apartment with which I know these old castles abound," said Blunt.

"By our Lady that is a good thought, Blunt," said the officer. "But how in the world shall we find this same closet; I am afraid we are as far from our mark as ever."

"That is easy enough, captain," said the first speaker; "let us first count the windows from the inside of the castle and see whether they correspond with the number seen from the outside."

"A clever plan by my halidome; but I think if we were to place a branch of leaves in every window in the castle, we might then see from the outside what room we have not yet entered."

This expedient was adopted, and one window was reported without a branch: the fact was then palpable.

"But how are we to find the door?" exclaimed the captain; "for not an entrance can I see. The room must be opposite this spot; and as to breaking a hole in this wall the thing is impossible; a battering ram would scarcely do it in a week."

As he spoke he turned sharp round, when, unfortunately, the scabbard of his sword coming in contact with the concealed spring the door flew open. In an instant Ewan rushed out, and, firing his pistols, the captain and Blunt fell dead at his feet.

The noise alarmed the troopers; in a moment they were upon him, but they laid hands on a corpse—Ewan had stabbed himself to the heart.

Such was the good old lady's story; and to this day Ewan Macdonald, the trooper Captain, and Blunt, may be seen by any one, who has a bottle of whiskey in him, dancing a three-some reel to the old boy's pipes.

F.

## THE FAIRIES' DEFENCE.

Do they say we are gone? Do they say we are sped?  
 That the echo no longer resounds to our tread?  
 That our haunts are all empty by spring and by dell,  
 That the fairies no longer in old England dwell?  
 Vain, short-sighted mortals, yet still we are here,  
 Our light-footed trippings by moonlight we hold;  
 We still can inspire the lone rustic with fear,  
 We still are the guardians of homestead and fold!

We bound o'er the mountain—we float o'er the wave,  
 Our forms in the cool-flowing river we lave;  
 When we spring from the earth, and mount on the gale,  
 The clouds are our chariots, the zephyr our sail.  
 Still, still on the night of All Hallow's eve,  
 Our shadowy bands to the gloom we display;  
 Still, still the light dance we fantastic'ly weave,  
 In silvery armour and fairy array.

We know there are islands beyond the blue seas,  
 Of which sages have written and poets still dream;  
 Where odours celestial float on the breeze,  
 And the sun reigns on high with his undying beam.  
 Oh! yes there are islands so bright and so clear,  
 But believe us, we tell you, these islands are here;  
 For where do the breezes more fragrantly blow?  
 Or where doth kind nature with liberal hand,  
 Her beauties more largely—more gratefully throw,  
 On a fairer—a freer—a happier land?

Woe, woe to the wretch who thinks light of our spell,  
 Who plucks our young flowers and drinks of our well!  
 Woe, woe to the wretch who intrudes on our games,  
 Despises our power, and laughs at our names!  
 Beware then, ye rustics, tread lightly the ground,  
 When homeward 'mid twilight and darkness you hie;  
 Offend not our hearing with ill-mannered sound,  
 Nor dare on our circles mysterious to spy.

QUEEN MAB.

## THE CHILDREN OF NIGHT.

Auræque et venti, montesque, amnesque, lacusque,  
 Dique omnes nemorum, dique omnes noctis, adeste.

*Ovid.*

Grey Evening slowly weaves her shadowy chain  
 O'er forest, vale, and hill:  
 The last sun-tinted clouds of crimson grain  
 Float high and still.

Silence falling fast around  
 Broods above the mossy ground,  
 Soft and calm her footsteps go,  
 As the crystal-winged snow;  
 And her lifeless aspect pale  
 Cover'd with a misty veil;—  
 While from Night's unmeasur'd caves  
 Wash'd by Chaos' sable waves,  
 Sleep arising, mounts his car,  
 Over earth to wander far;  
 Lips that smile, and hearts that weep,  
 In his influence to steep.

Pale and dim Shapes around his chariot glide,  
 That cleave the dusky air with moth-like motion ;  
 The ivory-palaced Dreams which haunt the tide  
 Of tossing Passion's dark and wreck-strewn ocean.

To Sleep's star-studded sceptre they  
 Mute and quick obedience pay,  
 Round the human soul and mind  
 Indistinct illusions wind ;  
 Joy o'er Innocence they shed,  
 But surround the sinner's bed  
 With such phantoms of the brain,  
 He hardly dares to sleep again.—  
 Here a Vision robed in white,  
 Wreath'd with roses fresh and bright,  
 Paus'd above a sleeping child  
 That in slumber mov'd and smil'd.  
 There a Thought with wings of flame  
 To a patriot hovering came,  
 And within his bosom rose  
 Schemes to lighten mortal woes.  
 Now there pass'd a bright-hair'd Dream  
 That shower'd down a golden gleam,  
 A sleeping maiden's brow above,  
 Which awaken'd hope and love ;  
 A swart and wild-eyed Shadow stood,  
 Scorch'd with flame, and smear'd with blood,  
 By a tyrant's restless head,  
 And curdled up his soul with dread.  
 While many another on did go,  
 Bearing terror, joy, and woe.

Mysterious Children of the ancient Night,  
 Whose sudden voices break when all is still  
 From the deep breast of meadow, wood, and hill,

Awakening vague and indefin'd affright,  
 As on the lonely wanderer's ear they rise,  
 Startling the spell that hangs 'twixt earth and skies—  
 —The spell of utter stillness ;—motion,—sound,—

Save of the stars, for aye in Time's vast seas seemed drown'd,

Ye are the only sounds by mortals heard

Of holy Night's all-universal hymn,

Breath'd indistinct, without a spoken word,

By myriad forms that haunt her caverns dim.

The stars and sister-spheres on high prolong

Through the wide heavens for aye their choral song ;

The Spirits of the Waters and the Fire,

And the vast chasm of the sightless Air,

Ever to him who call'd them forth aspire

To peal their poean of glad song and prayer :

From Earth's innumerable features, all and one,

Since the first morning of the world begun,

One mighty stream of praise hath never ceas'd to run.

Spirit-tongued, each element

Since its birth, with one consent,

To him who made doth ever raise

Its eternal voice of praise ;

Through the universe around

Sweetly swells the joyous sound :

But on ears of mortal clay

Falls alone the soft decay

Of whispers that at midnight break

From hill and meadow, wood and lake ;

Broken fragments, that anon

Float—are just perceiv'd—and gone—

For the senses dull and slow

Of earth-born mortals may not know,—

Being in perception dim,—

Night and nature's ceaseless hymn.

## THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.

\* \* Μετὰ ταῦτα οὔτε ζῶντα Ὀρόντην οὔτε τεθνηκότα οὐδεὶς εἶδε πώποτε, οὐδὲ ὅπως ἀπέθανεν οὐδεὶς εἰδὼς ἔλεγεν· ἑκάστον δὲ ἄλλοι ἄλλως· τάρφος δὲ οὐδεὶς πώποτε αὐτοῦ ἐφώνη. XENOPHON.

IN the middle ages, those days when every man's hand was raised either in defending his own life, or in destroying that of his fellow-man—when war was the main business and study of our ancestors, many remains of antiquity and monuments of its heroes were transformed from peaceful sanctuaries of religion, or gloomy abodes of death, into strongholds and places of defence, where the turbulent noble bade defiance to the laws of his country and the armies of his prince. Italy is rich in instances of this desecration, where the massive and gigantic stonework of the empire is surmounted by the battlements first known and used in feudal days. Among many others may be cited the tomb of Cecilia Metella, famous in Childe Harold, and the mausoleum of Adrian, now the castle of St. Angelo.

The Emperor Adrian, desirous of providing a resting place for his ashes, worthy of his memory, built this enormous pile, and adorned it in a most wonderful manner. The finest statues of the Grecian school were here collected, and the gold of India was lavished in its decoration. Some of the ancient architects have left us glowing descriptions of the riches and magnificence of this most gorgeous of tombs.

In one of the numerous sieges which Rome sustained in its decline, the citizens, as a last resource, took refuge in the tomb of Adrian, and there obstinately defended themselves against the invading hordes. The sanctity of the grave was violated—the imperial ashes were scattered to the winds, the statues of Parian marble were hurled piece-meal from the walls upon the besiegers, and not an ornament was spared, when it could be converted into a missile against the foe. The old towers have stood many an assault since that day, and little now remains to tell the tale of their former magnificence.

As a fort, it is still a place of great strength, and serves well to awe into subjection the turbulent spirit of the Romans. Even in late years, the Pope has often been forced to fly for safety within its walls; and in its dungeons are confined many unhappy men whose freedom has been deemed dangerous to the safety of the state.

These same dungeons are dreadful abodes—somewhat like the Pozzi and the Piombi of Venice—the latter high above the clamours of the world—the former far below the waters of the Tiber. It is well known that dungeons have ever their accompanying legends and tales of terrible deeds—of midnight murders—of endless and despairing incarceration. The prisons of St. Angelo have their appropriate stories—many very false, and some perfectly well-founded. One of the latter, though not the most dreadful, may not be uninteresting to the reader.

In the autumn of the year 1793, a nobleman with a large retinue arrived in Rome. It was at that period when the French people, having attained their so much vaunted and dear bought freedom, were anxious to impart the blessings of liberty, with the curse of anarchy, to the rest of the world. Political agents were secretly dispatched from Paris to every court of Europe, with instructions to poison the minds of the lower orders, and rouse them to avenge the supposed wrongs of their country. At such a time governments are naturally suspicious, and his passport, bearing the dread name of “Robespierre,” the movements of the Count Castracani did not escape notice. He had reported himself a Sicilian nobleman, but his accent gave strong evidence of a long residence in France, so long as almost to have made him forget his native tongue—besides his attendants and equipage were French. No wonder, then, that the minister of police paid great attention to this “Sicilian nobleman.” The officers of justice in a short time discovered that secret assemblies were nightly held, at which the Count deplored, in forcible language, the slavery of the Roman people, and that large bribes and promises of future rewards were made to many influential men in Rome; in return for which they were to hold themselves in readiness, and proffer their services when called upon, and that a deep-laid conspiracy had been formed to seize the Vatican, slay every one who opposed the dethronement of the Pope; and, finally, to establish the “Great Republic” in Rome.

It was the last day of the Carnival. On the morrow the storm was to burst forth—and as it subsided, the light of freedom was to dawn in Italy. At midnight, the Count Castracani sat in his richly furnished palace, rejoicing at the perfect success of all

his schemes—forming plans for the future, and building visions of greatness and power to which the gratitude of his republican employers was to raise him. Two strangers demanded admittance to his presence. Supposing them members of his faction, he ordered their approach. They entered, and throwing aside their disguises discovered to the eyes of the astonished nobleman the persons of the familiars of the minister of police. The elder of the officers presented to the Count a warrant for his apprehension and committal to the castle of St. Angelo. Resistance he was told was useless: the ante-chamber was filled with soldiers of the Swiss Guard, and the surest mode of establishing his innocence was a passive obedience to the signature of the Pope. The admonition of the officer was of no avail. Rage or despair drove Castracani furious—drawing a dagger from his side he buried it in the heart of the bearer of the warrant, and was about to serve his companion in the same manner, when he was struck senseless to the ground by the halbert of the captain of the Swiss Guard, who with his men rushed into the apartment.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our next scene opens in the dungeons of the castle. Six months had passed away, and Castracani, for we will still call him by his Italian name, lay a condemned murderer in the vaults he was to have peopled with his enemies. How different was that pale and emaciated figure, from the gay and enterprising republican, who a few months before had headed a powerful league. Though he had been tried and sentenced to immediate execution, within a few days after his apprehension, the clemency of the Roman government had granted frequent reprieves, in the vain hope that the wretched man would by repentance prepare his soul to meet death. Six months had thus gone by, during which hope had never abandoned Castracani—though the many attempts made to liberate him had failed—he was still confident of escape. But his hour was nearer than he imagined. By the dim light of a small lamp, he sat musing over a paper he had just received. It was the warrant for his execution on the morrow.

"So," said the unhappy man, "the cries of justice have prevailed over those of mercy. The clemency of the sovereign Pontiff is exhausted! The six months granted for repentance have gone by, and to-morrow I am to die upon the scaffold: thus says this paper. No! No! Has it not been said of me, by the readers of the stars, that 'man shall not behold my death.' How then am I to die upon a public scaffold—the execration of thousands? Italian tyrants! I defy you still. Rome shall never behold my end. My headless trunk shall never quiver beneath the axe of the executioner. Though disappointment and vexation have been the only fruits of deep-laid plots for my liberation—though every stratagem has been frustrated—still, my own arm alone shall rescue me from death and ignominy. One hope, and that a strong one, yet remains. Let me but summon nerve and courage to the deed, and ere long Castracani may turn his back upon the towers of St. Angelo."

He then summoned the attendant, who was always in waiting at the prison door.

"Giacomo," said he, "you are aware that to-morrow I am to die. Here is the warrant, my passport into another world. There is no longer time to trifle with this life. I would prepare for another, and would see some holy father who, by his exhortations and prayers, may help me in my passage to eternity. Let the Padre Anselmo, Provincial of the Convent of Ara Coeli, be summoned to attend me."

The attendant replied, "I rejoice to see my noble master, at last moved to seek for comfort in the consolations of religion. It shall be done as you command."

"Poor Giacomo," continued Castracani, when his servant had left the prison, "he has served me well since first I entered these walls; he has aided me, as far as in him lay, in my plans for my escape; and I believe that he would even now give his life to save me: would to God that it were not necessary; but if so, he must die. And now for hypocrisy—now for cunning! If I can but cheat this wily priest, not the Arch-Fiend himself will be a match for Antonio Castracani. The Padre Anselmo in appearance is my second self; his stature, countenance, and figure, are alike mine; this black and flowing beard too, fostered with so much care, will aid the deception. Yes, Padre Anselmo, I have long had my eye upon you, and you will serve my purpose well."

For some time longer he continued musing, moving with rapid strides about his narrow cell, when, at the sound of approaching footsteps, he threw himself upon his knees, and, to the eyes of the advancing monk, seemed wrapped in deep devotion.

The Padre Anselmo was about the same age as Castracani—exceedingly like the Count in features and general appearance. The dress which he wore was that of his order; consisting of a deep cowl of coarse brown cloth, which shaded his head and face, and a gown or robe of the same material reaching to the ground. Round his waist a rope was tightly girded, from which were suspended his rosary and crucifix. Sandals of untanned leather completed his attire. On entering he dismissed the keepers, desiring them to return in an hour; and then took his station beside the kneeling prisoner. During the confession, the pretended penitent acted his part to perfection, and at its conclusion, with much apparent humility and sorrow, thus addressed the Confessor:—

“Padre! is there any hope that by inflicting punishment on myself, by scourging my body in this life, my soul may hope for mercy in the next?”

“Yes, my son!” replied the monk, as he took the cord from his waist, and placed it in the hand of the penitent. With this rope, in imitation of the anchorites of old, and of the members of our holy order of the present day, inflict such stripes on your body, that your sufferings may in some degree, move the offended justice to show mercy to your soul.”

This was all that Castracani required. Under the pretence of knotting the cord so as to increase his punishment, he quickly formed a running noose, which, with the speed of lightning, he threw over the head of the monk, tightened his grasp, and in an instant the lifeless body of the Confessor rolled upon the floor.

It took but a few minutes to change garments with the murdered man—and to place the body, as if seeking repose, upon the miserable bed. He had effected this, and had drawn the cowl closely over his face, so as to render discovery almost impossible, when the attendant, Giacomo, entered the dungeon to report that the keepers waited, to conduct the monk from the castle. In his hand he bore a torch, which glared upon the stiffening figure on the bed, and discovered to the horrified attendant the sandal of the Monk upon the feet of the seeming Count. The truth flashed across the mind of Giacomo—a deadly paleness spread over his face, and he trembled with horror at the crime which he suspected. Castracani instantly saw his oversight and the danger he incurred. In one moment his sinewy arms encircled the body of the attendant, in another his fingers were planted in his throat, and then the death rattle was sounding when the keeper entered the dungeon. Their prisoner was once more secured, the disguise torn from his back, and he was hurried to the lowest dungeons of the castle, far beneath the yellow waters of the Tiber.

Since that day Castracani has never been heard of. His name is breathed in Rome only with a mingled feeling of horror and dread. His fate was never known; and thus was fulfilled the prediction of the astrologer, that “Man was not to see him die.”

L. S. J.

### VISION OF ACHILLES.

It is related, that Homer having resolved to compose a poem of which Achilles should be the hero, and desirous of obtaining an adequate conception of the warrior, made a pilgrimage to his burial-place, and besought the mighty shade to appear for one moment in all its former glory. Achilles rose into sight, but in so awful a shape, that the astonish'd bard became blind in the act of contemplation.

Round the rocks which worn and steep  
Gird Sigæum's summits, sweep  
The billows of the sea,  
And the first star peeps on high  
From its mansion in the sky,  
With a mild and tender light  
Ocean, shore, and cliffs are bright,  
And sleeping seem to be;  
On the headland's summit high,  
Where the breezes ever sigh,  
A lonely tomb is reared—  
A towering shaft of Parian stone  
As yet by time unseared;  
Upon the green sward placed alone,  
Sprung from a marble base,

Nor nameless, nor to fame unknown,  
 For there the eye might trace—  
 "Here sleeps Achilles"—nothing more  
 That pale and tearless mourner bore.

But see! what form ascendeth now  
 The promontory's rocky brow?

Unlike the common herd;—  
 Godlike his stature and his height,  
 Beneath his brow a living light  
 Seems inwardly to lie;  
 No base or earthly passions stirred  
 His calm yet eagle eye;  
 Not Jove upon Olympus' cloud  
 Trod so majestically proud.

At length he gains the summit steep,  
 And viewed the tomb with reverence deep,  
 His soul seem'd struggling with a sense  
 Of clay oppress'd impotence,  
 As mortal words were all too weak  
 The feelings of his heart to speak,  
 Trembling at length—"Achilles, rise,  
 "Though for a moment, to my eyes  
 "In their sublimity display,  
 "The glories of thy former day."

As the fiery cloud up-rises  
 From snow-clad Ætna's crest,  
 Wing'd with flame, when it despises  
 The mountain's smouldering breast,  
 And through the blue air, high up-borne,  
 Spreads on the winds its sullen scorn.  
 So rose Achilles, armour dight,  
 That shed around a lurid light,  
 And still his right-hand did uprear  
 His massy and tremendous spear,  
 The crooked falchion, sharp and wide,  
 Still was girded to his side,  
 The plumes upon his helmet spread  
 Their awful shadow o'er his head,  
 And on his arm the ponderous shield—  
 The terror of the battle-field;  
 And a fearful light shone 'round him far,  
 Like the air that encircles a meteor-star.

But to the bard that terrible light  
 Fell on his eyeballs like blackest night;  
 His spirit grew bright with the inward spark;  
 But his vision for ever was gone and dark;  
 From his sight fair nature had melted away,  
 And the golden smile of the happy day.

VESPER.

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#### GERALDINE.

Outstretch'd like some pale victim of stern death,  
 In marble beauty Geraldine was laid,  
 Her limbs all motionless,—no sigh, no breath,  
 No tear, not one convulsive throb was made—  
 But like a bud that fate has doomed to fade,  
 Before its fairness to the world is shown,  
 A mournful sight lay that sweet widow'd maid,  
 Entranced like death,—her happiness all flown,  
 Her hopes, her joys in life, like Autumn leaflets gone.



By what rude blast ? O say. A tale I ween  
 So sad has not been told this many a day,  
 As that of Edmund and fair Geraldine ;  
 A blithe and handsome youthful pair were they,  
 As ever loved by moonlit stream to stray,  
 And breath'd fond vows when youth's sweet days were bright,  
 Beneath the genial glow of summer's ray,  
 When hopes were soothing, and their bosoms light  
 With joy, and life all seem'd a region of delight.

But soon that dream was o'er ;—constrained to part  
 By cruel friends, he from her presence fled ;  
 And she, poor thing ! soon pined ; her widowed heart,  
 Unknowing change—to other suitors dead,  
 With none but her lost love would ever wed,  
 Though many sought her hand, her heart was dumb  
 To love's soft whisperings, for still it bled  
 With that deep-cutting wound ;—'twas life to roam  
 With him she loved ;—all else was death, the tomb her home.

She faded by degrees ;—just as the light  
 Of some long summer's day slow leaves the sky,  
 And softly lingers yet, 'till all in night  
 Is 'whelm'd ;—so fled the brightness of her eye,  
 So ceas'd her voice's lightsome melody ;  
 Those joyful notes that echoing before  
 Oft witching caught some roving passer-by,  
 No more were heard ; its magic tone was o'er,  
 And she, poor love-sick maid, seem'd treading death's dark shore.

Her parents mourning slow relented then,  
 They could not see her die, for had she gone,  
 Sad had been their path midst the haunts of men,  
 Their joy, their pride, their happiness all flown ;  
 And could they pass this weary life alone ?  
 Ah no !—this world is full of dreariness,  
 Before th' heart-rending pangs of grief are known,  
 And yet with nought to love, those joys were less,  
 And life a weary way—a journey of distress.

The roses bloom once more upon her cheek,  
 So soft, so beautiful, so sweetly fair,—  
 Her gentle spirit breathes, so kind, so meek,  
 Renewing hope, and love, for dark despair  
 No longer holds his fell dominion there ;  
 Her sunny smiles, and whisper'd accents tell,  
 More sweet than Zephyr's sighs, the loss of care,  
 The power of love, the magic of its spell,  
 The heart, where happy thoughts and long-sought visions dwell.

The rite is o'er, and they two joined in one,  
 A lovely pair, seem lost to all around  
 In happiness unspeakable ;—the sun  
 Its brightest rays is shedding on the ground,  
 All earth and air seem breathing forth a sound  
 Of love and joy, to hail that happy day ;  
 And fortune who so long upon them frowned,  
 With gladness smiling forth her soothing ray,  
 Now seems to drown all woe, and bid all hearts be gay.

What means that horrid shriek, so keen, so shrill,  
 That bursts like thunder from the merry scene ?  
 What means this turbulence ?—alas, some ill  
 Has come upon the bride, her joy between,  
 What else could such a fearful outbreak mean ?  
 The guests all horror-struck at that dire sound,  
 Haste to the spot where joy so late had been,  
 They find poor Edmund weltering on the ground,  
 And Geraldine in deathlike icy chillness bound.

One shriek, and life seems from her bosom fled  
 To wing its flight with his. Then mournfully  
 They bear her from the scene ;—they deem'd her dead,  
 So motionless upon her couch she lay,  
 Midst garlands bright, and ornaments so gay,  
 A piteous scene. The morn had shone so bright  
 With love and joy, to greet their wedding day ;  
 And scarce perform'd had been that holy rite,  
 When Death came hovering o'er—and all was 'whelm'd in night.

And yet how beautiful she lay ; one vein  
 So blue, across her marble forehead strayed—  
 All else was deadly pale. No sign of pain,  
 No throbbing her deep misery betrayed :  
 You might have gazed for ever, for no shade  
 Of sadness dimmed her beauty ; but her eye  
 Each gazer with its glassy look dismayed,  
 It told a mournful tale ; so dreadfully  
 It glared, a stony glare, on all the standers by.  
 But consciousness returned, though reason fled.  
 At first she seem'd to feel some chilling pain,  
 And moaning, clasped her hands upon her head,  
 As if she thus would stop it ;—then again  
 Th' electric spark of madness through each vein  
 Its fiery impulse shot,—she raved, and through  
 The group with starting eyeballs seem'd to strain,  
 And called upon her love,—then bid them strew  
 Bright flowers along his path, as her he came to woo.

And then anon she'd chide him for delay,  
 And bid him bear her to some other shore,  
 Where they midst nature's choicest gifts might stray,  
 And sorrow never should afflict them more.—  
 Another change, and raging madness o'er  
 Her beauteous form its fearful mantle flings,  
 All was a painful boding calm before,  
 But now are seen her phrenzy's bitt' rest stings,  
 And yet the ruling thought through all its changes clings.

But suddenly a deep-stained drop of blood,  
 Upon her vest, her wandering fancy caught,  
 All silently and motionless she stood,  
 As if 'twas found what she so late had sought.  
 No child e'er gazed upon a toy new bought  
 With more delight,—it seem'd some pretty flower,  
 She smiled and said to cherish it she ought,  
 And plant it near their pleasant sunny bower,  
 To catch the earliest rays and feel the dewy shower.

But wherefore dwell on such a dreadful scene,  
 Or seek to tell the woe, the agony  
 Of them that watched her, 'till at length serene  
 And calm she sank to rest ; just as the sky  
 When the fierce tempest's o'er, so beauteously  
 Is lull'd, and brightened with the evening ray,  
 Which gleams, a flitting gleam, then passes by,  
 As swift and bright as visit of a fay,

Then night comes on and leaves no traces of the day.  
 'Twas thus she died—they laid them in one tomb,  
 With some sad lines to tell their tale of love,  
 And how they sank beneath the untimely doom.  
 Their grave was near the shadows of a grove  
 That chanting birds might echo still above  
 The grave their notes of fondness : and when near  
 Soft maidens with fond youths should chance to rove  
 That they might o'er them pitying drop a tear,—  
 A tribute to the dead and memory so dear.

M.

## EXTRACT FROM THE PREFACE OF THE SHAH NÂMEH.

Praise to the Lord of worlds, the Lord of kings,  
 From whom all wisdom, and all glory springs :  
 Praise to the Lord of souls, enthron'd in height,  
 Far, far beyond all human thought or sight ;  
 Praise to the Lord of fortune, and of fame,  
 The Lord of Saturn's distant-rolling flame ;  
 The Lord of spheres, who lit with living light,  
 The moon's pale lamp, the sun, and day-star bright ;  
 The Lord of prophets, high above all name,  
 Above all place—for ever still the same.  
 What tho' thou canst not, with thy mortal eye,  
 His all pervading majesty descry,  
 Vex not thyself, for e'en thought's swift-wing'd flight  
 Fails to approach his cloud-encircled height,  
 And none, but souls, all-skilled, all-pure, all-wise,  
 Soar beyond earth to bright, undying skies.  
 No words his name can sing, his praises tell,  
 Who far above our spirits' ken doth dwell :—  
 What then remains but to obey his will,  
 His prophet honor, and his laws fulfil,  
 Follow the path of happiness and light,  
 Till death enshrouds thee in eternal night.

D.

## THOUGHTS ON HORACE.

THERE are some to whom, from the period of their leaving school, the bare mention of the term classics, or any attempt to recall the studies of former days, is odious : and such, we allow, can derive no gratification from the perusal of an article written for the purpose of placing before their eyes some of the chief points in the character and writings of the Venustian poet : and who of all the writers of antiquity is so endeared to our recollection as Horace ? who so pleasingly, so vividly narrates his various adventures, journeys, and mishaps ? lays open for our inspection the cheerful picture of his country fireside ? or engages our attention by recounting his manner of spending the day when at Rome ? True it is that our old friend has needed no biographer to hand down to posterity a panegyric on his life and actions\* : the want has been amply supplied by his own exertions, though probably unintentional : we take up Horace and we gaze on the panorama of his life ; we look into the poet and we read the inmost characters of the man. Thus we track his infant days, and can see him under the eye of a prudent and sensible father imbibing that knowledge and those precepts which in after life he had occasion to remember with such unalloyed satisfaction : without shame or compunction he frankly confesses his ignoble birth, and without a sneer, without a taunt, like those Juvenal launches at the heads of the nobility, he prides himself more on that father than on the blood of a line of kings. But it is not our intention to collect from the various writings of Horace materials sufficient to work his life into one unbroken chain : this the reader may do for himself, or not, as he pleases ; we merely follow him at a distance in his endeavours “ to seek for truth in the groves of Academus :” we laugh as we picture him to ourselves showing a clean pair of heels at Philippi ; we see him again settled peaceably at Rome, and here we pause to consider two important scenes in the life of our favourite—so unaffectedly, and yet so strongly has he portrayed one of them, that we look, as it were, and see the curtain drawn up and the stage of life opened to our view : a nobleman on the one side, whose commanding cast of features stamps him as the descendant of a line of kings, is talking in a kind and somewhat affable manner to Horace : Horace himself, from an over excess of nervousness, lisps forth a few incoherent words in reply to the questions of his patron, and shortly after takes his leave, when the curtain drops for a short time over the proceedings of the great drama : but again, a

\* A meagre Life of Horace, ascribed to Suetonius, is still extant.

third time is it raised and the stage brought still nearer to our view, additional characters have been introduced, and who, the spectator asks, are they? Who is that tall, quiet, and gentlemanly man with a delicate look, who joins in the laugh which Horace is perpetually raising either against others or against himself? That man is the poet Virgil, one of Horace's best friends, and round him are Tucca and Varius, his almost inseparable companions. Next we see the nobleman before mentioned approaching the party—they meet, they converse on easy and affable terms, but without the least attempt at familiarity. This last comer, as the reader will have already guessed, is Mæcenas: he has been playing at tennis, a game for which the naturally weak constitution of Horace unfits him, and perhaps the degree of exercise required is another objection. But they are all to sup together to-night with their patron, and Horace will smack his lips over those rich wines which his own unpretending cellar cannot afford. They are now departing, and we follow them with our eyes, till the short, round figure of Horace, with a few grey hairs already grizzling his temples, and the taller figures of his friends have melted before our sight, and the last laugh, consequent on some short but violent outbreak on Horace's part, has died away upon our attentive ear.—These, and other scenes such as these, it has been our delight to weave out of the many scattered narratives and hints with which his writings abound: but still, in spite of our admiration, or, rather, love, for this prince of boon companions, we must not shut our eyes entirely to his faults. In Horace we see a disposition undoubtedly noble and high-minded, but one which had chosen to adapt itself to the loose standard of morality then prevailing: we see a soul ready to confront the frowns of fortune and the changes of circumstances, but still fashioning itself “to the tenets of a vile philosophy,” descending unworthily to the coarsest of jokes, and the loosest conversation. His *Satires*—a kind of writing which should ever be read with caution, as if the reader himself feared to be hurt with the venomous sting the rein concealed—are the first efforts of a mind naturally pure and untainted, but not yet sufficiently matured by experience. In his *Epistles* we recognise the lessons imparted by ripening years—the sound judgment—the clear-sighted morality: we there see Horace in his best light, and to those excellent pieces of finished composition we refer our readers for an insight into the private character, philosophy, and disposition, of one of the most amusing, and at the same time, amiable characters, which antiquity has transmitted to us.

R.

## LEONORA.

*(From the German of Bürger.)*

Continued from No. 5.

- “Nay! William rest this night within;  
 “The wind it whistles shrill,  
 “The shrubs they rustle at the gate,  
 “The hawthorn on the hill.”  
 “Let the hawthorn bend before the wind,  
 “Away—once more, away;  
 “My black horse snorts, my spur is red,  
 “And here I dare not stay.  
 “Come gird thyself, and spring and mount  
 “On the dark steed here with me;  
 “A hundred miles we ride, and thou  
 “My bride shalt surely be.”  
 “O must thou ride a hundred miles  
 “To reach thy bridal bed?  
 “For hark, the clock eleven tolls—  
 “’Tis the hour of the dead.”  
 “Nay, see—the gentle moonbeams shine—  
 “I and the dead can ride;  
 “’Tis mine to win thee on this night—  
 “To have thee as my bride.”  
 “Yet tell me where thy nuptial couch,  
 “And where thy bridal bed?”  
 “’Tis far from here—still, cold and drear;  
 “Six planks together laid.”

" Scarce space for me ?"—" for me and thee—

" Spring, mount behind and ride ;

" The wedding guests await the feast,

" The chamber waits the bride."

She girds herself, she springs and mounts

On the back of the coal-black steed ;

She has clasped him with her lily hand,

And they fly at quickest speed.

On darts the horse, on his midnight course,

And tramps along the way ;

And the pebbles fly, as they hurry by,

Nor stop to them, nor stay.

Now left and right before their sight

The fields go quickly by ;

And houses, hills, and trees and shrubs,

In mad confusion fly.

" Art thou afraid ?— the moon shines bright."

" O no !"—" the dead can ride."

" Hurrah, hurrah ; art yet afraid

" To meet them side by side ?"

The church bells ring, the raven croaks

And flits around their head,

And nearer sounds th' unearthly chaunt—

" We bury now the dead."

And see the sad procession move,

With solemn steps and slow ;

With chaunt they bear the coffin on—

Full mournfully they go.

" Come, priest, draw quickly nigh to me,

" To us thy blessing give ;

" Come sing the nuptial hymn, before

" That man and wife we live."

The song is hushed, the corpse and bier

Are vanished quick away ;

Yet the mournful crew that pair pursue,

And sound along the way.

On flies the horse on his midnight course,

And tramps upon the road ;

And the pebbles fly as they hurry by,

And the rider plies the goad.

To left, to right, house, tree and shrub,

The mountains' varied hue

Are seen, and vanish 'ere well seen,

Before their wandering view.

" Dost fear the dead ? the moonbeams shine ;

" Hurrah, the dead can ride.

" Canst bear to meet them face to face ?"

" —In peace O let them bide."

" See, see in yonder moon-beams light

" Who dance so merrily ?

" Where a felon swings and his gibbet rings

" A revelling band I see—

" Ho ! dancers here, to us descend

" And follow here below ;

" My steed shall prance, and ye shall dance—

" To our bridal bed we go."

And see, obedient to his word

The airy crew descends—

Quick as the blast that shakes old oaks,

That forest branches rends.

" Art now afraid to meet the dead ?

" To be their blithesome guest ?

" The dead can ride with thee my bride,

" Dost fear ?"—" O let them rest."

"Methinks the cock his note has crowed,  
 "I see the dawn of day :  
 "My sand is run, my thread is spun—  
 "Let's hasten on our way."  
 Now next against a churchyard gate  
 With slackened rein they speed,  
 Nor bar nor bolt could stay their course,  
 In flies the fiery steed.  
 And onward, onward, aye they fly,  
 And o'er the graves they bound,  
 Where in the pallid moonlight beams  
 The tomb-stones whiten round.  
 And see, and see—one moment's time—  
 A wond'rous sight to view,  
 For piece by piece with sparks of fire  
 His vest in sunder flew.  
 His skull was bare, nor eyes nor hair,  
 Nor spur on heel he wore,  
 His body was a skeleton,  
 And his hand the hour-glass bore.  
 The coal-black steed did snort and breathe  
 His charnel-fire around,  
 Then reared and pranced, and left the maid,  
 And vanished under ground.  
 And howlings filled the midnight air,  
 And shrieks in tombstones rang ;  
 And Leonora, pale with fear,  
 'Twixt life and death did hang.  
 In the lone moonlight which shone so bright  
 Arose the shriek and wail,  
 And the spirits bound, in chorus round  
 And tell the mournful tale :  
 "Have patience, child of woe, nor dare  
 "T' accuse the God of Heaven.  
 "From thy mortal clay, thou'rt 'rest this day,  
 "Thy soul be thee forgiven ! "

R.

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MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE the honour of informing you, that it is my intention during the following Term to publish a Weekly Gazette—not such a one as would at all interfere, or trespass upon the ground of your admirable little Magazine—but simply as a vehicle of the news local, political, philosophical, fashionable, and literary of this College. It has long been a great and important desideratum, and I consider that in starting it I am doing an act of great service to the community at large.—The name that I have proposed to myself is *The East India College Gazette, and Hailey Lane Advertiser* ; should, however, that name appear objectionable, I shall be most happy to receive and comply with any suggestions on the subject.

The day of publication will be Saturday : the publisher, Mr. Austin, of Hertford. The following will inform you of the line I intend to follow, and the nature of my matter.

Advertisements, of course—it would not be a paper without them—such as these :

- I. Lost, on Friday last, the 26th instant, from an up-stairs room in D. an aged Jackass, blind of one eye, and very deaf : he had long been the intimate companion of a reading freshman in these parts, and had made himself exceedingly useful in turning out words in the Sanscrit Dictionary, doing impositions, and anal's ; he answers to the name of "*Winkle*." Whoever will restore him, will receive as a reward a bad half-crown—the thanks of his despairing owner, and the satisfaction of being an honest man.
- II. J. D. is earnestly requested to return to his studies ; his debts shall be paid, and all his affairs made square by his affectionate father,
- III. Mr. Lynes begs to announce to the gentry of the E. I. C. that he will have the honour of holding a sale of "*Jam Pots*," at the rooms of a gentleman of that Coll. on Monday next.

IV. Mr. Twaddle returns thanks for the liberal patronage hitherto received, and begs to assure his former supporters that although he cannot *teach Hebrew*, he hopes that he can make a coat as well as any tailor in Europe, &c. &c.

Our Leading Article, which will naturally follow, will be of a varied description, but always connected with the interests, external or internal of the College—such as these:—

We cannot congratulate the College too heartily on the subject of the Draining of the Quadrangle, which will conduce much to the health of the Students, and their more regular attendance at Chapel.

We cannot too severely reprobate the impolitic conduct of the Directors in their neglecting to supply the Members of their Coll. with Rowland's Macassar. Do they not consider in how great a degree it clears the intellects and strengthens the powers of the brain? &c. &c.

#### POLITICS.

The attendance at Chapel, owing to the inclemency of the season, is but scanty. We remark that several individuals most regular and zealous in their attendance at Hall, are not so regular at Chapel;—perhaps, however, the severe duties of the one interfere with the vocations of the other. Cutting Lecture is quite out of fashion in the First Term.

The vulgar and odious system of Smoking Cigars has been exploded by a mandate of the Patriarch from D, the penalties incurred for the infringement of that decree will be severely enforced by that functionary.

#### FUNDS.

The Funds were rather brisk during the last and preceding weeks, and much interest was excited on the day on which the *Dividends* were paid. A rush was made upon the bank of Neale and Co., and much damage was incurred.

"Greats" are at a discount.

The run upon G's continues steady and unfluctuating, although in some instances the demand rather exceeds the supply.

L's are looking up, and P's are become drugs in the market.

Good looking Gowns are becoming a scarce commodity—Caps are out of the question.

Test Books, and Analyses fetch good prices, but their value is uncertain.

#### COURT CIRCULAR.

Much excitement prevailed last week in C. on the appearance of a gentleman of bushy-whiskered renown, in a new green cut-a-way. Many and various were the speculations as to its parentage; the Twaddle faction at one time seemed to have the advantage, and the Cheekites were down in the mouth. The affair, however, was suddenly cleared up, and the mystery solved, much to the disappointment of both parties, by an inadvertent expression upon the part of the gentleman himself, that he had purchased it at a ready-made shop in Fleet-street.

#### FASHIONABLE DEPARTURES.

M. B. G—E on family affairs for London.

#### POLICE REPORT.

Two Young Men of well dressed and fashionable exteriors were summoned before the Sitting Magistrate in the Quad., on the charge of Beak B, for disorderly conduct, and outrageous behaviour the preceding night. The young gentlemen pleaded intoxication as their excuse, but to their surprise the excuse was not taken. After some solemn advice from the Magistrate, they were requested to give in the names of their confederates, which they accordingly did, and having been amerced with the usual fine of five-hundred, they were dismissed.

Other causes were then called on, of different natures, and were disposed of with the justice and skill which has so long distinguished the learned functionary who presided.

#### LITERARY AND CLASSICAL.

The effect of the last number of the *Haileybury Observer* was prodigious in the extreme. We cannot too much admire and commend the regularity and precision which the Editors display in the conducting and publishing their little gally-pot of preserved poetry, and pickled prose. No words are, however, adequate to express the indignation we feel at the gross abuse of confidence, and the infamous plagiarism of a certain evil-minded individual, which besides wounding the souls of the Editorial quintessence has the ill effect of exposing the publication itself to ridicule in the eyes of its readers.

Such, then, will be the subject matter of my intended publication. Of course, at the end of each term I shall publish a *Gazette* of the fortunates to whom prizes and honours may have been awarded; and it will be also our painful duty to record the names of the ill-starred *bankrupts*.

It is earnestly requested that any gentlemen who feel anxious to contribute, will signify their names to the publisher, by whom also any suggestions will gratefully be received.

I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Mr. Editor, your humble servant,

PETER CLEOPHAS.

E. I. C., March, 1841.

### THE ORPHAN.

Ἦμαρδ' ὀρφανικὸν παραφύλικο πᾶδα τίθεισι  
Πάντα δ' ὑπεμνήμυκε, δεδάκρυνται δὲ παρειά.

Hom. II. XXII. 491.

Alone amidst the crowded world, oh darkly o'er my soul,  
That melancholy solitude its bitterness doth roll,  
By others the approach of friends is mark'd with brighten'd eye,  
Unknown and friendless, 'tis for me to see their joy, and sigh.  
No look of kindness greets my gaze, it is my bitter lot,  
Though pining for return of love by all to be forgot;  
For others doating parents have, and friends too, many a one,  
But through this cold and withering world to care for me are none.  
My soul is weary, and my eyes are dim with shedding tears,  
My mind is deaden'd with the woe of solitary years;  
I would to God that I were laid within the grave asleep,  
'Twould be the only couch from which I should not wake to weep.  
Day follows day, months after months in slow succession go,  
And each one round my spirit winds a heavier weight of woe;  
The fever'd throbbings of my heart will never be at peace,  
Until death's icy fingers shall their troubl'd motion cease.  
Oh welcome be his hour, although no friend will close my eyes,  
And o'er my coffin not a sound of sorrow will arise;  
There will not be one single tear above my body shed,  
For who of all this thronging world will know that I am dead?

A.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Chakshuh" is not sharp-sighted.

"Caledonius's" verses are good.

We were not aware that the College contained any person capable of writing such nonsense as "E. I. C."

We are sorry to have overlooked a "Schoolboy's" production last week; we beg to decline it.

"Twaddle" ought to be ashamed of himself.

"X." is a promising youth.

"O." is decidedly bad.

"Oil-lamps"—his suggestion shall be attended to.

"Selim," "Leonard," "Curious Tom," and "George Goddard," are reserved for consideration.

"Boot-hooks" is too absurd.

We thank the "Lover of the East" for his translations from the Arabic:—we cannot, however, conceive the meaning, point or sense of them.

The present is our Last Number this Term. We sincerely thank all our contributors for the assistance we have received, and trust the same support and encouragement may be extended to the Editors next term.

HERTFORD.

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# REVIEW

OF

## THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

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### PART III.

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Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico  
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit,  
Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso.

*Pers. Sat. l. 116.*

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1841. [Price 6d.]

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"Have you read the Bath Guide, that ridiculous poem?  
And who is the Author? Does nobody know him?  
Young Billy Penwaggle and Simlus Chatter  
Declare 'tis an ill-natured, half-witted satire."

*New Bath Guide.*

SUCH and such-like were the aspersions which fell thickly and heavily upon the unfortunate Review of the Second Part of the far-famed *Haileybury Observer*. Had some deity unpropitious to the muse of the Reviewer, or writhing perhaps himself under the lash of some celestial criticisms, converted all the maledictions levelled against it into bullets, and transformed the fiery darts of anger, and ill-concealed revenge, into weapons of a more solid and material form, alas for the head, and person of the unfortunate author! But as no such untoward events have taken place, we may fairly suppose that a Celestial Observer has not as yet been started in those parts, or at least that the residents of "Olympus" have not as yet been electrified, or incensed by a Tartarean Review.

We may say that our attempts have succeeded: but did we ever doubt of success? No.—Do not think that this is said in a spirit of pride, or over-weening self-confidence; our confidence was derived from a surer source. When the idea of publishing a Review first flashed across our minds, when our brains were first tickled by such a brilliant idea, the thought naturally suggested itself to us—What will our readers say? Before then that we entered upon such a dubious undertaking it was necessary to make some cautionary experiments, to sound the water into which we were about to launch our literary freight. In this emergency we availed ourselves of a suggestion of a brother reviewer,\* and what he considers an indispensable article of property to every author, and has with eminent success named a "Foolometer." We looked about us for an article of the description that would suit our purpose, and never were expectations, or

\* Rev. Sydney Smith.

desires so fully realised. We found residing in the very next passage a machine—of the very best, and most suitable description: we made our experiments, we put our scheme to the test.—The quicksilver rose in a moment to “*set fair*,” and preserved its auspicious appearance without one single depression or deviation. If we had had any previous doubts about putting our plan into execution, they were at once dispersed, and we are proud to say that the excellency and infallibility of our instrument has been fully confirmed. We have again on the occasion of a second venture consulted our literary machine, and again it augurs favourably, provided only the vessel is freighted with such merchandize—such commodities as are most wanted in the market, and is sufficiently manned. *That* must be our peculiar care—and with every auspicious augury for its well-being, we again launch our bark into the literary ocean.

One word concerning our identity: our original object was the amusement of our readers, but we doubt whether our efforts have afforded more amusement to any one than to our worthy selves. Not that our wit was of such a pungent nature as to enchant the brains of those who had laboured to concoct it—not that our vanity was fed by the occasional praises which were bestowed upon it: our amusement was derived from the ingenious speculations concerning the identity of its author—the various theories as to his individuality and his whereabouts, in many of which we warmly joined, while of some we were the original propagators: at one time we seemed hanging on the brink of discovery; the hounds of insulted authorship seemed bearing upon us with a deadly certainty,—we were upon the point of crying “*Peccavimus*,” and suing for the best terms we could obtain; when, fortunately for us, a fresh scent was started—the run upon us was checked, or diverted into other channels—and we escaped.

One ingenious theory we cannot leave entirely unnoticed, as it at one time obtained extensively, and was seemingly confirmed by many conflicting circumstances—we allude to the theory of those ingenious and discriminating individuals, who attributed it to a neighbouring clergyman;—the notion was excellent—a true bill was at once found against the worthy ecclesiastic—positive evidence there could be none—circumstantial evidence was strong against him—he narrowly escaped conviction; and even now in the breasts of some he is scarcely entirely acquitted. Had we been summoned into the witness-box, doubtless our evidence would have thrown some little light on the case in question.

Once more then welcome, most intelligent—most penetrating—most benignant Public. To you again we offer the labour of our pens; if any amusement can be derived by you from us, our wishes are more than fulfilled;—at any rate, we would rather have our production deemed ridiculous—absurd—uncalled for—than that any one should accuse us of having dipped our pen into the ink of ill nature, or mended it with the penknife of malice.

#### No. I.

THE gentleman who *did* the opening piece begins by informing the world—poor ignorant wretches—that another term has arrived—startling fact!—that the arrival of another number of the *Haileybury Observer* has been coincident with it, is even still more startling. He then proceeds to inform us of the narrow escape which the dear thing had just incurred from the prevailing influenza—a return seemingly of a severe attack of the same nature experienced during the last spring. In an eloquent strain he dwells on its present rosy condition (though, without any attempt at a joke, it must be allowed that it still looks rather black in the face), and enlarges with a flourish upon the magnificent intentions, and visionary glory of the numbers about to issue from the literary conservatory.

In a graphic description of the “*locale*,” we must confess that the learned gentleman, like all historians, has swerved a little from the truth, to enhance the dignity of the

subject. In the engraving which adorns the title page of the former numbers, he fancies that he can detect a likeness between too individuals therein promenading, and persons of no less distinction than our worthy ancestors Adam and Eve. To our less poetical imaginations, it seems more probable—more consistent, to suppose that the lady and gentleman are designed to represent a college waiter and bedmaker, comparing notes upon their respective gains, than that the worthy founders of our species had been resuscitated to do honour to the new creation of the Honourable Company in the ancient chaos of Haileybury.

The article is closed by earnest and repeated incentives to all the young gentlemen of the College to convey their spare thoughts and random ideas immediately to paper, whether dressed in the ostentatious garb of poetry, or content with more humble prose—accompanied by certain dark allusions to the wooden receptacle of such effusions, and a certain misty cloud supposed at this moment to envelope it.

We are next favoured with a peep of three pages long into *Editorial concerns* of a varied nature, but on the whole of an agreeable and amusing character; indeed, out of a composition of such extent and variety, it were hard if we were not able to cull some flowers to repay our trouble. But we will consider the component parts of it separately. Prefaced by a joke of a most villainous and unpardonable nature, we are presented with an able translation of a fine passage of Lucretius—the prince of Latin poets in the originality and grandeur of his thoughts; the latter part of which is rendered with great accuracy and success.—We are surprised at the audacity of the gentleman who could have undertaken to write the Essay which follows next, upon the effects of the *Haileybury Observer*—so various—so extensive—so powerful—it must indeed be a task of no limited magnitude and difficulty, and would require the pen of an able panegyrist. We are much amused with the quotations from it, with which we are favoured, and the great taste and vigour of the metaphors which the author has been so felicitous in selecting. But the smile, which its perusal gave birth to, extends itself into a decided laugh when we come to the happy imitation of Horace, which immediately follows, in the form of an interlocutory ode between a modern representative of Horace and his fair Lydia. The climax in the gentleman's appellations of his mistress is very striking. At first sight we were in doubt whether we ought to continue our laugh to the next effusion or not: we crave the author's pardon for what, on a second perusal, we find to have been our mistake; but there is a something throughout it, which, coming immediately after the little specimen above alluded to, made us imagine it to be a burlesque. This effusion and a few subsequent remarks close the article, which, on the whole, has much in it both to amuse the light reader, and please the more fastidious.

The Auto-Biography of a College Cap possesses a good deal of humour—and in itself a good idea has been treated with skill and success. The personification (if it may be so called) of the Cap, and the anatomical particulars are happily introduced.

"Toujours Perdrix" was the exclamation of the Frenchman at the repeated appearance of that dish, which, though good enough in itself, had almost lost its relish from its provoking sameness. "Αἰὲν Ἀνακρέων" must be our cry, and many thanks are due to the Teian bard for his regular and acceptable contributions: the present translation however is by no means deficient in merit, either as regards accuracy, or poetical excellence.

The number is concluded by an amusing anecdote—entitled "*A Lovelock*"—and perhaps the name is the least good part of the piece. The anecdote is good, the description lively, and the catastrophe well brought out.

## No. II.

"TAKE Advice, sir," as the Doctor said, is the motto of the next contribution which attracts our notice, but the compliance with that request depends greatly upon the nature of that advice, and in this case we must be permitted to say that the advice is on the whole of rather a questionable nature, and we trust that no contributor will avail himself of it, or feel himself in any way bound to comply with it. As a composition it possesses great merit, and the remarks at the end possess a great deal of truth and pungency. Prose certainly is harder to be treated than verse, and a very small effort of a genius, of a very diminutive order, may hit off two or three stanzas of jingling rhymes to his own entire self-satisfaction, but the same individual would be surprised to find how very vapid and ridiculous many of these highly-prized ideas

would appear, when committed to honest prose. There is also a great deal of truth in the translatable advantages, which Anacreon possesses to an eminent degree over his imitator Horace, and the much greater safety from the critical lash of the former.

The "Fairies' Lament" is a composition of singular beauty, and there is a classical sweetness which pervades the whole, which gives an additional charm to the happy choice of the words, and the harmonious flow of the lines. Another great, and no inconsiderable merit, is the entire absence of hackneyed ideas, and indeed the author seems to have gone to the opposite extreme, and studied to select abstruse thoughts, and rather over-strained metaphorical allusions. However, any little defects of that kind are so entirely overbalanced by its beauties, that they would hardly have been mentioned, had we not inadvertently been drawn into a consideration of them.

The next article we suppose has been introduced by way of a set-off to the preceding one—a composition without any visible meaning, point, or merit, intended to bring out to greater advantage an effusion possessing all those attributes to an eminent degree.—We read it, and as line follows line, we wonder, and at the close we are still in doubt as to the drift and meaning of the author.

The next article is an Historical Anecdote connected with a wood yelep'd, "the Lollard's Wood," unheard of before certainly by us, as no doubt it is also by many, if not all, our readers. The chief actors in the tragedy (for a tragedy of no common bloodiness it certainly is,) are a certain old boy with white hair, who emerges suddenly from under the turf, and a certain young one with fair hair, son of a certain Sir William Glasdale, who persecutes the Lollards, runs his own son through the middle, and finally ends by sticking in the mud at the capture of Tournelles. The story is by no means devoid of interest or incident: the narrative is well conducted, and the author deserves praise for everything except his signature, which to our weak comprehensions is utterly and entirely unintelligible. But upon its meaning, or rather want of meaning, we will not tarry, but proceed to the perusal of a tale of dire and dreadful deeds—rejoicing in the dire and dreadful name of the Demon Bride. The wildness of the ballad style has been very successfully imitated, and there are many stanzas we could select, which particularly attract the attention, and especially the opening of the second canto, which, although a professed imitation of the most beautiful part of the "Lord of the Isles," has still in itself enough originality to render it highly acceptable.

### No. III.

THE Human Passions—a Vision—displays a depth of thought, and raciness of imagination to a greater degree than we should have expected in a publication of this nature. The idea is admirable, and the descriptions and delineations are painted with lively colours and a vivid exactness, which excites our surprise as well as our admiration. The thoughts, felicitous in themselves, are conveyed in well chosen and expressive words. It is immediately followed by a translation of the noblest passages in the Georgics, which the Poet had evidently wrought up to the highest state of finish, on a subject on which his courtly muse loved to descant, a panegyric of the virtues and valour of the great Cæsar, and a description of the temporary ills which his death brought upon the state. The translation contains some of the spirit of the original, but no words can fully convey the meaning of that most glorious passage, which can only be compared to the irresistible flow of the lordly river which it describes.

Our next article is a very ably written dissertation upon an inexhaustible subject, the identity of Homer, and the authorship of the Rhapsodies rightly or wrongly ascribed to him. After humourously describing the unworthy duties, to which those divine poems are now nearly entirely devoted, the author makes an assertion which we should feel inclined to doubt. Undoubtedly Achilles is the hero—the main spring of the poem—the commencement opens with his wrath, the continuance describes the effects to both parties of that wrath, and the conclusion contains the appeasement of it by concessions on the part of his opponents; and with that the poem closes, showing clearly that *that*, and that alone, was its sole object. One objection to this article is that in the short space of two pages seven separate scraps of the learned languages have managed to introduce themselves in parcels of two or three words, much to the detriment of the original English, and without any assistance to the general meaning.

The "Great Pandit" deserves some praise for his ingenious burlesque of the style of the Hitopadesa,—we certainly agree with his antagonist in the next number, that to the

uninitiated it must appear as great a mass of absurdity as you could find any where. A passage from the poet Lucan inspires us with expectations which, if anything, are more than realised by a very spirited description of the "Persian Army crossing the Hellespont." After this we are favoured with two specimens of private epistolary correspondence subscribed with the names of "Orlando Cutleg" and "Timothy Tugbottom." We were not aware before we met with Mr. Cutleg's communication, that surgical powers had risen to such a height as to enable anatomical investigations to be made upon, or rather within, the heads of individuals still capable of attending lectures, and smoking cigars: yet such must have been the case in the instance Mr. Cutleg mentions: the method pursued in such examinations must be curious, and we must all be on the look out, as in these days of scientific improvement, should the interior of our pericraniums escape from the investigation of a Cutleg, our external bumps will scarcely escape the scrutinies of a De Ville. Timothy Tugbottom, the latter of the two epistles, is a compound of dry wit, and long words, alluding to the supposed malaria affecting the olfactory organs. We trust that the same "panaceum," whatever it is, that dries up the blood in the nose of the one, will freeze the ink in the bottle of the other, and thus rid us at once of two considerable inconveniences.

The last article in the present number is undoubtedly the best, and describes with a great deal of poetry and pathos, the effects on the mind of that best gift of mankind—Hope. The subject, though not a new one, has been treated in such manner that the ideas have the charm and raciness of novelty.

#### No. IV.

THE fourth number opens with another historical anecdote—"The Interdict." The conclusion of it occurs in No. 5; but for convenience sake we prefer considering them both together. The story, as may be seen from the name, is a narrative of circumstances which happened in that portion of John "Lackland's" reign, during which the kingdom was under the interdict of the Pope. There is some incongruity in the plot and thread of the story. It seems that a certain nobleman, Hubert De Veay by name, is anxious to have his child christened—a very natural and parental feeling; he proceeds to the church, attended by a party, no doubt godfathers and godmothers, but to his surprise, since we suppose his last visit there (which does not speak much for his morality) a porch has sprung up, and he is informed for the first time by the parson of the parish, that an interdict has been thrown upon the country, and that this porch (during the preceding night) had been built, and there or nowhere the christening was to be performed. But how in the world came it to pass that our friend Hubert—sheriff of the county—did not know all this before—that instead of asking all this information at the church door he had not been previously informed of a matter of such paramount importance? But to continue the story.—The minister is promptly ejected from the county—the baron is in high wrath, and his lady makes her complaint to her *toady*, and a certain individual with his *mind wrapped up in deep meditation and his body in a large cloak*, who suddenly comes upon them. The story is brought to a conclusion by the lady, aided and abetted by this gentleman in the cloak, stealing a march upon the baron, and the aforesaid baron breaking his scone against a tomb-stone. Such then is the story. The style in which it is told is easy and pleasant, and the conversations introduced well adapted, and the plot is worked up so as to keep the interest to the end. If the preference is to be given to any part, we think that it is due to the latter part and the conclusion.

*Demon Bride*—Canto III.—Much as we were inclined to, and had commended the 1st and 2nd canto of the *Demon Bride*, they both in merit and beauty fall short of the present, many parts of which are exceedingly happy—the style easy, and the story well carried out. Much of its superiority to the foregoing cantos we ascribe to the judicious variation of the metre, which prevents that sameness, which in a long composition becomes at length wearying and tedious—a failing which we cannot in the least ascribe to the present composition.

We hail with undisguised delight the continuance of the "Wanderings in the Long Vacation," the first two parts of which amused us so much in the former numbers, and we are not disappointed in the expectations of pleasure to be derived from it we naturally entertained—pleasure, however, not unmingled with a certain feeling of awe and dread, owing to the nature of the subject which the author has treated us to, and the powerful manner in which he has laid open to us that terrestrial

Necropolis, l'Ecole de Medicine. We shudder at the painful scenes thus disclosed to us, are tempted to throw the number from us, but by some irresistible fascination we feel compelled to continue our perusal. The wreck of poor weak human nature—the callousness which habit engenders in the breast of the practitioners—the feelings of the spectator at first sight of these painful objects, are forcibly, truly, and powerfully described. Upon our minds, and we think it will be the same upon the minds of all, the anecdote at the close has made a deep impression, and of such a nature as not easily to be effaced. We rarely even now wake in the course of the night, but amidst the dying embers we still fancy that we can trace the shadowy form of the apparition which worked so powerful an impression on the feelings of “Andral,” and which the author has so feelingly and vividly described.

We can scarcely decide whether to praise or condemn the *Sonnet* that follows. Some of the ideas are well chosen, and many of them of a lofty stamp. Still there is a something throughout that seems rather far-fetched, if we may use the phrase; the metaphors seem forced, and towards the close the gigantic strides through the events of ages diminishes its effect, and more than out-balances its excellencies.

It is succeeded by a composition of a somewhat melancholy and sombre character; but abounding with beautiful passages, and written with much feeling and pathos.

We are next favoured with a translation of an extract from the *Hitopadesa*, but not of the same nature as the extract in a former number. We perfectly agree with the author in his opinions on that book, and, as all our readers well know, there are many passages, which they have read, which bid fair to rival, if not exceed, the beauties of the more fortunate poets of Greece and Latium.

#### No. V.

THE continuation of the “Interdict” we noticed in our last number.

The next article that comes before us is a translation of the far-famed Leonora of Bürger: of its merits as a translation, from our not having had an opportunity of comparing it with the original, we cannot judge. Written in the wild ballad metre, it is not without pathos; but from the gloominess and darkness of the subject, it requires to be read more than once before the drift of the story can thoroughly be understood, and the reader embrace the whole train of the ideas.

We cannot but admire, and we think justly, the sweetness both of rhythm and ideas, which the following song contains; written in a metre well adapted to the subject, and with the exception of a few too much laboured ideas, and ill-conceived metaphors, possessing much merit.

Apologizing to all gentlemen who wear whiskers for our assertion, we cannot hesitate saying that we are quite sick of the subject; not that we are troubled with them individually, but the joke is so stale—the allusions so eternal—the dry wit expended upon them, or rather thrown away upon them, so common, that we do not enter upon the perusal of the suggestion of Whiskerando with feelings of impartiality;—if we had, we doubt whether we should have thought better of a page and a half of absurd rhodomontade, about barbers declining to sell Macassar, because their customers, in their opinion are not in need of it—of gentlemen not looking into the glass *for the space of a month*, and then finding their whiskers growing backwards, and other such abominable and common-place ideas. Dry wit—very dry! The conclusion brightens a little, but even that only arrives at mediocrity. We are sure that our readers can neither commend, condole with, or have any pity for a despairing Whiskerando, who writes such nonsense.

It is with other feelings that we peruse a translation of one of our favourite odes of our favourite poet Horace, of which this present translation gives a tolerably correct idea, and which has some claim to merit—but no translation can render satisfactorily the delicate allusions, the scrupulous choice of expressions, the easy and yet studied rhythm and melody, which characterise all the remains of the fastidious protégé of Mæcenas.

We have heartily followed the example of Democritus, and have derived a good deal of amusement from the lively and humorous epistle that closes this number. The failings of poor human nature, and the innate conceit of mankind, are well drawn, as is also the humorous description of the absurd superiority which the hardened villain who has worked a few months in the Haileybury tread-mill arrogates over the luckless wretch but just condemned to it, and the imaginary importancé which an addi-

tional six months' residence is supposed to confer upon an urchin of sixteen over a new comer in every way his superior. The conclusion we must confess is an unconscionably sharp pull up, such as almost to warrant the idea that Mr. Austin's infernal brigade had decamped with the two or three last sentences.

## No. VI.

THE last number of our little friend—alas! that it is not eternal—that anything endowed with such excellence should be arrested by stern destiny in its pleasing and entertaining career. Such, however, is the case, and we must enjoy what little remains to us, and congratulate ourselves, that it has been extended so far, and that in its last effort it has presented the world with twins.

*Scotland and its Legends.*—A story of some merit as to interest, but of none as to style, which to say the best of it, is very lame, and unfinished. As far as we gather from the story the following is its drift:—A young man, nobody knows who, flying nobody knows where from, and pursued—nobody knows why,—flies to a castle, kisses a young lady, and finally secretes himself in a hidden chamber, where, however, he is at length discovered by his pursuers; upon which the young hero shoots two of them, stabs himself, and then joins hands round with them in a jig to the tune of a mysterious piper. Such is the story, worthy of the parentage it is ascribed to—an old Scotch lady.

The next piece is by way of being a defence of the Fairies against the outrageous supposition, broached in the second number, that they had gone off bodily from these parts. Though we must allow that the Fairies' champion is rather inferior to the Fairies' chief mourner, yet still it is not without merit, and possesses some good ideas, conveyed in an easy and agreeable flow of language.

Dark and mysterious as is the next composition, the Children of the Night, it abounds in beauties of no common order, though, a second or third perusal is necessary entirely to understand, and sufficiently to estimate its beauty. The style, as well as the subject, is wild and mysterious, abounding in metaphor, and expressions not of common occurrence—the general result of which is to perplex the reader. With this little drawback, the poem, we think, is worthy of high commendation, and displays a true spirit of poetical genius.

The tale bearing the name, and connected with the Castle of St. Angelo, is agreeably and forcibly told—the story is interesting, and the catastrophe pleasingly and yet powerfully wrought out.

Although we meet with many lines of considerable beauty, both in thought and versification, in the Vision of Achilles, we do not entirely admire the composition as a whole, there is something unfinished and incomplete, while some of the ideas are poor and ill-imagined.

Oh Geraldine! how are we to wade through two pages of your sorrows, told in so solemn and heavy a style? how are we to condole with you on your misfortunes, when we know not what they are? We read of a shriek being heard, and your lover weltering in his blood—but how—what—why—when? We were left to our imaginations to supply the catastrophe—the dire event that destroyed the felicity of the happy pair. Are we to suppose that the chandelier fell on the ill-starred bridegroom's head—or that a careless waiter made an incautious use of his knife, or anything of such a nature? Or shall we raise up visions of a sterner kind—an enraged and disappointed rival or the ferocious hero of a former engagement? The story conveniently is suited for everything—suffice it for us to show that Edmund dies, and of course the lady is bound to do so likewise. Still the poem possesses considerable merit from the easiness of its rhyme, and the successful treatment of the metre immortalised by Lord Byron, and many stanzas are exceedingly beautiful.

Thoughts on such a subject as Horace must always be agreeable to an admirer of the classics, and we perfectly agree with the author in the sentiments he has propounded and the pleasing picture he has drawn of the simple and yet not undignified mode of spending their time adopted by the two poets, and their munificent patron—sometimes honoured by the presence of a still more illustrious visitor. True it is, that we may gather from Horace's works the tale of his literary ease, and undisturbed repose.

Although unacquainted with the original, we cannot hesitate to bestow the highest praise on the spirited translation of the preface of the "Shah Nameh," which renders

with great felicity the exuberance and richness, which characterise all the specimens of Oriental devotion.

The continuation of "Leonora" preserves the merit which characterised its beginning. Like all German ballads, songs, &c., the meaning is enveloped in mystery, and it is with difficulty that we can follow through the wild and unconnected descriptions which are more remarkable in the close than in the beginning.

The next article purports to be a programme of a Gazette or Newspaper Extraordinary to be published during the following term, and contain all the news of, or about, the College. The idea is ingenious, but really the task, supposing it not to be a burlesque, but plain honest truth, would be a sinecure. Can the Editor tell us where or whence he is to collect the matter for his paper? Is there any spark of novelty of any sort in the place? Is there any variety to alleviate the morbid state of stagnation into which this place has been for time immemorial, and irrevocably plunged, unless the public are benignant enough to consider gossip and scandal as news, and can fancy that there is variety in the daily alternations of chapel, lecture, and hall. What advantage can a paper be under such circumstances, either in a pecuniary point of view to the editor, or pleasurable to the public? We recommend Mr. Cleophas to consider the matter seriously, before he ventures upon such an undertaking; if he does venture, we for our parts will do our best to support him.

The number is closed with a touching and pleasing composition, descriptive of the ill-starred fate of the "Orphan." The ideas seemed to be borrowed from the beautiful passage of Homer, from which the above quotation is taken;—the effect is much aided by the slow and solemn metre which has been judiciously selected.

Once more then, benevolent Readers, Farewell! Our labours are finished—grateful they must be, when our object, as we distinctly affirm, is to amuse all, and to give pain to no one. We have played our little part on the stage—we have employed our own idle hours, and may perhaps serve to break through the monotony, and give variety to the conversation hitherto perhaps less agreeably engrossed in speculations upon the approaching Examination. We throw ourselves upon your generosity—we appeal to your clemency:—upon our last appearance before you, though many smiled benignantly upon us, yet others—misguided individuals!—in a phrenzy of exasperated wrath, levelled against us the bitterest darts of indignation—burnt us in effigy, and horsewhipped us in imagination. To those gentlemen we now more particularly address ourselves. Bowing to their superior knowledge, and keener discrimination, we crave their pardon, we deprecate their wrath; with such sacrifices as lie in our power we soothe—we appease the "angry manes" of their departed offspring; still, however, if it must inevitably be that our innocent productions should be the cause of heart-burnings, and anger, forgive us, if we remind them of the noble revenge with which the great Cæsar repaid the poet, who had made him the object of his satire. Be not angry with us because we—self-constituted critics—have presumed to give forth to the world our opinion as incontrovertible; for we have only committed to paper, and thence to print what others—what all—have no less openly and unhesitatingly asserted, we have availed ourselves of a privilege which in a land of freedom must be open to all. Receive the criticisms of Part III. with the same urbanity that you received those of Part II., and it will never repent us of having presented ourselves to your notice, and appeared before you as

#### REVIEWERS.

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HERTFORD.

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# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

## PART IV.

Liberius si  
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius; hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniā dobis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv, 103.*

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No. 1.] WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1841. [PRICE 6D.

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THERE is a magic power in the number three, which seems to forbid all addition, and to preclude all extension. Are not young couples when dying to make themselves miserably happy for the rest of their lives, content with having their names three times publicly pronounced in the church? Have we not again classical authority to carry us out, and support our theory, when we find that all gentlemen and ladies of antiquity invariably made three regular attempts at the accomplishment of any impossible object they might have in hand, in the way of embracing a shadow, or playing at ball with mountains? We are obliged, unwillingly, to add, that in each case their triple attempts were failures. Æneas failed in his desire of recovering his wife Creusa, and Eurydice turned a deaf ear to the thrice repeated laments of Orpheus.

These, then, were the reasons which rose upon our mind, and which reconciled us to the idea that the *Haileybury Observer* had finished the course assigned to it, and would now be left to repose peacefully under the shadow of its well-earned bays. We remembered, also, that the public had run through the different degrees of approbation, assigning, as they thought fit, to each their different station of good, better and best. What can they say, thought we, to a fourth intruder? Perchance they might be inclined to run through the opposite scale, from bad downwards—an alternative which we would fain not have encountered.

Be it so then. A FOURTH Part is called for by the anxious public, and we cannot resist the pressing invitations—we will again laud our little vessel with the literary merchandise so liberally contributed, and again invoke the gales of applause to assist her in her course over the waters, which she has already three times so successfully, and so proudly, trod. We will reject the advice of antiquity, and make a fourth and desperate grasp at the shadow of celebrity—we will add a fourth to the “Graces” of Haileybury, to emulate and exceed the beauties of her elder sisters.

Another and more cogent reason has rendered us diffident of again appearing before the public—no reason of fancy or opinion, but one founded on circumstantial and melancholy truth. We, editorially, and the College at large, have, since last our numbers appeared from the press, suffered a loss more to be lamented as happening prematurely, and less to be concealed as being irretrievable. We have to regret the loss of a contributor, whose works require no further commendation

\* *Vid. Virg. Æn. II. 792. Græc. 281. Hor. Lib. III. 3, 85.*

of ours, and a colleague whose judgment could invariably be depended upon, the importance of which is now more fully appreciated, as its absence is more keenly felt. Nor are we the only losers, as in him the Service has been deprived of one likely to prove its brightest ornament, and most valuable assistant. If, then, in the forthcoming numbers there appears, as there undoubtedly must, a flagging of spirit, and a decrease of power—if our humble attempts are deemed flat and unsuccessful, let it be remembered, before the lash of condemnation has been inflicted, that we are not as we should have been—that we are, as the poet rightly expresses,—*accisis humiles pennis*,—and that we are worthy of a compassionate clemency rather than a hasty condemnation. If, on the other hand, we do give satisfaction, we must still bear in mind how much greater that satisfaction might in all probability have been.

We must then, under these circumstances, depend more than ever upon the contributions of the public and we confidently expect that assistance will not be denied to us—that our numbers will not be allowed to fall still-born from the press. With this hope we once more commit our lucubrations to the world, and throw ourselves into the hands of our benevolent readers.

HORACE.—SAT. I. LIB. II.

Many there are to whom our strains appear  
Too overdone, too stingingly severe :—  
Some steer their vessel in another course,  
And call us vapid, and devoid of force.  
“Such lines as these,” we hear some youngster say,  
“Fool as I am, I’d write a score per day :”  
What shall we do ? Pray tell us !

Fools be still :  
Break up your types, and pay your printer’s bill.  
What ? write no more !

Just so.

Well, well, I think  
’Twere best—but then we should not sleep one wink ;  
Our bottled thoughts, unless discharged in verse,  
Torment our dreams, and make our bed a curse.  
A pure and wholesome rest if you desire,  
With manly sports your healthful body tire,  
And then, before you close your eyes in sleep,  
Wet your parched lips by drinking long and deep.  
If you must write, describe with classic lore,  
Who gets most runs, or pulls the strongest oar—  
Success is sure.

But how, alas ! can I  
To such high themes my humble muse apply ?  
For few can well describe—the favoured few—  
How the light bails from off the wickets flew,  
When Ware beheld her champions in amaze  
Fall ’midst the shouts, which spoke the victor’s praise.

But how much better this than to assault  
Each vice conspicuous, and each latent fault,  
Than to deride in namby-pamby rhyme,  
The fop who wastes, and fool who kills, his time ?  
Only take care, lest you break through the laws,  
And ere you venture on the public, pause.  
If in weak Satire all your rage is spent,  
Then there is law and condign punishment ;  
But if stern Truth your vengeful arrow guides,  
You may walk off—the world will crack their sides.

Ω.

## GASPARONI.

"'Tis a wild life, fearful and full of change,  
The mountain robber's. On the watch he lies,  
Levelling his carbine at the passenger,  
And, when his work is done, he dares not sleep."

It is often the traveller's fortune to be detained, either by boisterous winds or adverse fates, in the small seaport of Civita Vecchia. It is a miserable spot, and perhaps the last one would choose as a voluntary residence, or the prison in which to spend an involuntary quarantine. I once had the misfortune to be weather-bound in the Osteria della Corona, the only "Hotel" of Civita Vecchia. Luckily I was not a solitary prisoner, for others like myself were in hourly expectation of the French steamer to Marseilles. The severity of the weather had detained it at Malta, and for seven weary days we looked for it in vain.

My companions in misery were an Englishman, named S——, two Italians, and a German student. In the first I soon discovered a link which in some degree connected him with my future fortunes. Ten years before he had left Haileybury College an appointed writer; ten years before, he had declared, at a farewell party, that the present moment was the proudest of his life, and that he was the luckiest dog in the world (sentiments since repeated on a similar occasion); and now ten years of his service had gone by, and he was returning to England on three years' leave. Happy man! No wonder that I thought him so. No wonder that I discovered all kinds of sympathies between us; and no wonder that I teased him with all kinds of questions concerning a certain examination I was shortly to undergo. Whether the Council of Three—far worse than their predecessors of Venice—possessed the common feelings of humanity; and whether they were not paid by the Honourable Company in proportion as they plucked. I often caught myself staring anxiously into his face to find out, if possible, what particular hue my skin would assume after ten years of an Indian sun.

As for my other companions, the Italians formed a valuable acquisition to our party. Being on their way to England to appear on the boards of the Opera, their fine voices were an endless resource. The German—it would be hard to say what had become of him—but, from what I could foresee, he must have long ago ended in smoke—he was in a fair way to it, if he went as fast as his tobacco.

Reader, I crave your pardon. When I began, I had no intention of giving you a page of my journal; and, I dare say, you, as well as I, will ask, what on earth all this has to say to the romantic title and fair quotation that heads my chapter.

On a small rock in the Bay of Civita Vecchia is a fort—a prison; and here is held in durance the last of his race—the brigand, Gasparoni. We have heard of Massaroni, and Barbaroni, and Maccaroni—the last a prodigious favourite in Naples. I do not know whether these gentlemen ever existed; but truth it is, that the name of Gasparoni, about fifteen years ago, was, on innocent lips, a name of fear; and for fifteen years he has been a prisoner. The story of his capture, together with that of his whole band, is well known. Moved by the entreaties and persuasions of an old priest, they delivered themselves to the Papal government, to escape from the galling muskets of the Austrian troops. Their counsellor, and subsequent protector, engaged that their lives should be spared; neither should they be sentenced to the galleys. They are confined for life to the narrow rock they now inhabit.

A pass obtained with some difficulty from the governor, gave us permission to visit the fort and its inmates. A crazy boat was our only conveyance, and into this we had vast difficulty in persuading our Eastern friend to venture. His Indian life had made S—— most careful of his personal comforts, as well as fearful of all kinds of trouble and annoyance. He was at times as fretful and requiring as if he were still surrounded by his Indian household; and if we had not almost used force to persuade him, most likely he would have lived and died without seeing Gasparoni.

As our boat at last neared the landing place we perceived at a short distance several figures at full stretch upon the ground, basking in the sun, and evidently enjoying the "dolce far niente" so grateful to all Italians. Our boatmen informed us that these were "Il Gasparoni" with his men taking their siesta, their custom always of an afternoon.

A single sentinel was on the watch, if the word can be applied to the half dreamy state in which he also was indulging. Our approach disturbed their slumbers, and

seeing we were some of those "Forestieri" or strangers, who always leave some token at their departure, they all arose, and advanced to meet us. Twelve men were all that remained of the large band that in the days of its strength caused terror to travellers in every part of Italy. At the first glance we knew the captain—though Gasparoni scarcely reaches the middle height, there is that in his eye which insures obedience; besides, his want of height is amply made amends for, by the power and solidity of his frame. In his prime, his strength must have been prodigious—it is said he slew a horse with a single blow of his unarmed hand. This amazing strength, together with his daring courage and consummate cunning, rendered him a fit commander of so lawless a band. To this day he is looked upon as their superior, and his court pay him all the submission formerly exacted in the mountains.

They still retain the old fashion of their dress—the high peaked hat adorned with medals, rosaries, and ribbons; the jacket, generally thrown over the left shoulder; the wide red sash, swathed many times round the waist; and once the repository of pistols and stiletto; the leathern strappings of the legs are the same as in the days of their mountain life. Pinelli would have loved to paint these twelve men, as they then stood before us—captives 'tis true, and of a long standing, but still bearing many traces of their former freedom. It was astonishing the perfect indifference with which they seemed to consider their confinement. Custom, perhaps, has inured them to it; and it is the nature of an Italian to enjoy a life of indolence. Gasparoni openly declares that he could effect their escape at any time he pleased, but they prefer basking on the rocks round their prison, to climbing the steepes of the Abruzzi.

We were soon on very good terms with our strange companions, S—— was the only one of the party ill at ease. He felt afraid of losing his watch, or, perhaps, his pocket-handkerchief, though there was not much to dread in that respect. The rights of hospitality are strictly observed by these men.

We gave them several flasks of wine, and during its discussion, Gasparoni became very communicative; he boasted of all kinds of villainies, and in answer to my question, as to the number of murders he had committed, replied—"Per Bacco Signore—I can only swear to thirty-six." He thinks there are many others, but this limit is like the Irishman's nineteenth tumbler of punch, beyond which he could not count with certainty. At this confession I was not surprised to see my friend S—— grow pale, and mutter something about dinner time, and the danger of being out of doors at the hour of sunset. I confess that at parting I almost dreaded the hand that Gasparoni presented to me, S—— shrunk from it as if it were a Cobra di 'Capello. The German was delighted with his new acquaintance, and with the precious relic which he brought away, namely, an old hat of Gasparoni's, for which he was simple enough to pay him four scudi. This, with other largesses, procured for us a parting cheer, "Vivano gli Inglesi."

This visit afforded a fine subject of conversation for some days. Our host of the Corona was mighty loquacious and full of information concerning Gasparoni, he could tell us every particular of his career, and with many a tale of cruel murder, and atrocious violence, as well as deep cunning, he regaled our, not unwilling, ears.

One of his stories I will endeavour to relate; but I wish you could see the wild gestures, impassioned declamation, and dramatic effect, our historian threw into his narrative. He united somewhat of the improvisatore with his less poetic duties of landlord of the Corona.

(To be Continued.)

#### ON MUSIC.

Hark! 'tis music breathing  
Its magic notes around,  
Fairy garlands wreathing  
Of soft and witching sound,  
And with its fairest blossoms our thoughts are lightly bound.  
The flowerets honey'd dews,  
Sweetest spells for dreaming,  
Around the spirit strews,  
Then so brightly beaming  
O'er us visions float, with airy fancies teeming.

Thin castles of the brain  
 Quickly rise on high,  
 Obedient to that strain  
 Of magic melody,  
 While glittering banners wave so light and beautifully.

We people then with bright  
 Imaginings of thought  
 Forms fashion'd of delight,  
 With joy and gladness fraught,  
 Enraptur'd thus we gaze, forgetting they are naught.

Hush, O! hush, the magic strings  
 Breathe forth a sadder measure,  
 Each falling cadence brings  
 A melancholy pleasure,  
 And yet how sweet each note, how cherish'd is the treasure.

We dream of days gone by,  
 Of friends long since at rest,  
 And brooding memory  
 Paints forms belov'd the best,  
 Clad in glittering radiance from islands of the blest.

Words of love once spoken  
 Echo sweet again,  
 Fondest vows now broken,  
 Like a brittle chain,  
 Renew their vernal bloom, that's prov'd so false, so vain.

But now a livelier note  
 Is borne upon the air,  
 And lighter visions float,  
 The beautiful—the fair,  
 The happiness of days, that oh! so joyous were.

The fond-lov'd voice is heard,  
 The sunny smile is seen,  
 More lightsome than the bird  
 Of starry night, I ween,  
 More brilliant than in founts the moonbeam's silvery sheen.

But ah, it dies away,  
 Like blossoms bright and fair,  
 Sweet spirit stay! oh stay!  
 Of notes that ever were  
 Breath'd from an airy lyre, thine the sweetest are.

Oh! linger yet awhile,  
 And I so bless'd shall be,  
 I would I saw thy smile  
 Of softest witchery,  
 But Thou art gone, and ceas'd thy magic melody.

V.

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### "TRUDITUR DIES DIE."

Our term has now reached that period which by common consent and without one dissentient voice, is denominated dull—bats and balls are consigned to the shelf—straw-hats and blouses, long become more unpromising in exterior than their owners, are doomed to spend the remainder of their lives in closets, or to adorn the person of some college scout. Grates, "unconscious of fires" for months before, are suddenly replenished—pea-coats and wrap-rascals are brushed up: and the reign of long nights, long snoozes, and long candlewicks, seems again restored. Complaints accordingly pour in from several quarters of the tediousness of the time—pursuits, which once had pleased, have pallied on the appetite; and men, who neither read, nor play at fives, all

join in condemning Haileybury as the most stupid of all stupid places, and the time spent there as spent most unprofitably. — For our own part, who profess to find “sermons in stones and good in every thing,” we will see if we cannot make out the day to be capable of more enjoyment than the tribe of *ennuies* would endeavour to persuade themselves and others to. Roused from a healthy slumber by the unceasing summons of our scouts, who seem to have a malicious pleasure in expatiating on the extreme wetness of the morning, we begin the day. Rushing with post and precipitate haste into chapel, we there count with grim delight the number of those, like ourselves, unwashed, and feel a befitting contempt for all others who have been slow enough to dress before chapel—thence crowding round the personage whose office it is to distribute the letters, we find there a never-failing material for mirth and laughter.—The torture which sundry names have to undergo, ere they can be assigned to their lawful owners, or the playful intentions of men who pertinaciously withhold our epistolary communications from us, serve to shake off what still remains of our lethargy, and to rouse us into action for the events of the coming day. After just so much of mental and intellectual exercise as to please most parties—not, however, to make them wish for more, which, on high authority, would be the great art of lecturing—we separate. The next portion of our time is passed in various ways, and we meet once more at that most convivial hour of the day, hall time. At this period, welcome to the man of three most desperate games at fives, more welcome to the loungers and idlers, but welcome of all to the indefatigable hard reader, we enjoy (those at least whose lot is cast on a table of pleasant companions) the delights of conversation, and participate in the various small talk of the day. It is then that we hear how many pages so and so has got through in the week, or how many stokes another came back well crammed with—then we censure the folly of this man in contending with that for such and such a prize, or we marvel at the closeness with which A or B concealed the quantum of extra they actually knew. These and other topics having been satisfactorily discussed, we march out of hall, and we will own with feelings somewhat tinged with melancholy. It is left for others to determine whence proceeds that tincture of sadness which men so generally feel in the latter part of the day—whether it is that the heart grows full together with the body, or whether it is a consciousness of the lamentable fact that the appetite decreases in eating, and at a certain point is forced to cry “hold, enough!” we know not; but of this we are certain, that the hours between hall time and chapel time are pregnant with things of voluminous import. It is at that period, we feel convinced, are written those gloomy and heart-stirring productions which have so often forced a doubtful sort of moisture into the eyes of many, when shining in the pages of our little Magazine—it is then that many of a poetical turn delight in lonely walks and woodland paths, and are betrayed into forgetfulness of chapel, ignorance of gates, and sundry other extravagancies of the same class, which are all doubtless to be ascribed to the misanthropical influence of the hour; but leaving these gentlemen to their solitary perambulations, we return at the sound of the chapel-bell and don our gowas. The night is dark, and the plashing of the rain makes us wrap our gown around us, as we listen to the measured tramp of many feet and dimly catch the numerous forms which pour forth from the four quarters of the college. A minute ago all was still—now the whole quadrangle seems alive, and the call of one man to another, joined by sundry deep mutterings at the unseasonableness of turning forth, strike on our ever attentive ear. It is a curious fact, that however cold or rainy be the atmosphere, still men persist, with the heroism of Fakirs in the rainy season, in hugging the pillars which skirt the outside of the chapel, until the clock has given its last chime, when at a pace of the most aristocratic slowness they enter, quickening their walk as they pass the door, and squeeze themselves into their seats. Chapel over, who shall say at what hour the majority turn into their rest? or who but the reading man can appreciate that most eloquent of sounds, which alone speaks volumes; namely, the heavy cadence of a pair of boots as they fall from the hands of their owner outside his door, whilst he himself falls as lightly the next minute on his bed? And hither having conducted him through the various business of the day, we for the present leave him.

SPECTATOR.

## FROM HAFIZ.

Thou night! on ever-rolling car,  
 Oh pause, nor take with thee in flight,  
 The joy and bliss, I fain would stay.  
 To me thy shade is dearer far,  
 Than all the pageantry of light,  
 Than all the pomp of gilded day.

Thou breeze of dawn! on scented wing,  
 Say, whence these odors thou didst gain;—  
 The truth, sweet wand'ring thief, I know:  
 'Twas from the locks, that droop, and fling,  
 Like blossoms of the bending plane,  
 Their shade on Leila's neck of snow.

Thou rose! fair Iran's garden-queen!  
 Than thee more sweet, of brighter hue,  
 A bud unfolds itself to light;  
 With her a deeper blush is seen:—  
 Her's is the musk-diffusing dew,  
 Thine are the thorns and cank'ring blight.

Thou herb! whose fragrance fills the sky,  
 Far softer lies, in blissful trance,  
 The tender down upon her cheek:  
 And thou, Narcissus, envying die,  
 For darker far is Leila's glance,  
 A softer tale it seems to speak.

Thou cedar! monarch of the glade,  
 Most stately all the trees among,  
 To Leila leave thy haughty state.  
 Ah! would that heart-alluring maid,  
 In pity hear her poet's song,  
 How envied then would be his fate.

D.

## THE INTERIOR OF A MADMAN'S MIND.

One day, induced by curiosity, I visited a madhouse. So painful were the scenes I there witnessed, yet so extraordinary, that on my return home, I could not drive them from my thoughts. The shrieks and groans still echoed on my ear, and I seemed even yet listening to the curious wanderings of thought, and the wild fancies of many of the poor maniacs. It was in this mood that I fell asleep, when methought the the Spirit of Dreams stood by me, and said, "Come, and I will show you the interior of a madman's mind;—see!" I looked, and saw a dark sea spread before me, on whose stormy waves a number of little spirits were tossing in small boats of fire. Rocks and shoals threatened on all sides, among which the waves boiled and the surf roared loud and deep. The winds blew from all quarters, and the boats were rocked in the midst of the surge, whilst the spirits tossed their arms about wildly, and shrieked with mad delight. Suddenly a deep calm overspread the sea, the waves and winds were lulled, and the waters lay unruffled by a breeze. I then gazed down into their blue depths, and caught sight of a wild and wondrous scene:—a fairy land seemed spread beneath the waters,—coral groves loaded with gems sparkled on every side, and silver fountains played midst grottoes of the most fantastic form. Hither came in great numbers those little spirits, who roved quietly and happily 'mid the beauties of this magic place; but ere long the waters of the ocean were again troubled, and the lovely scene was hidden from my sight. But scarcely had it faded, when I was borne to the land, that rose with abrupt and rugged shores from out the sea. Such a dark, gloomy place was never seen,—the mountains frowned in cold black masses, with their harsh outlines reared against a stormy sky. The streams rolled along like the waters of night, then suddenly hastening onward—dashed from rock to rock in mad gambols, till they were swallowed in some cavern that looked like the gulph of

death yawning to receive its victims. The trees were blighted stumps—no bud, no leaf, ever relieved their dreary, withered branches—they were but the resting-place of the raven, who seemed to delight in flapping his dusky wings, and croaking hoarsely on their splintered tops. Over the whole land storms were continually threatening, which cast every object into deep gloom. I liked not to linger in such a dismal place, and rejoiced to find the scene change once again, to a fair and sunny landscape. It was no unknown land I was gazing on,—no dark mysterious forms, but pleasing and familiar objects : flowery meadows, shady groves, and pure streams were there in abundance ; and everything around looked bright and pure, that I could have fancied I was wandering in my own lov'd land, had I not every now and then, through long green vistas, caught sight of the wild scenes, through which I had just passed ; where wonders constantly and sadly called me back to the recollection of all their bitterness. This was the last view I had—the spirit waved his wand—the dream fled, and I awoke.

But though the dream had pass'd, its scenes were fixed vividly on my mind, and, thinking on them again, I tried to connect its pictured forms with reality. And thus it seem'd to me. The whole scene was the realm of imagination, and the little spirits—the spirits of thought, who roved wildly from place to place in unrestrained liberty ; and according to the scenes they were wandering in would the poor maniac's condition be. When they were tossing on the waves of the stormy sea, revelling in the surge, and the strange gambols of the waters, then would he be in a wild and frantic fit, and be borne along on the full stream of his madness. The calm, and the fairy land at the bottom of the waves, both betokened his quiet state, and the new and fanciful imagery his ideas would often assume when free from his frantic rage. The gloomy land and its dismal scenes portrayed his dark revengeful fits, sad to see, and dangerous to be trusted ; and the fair sunny land and well-known scenes, the few remaining glimpses of sense and reason, which he would occasionally enjoy, when you could scarcely recognise the maniac, were it not every now and then for some wild burst, which proved, alas, too truly, that some noble spirit had indeed gone wandering.

V.

Στέφος πλέκων ποθεῖδρον  
Ἐν τοῖς ῥόδοις ἔρωτα.

Love with roses wreath'd around,  
Weaving garlands once I found :  
I seized him by his ringlets fine,  
And plung'd him in a bowl of wine—  
Plung'd him in a brimming cup,  
Took it then, and drank him up ;  
And now around my heart he clings,  
And ever tickles with his wings. *Anac.*

Βέλος.

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Reserved for consideration, "The Fragment of Simonides." We hope meanwhile to hear from its author again.*

*"Anacreon" would have been inserted, had there not been a translation of the same ode in a previous number.*

*"The Whip" is too much of an imitation.*

*"The Ode of Horace" is a very bad prose translation, and only equalled in absurdity by the lines accompanying it.*

*"An Adventure at Addiscombe" is not quite adapted for publication in our pages.*

*"Ootes" should have known better, than to send us such ridiculous stuff.*

*We thank the "Recommender of Debating Societies" for his prose and poetical suggestions on that subject ; he had better reserve his wit for other occasions.*

*It is requested that all Contributions will be sent in on the Friday previous to the day of publication.*

HERTFORD.

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# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

## PART IV.

Liberius si  
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius; hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniā dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv, 103.*

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No. 2.] WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1841. [PRICE 6D.

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### ANALOGY BETWEEN ETHNICAL AND REVEALED RELIGION.

THAT there is a distinct analogy between the traditions of Paganism, and the truths of our revealed Scriptures, cannot fail to strike the eye of even the most superficial observer. In the first ages of the world, when men forsook the worship of the one true God, we may readily suppose that they would engraft the truths they had forsaken upon the errors they had imbibed, and thus produce those singular combinations of truth and falsehood, which we are about to examine.

Among those distorted traditions which have come down to us as relics of an ancient theology, none occupy a more prominent portion, or deserve more attention, than the various accounts existing among various nations, of an universal Deluge. These historical traditions are only to be equalled in number, and singularity, by those wonderful geological evidences of the same fact, which are found as well on the summits of lofty hills, as in the caverned recesses of the deepest mines. Without delaying to examine the well-known classic story of Deucalion and Pyrrha, as sung by the poets of Greece and Latium, or the evidences collected by Josephus, of Berosus the Chaldean, Hieronymus, the Egyptian Mnaseus and Nicolaus of Damascus, we shall at once present to our readers the untutored conceptions of uncivilized man, and the faint glimmerings of truth, which partially illumine his clouded night of ignorance. The various nations of North America have different notions of the origin of their race; it is nevertheless an extraordinary fact, that of all the tribes, visited there by Europeans, there is no one which does not, by some means or other, connect their origin with a big canoe, which was supposed to have rested on the summit of some hill or mountain in their neighbourhood. The Mandan Indians carry their vague Mount Ararat impression to a very remarkable extent, for there was found established among them an annual ceremony held round a great canoe, entitled in their language, "the settling of the waters," which was held always on the day in which the willow trees of their country came into blossom. And that tree, according to their tradition, was selected, "because it was from it that the bird flew to them, with a branch in his mouth."\*

Among the Islanders of the South Sea, there is a most singular tradition on this subject; the following is part of a literal translation of it:—"Destroyed was Tahiti by the sea. No man, nor hog, nor fowl, nor dog remained. \* \* \* But that woman only and her husband. The wife took up her chicken; the husband took up his young pig. \* \* \* Orofena was overwhelmed by the sea; that mountain Pitohiti alone remained. That was their abode."†

In New Zealand, the traditions respecting the origin of the people are variously accounted for. Some tribes state that a large bird, whose enormous wings cast a fearful shadow of some miles' length upon the ocean, suddenly, while flying, allowed an egg to escape from her, on which the bird ascended with great velocity, as if gladly released of a burthen, and was soon out of sight. The egg lay for many days on the becalmed ocean, when it gradually burst its shell, and an old man and woman

\* Quarterly Review, CXXX.

† Polynesian Researches.

appeared exerting themselves to float an old canoe from the oviparous dwelling; they succeeded, after some exertion, and entered the conveyance, followed by a boy and girl, each holding a dog and a pig. On landing at New Zealand, they hastened to build a house, but the young man, dissatisfied with the solitary life in view, intended to take to the canoe and again try their fate, in hopes of meeting with an inhabited country, but the shallow conveyance was pushed adrift by the young woman, and their progeny soon covered the face of the country.\*

The traditions of the Malagasy (or people of Madagascar), relating to an universal deluge, are in many respects analogous to the Mosaic account, but mingled with much falsehood. They believe that the Great Spirit sent a deluge on the earth, after he had commanded a man named Noe, to build a ship, and retire to it with his wife and children, relations and domestics, with male and female of every species; that they had no sooner entered, than the earth with the remaining animals, was buried under the waters of the deluge, excepting the four following mountains:—Zabalica in the north, Zabalicatome in the south, Zabaliraf in the west, and Zabalibazane in the east; no persons, however, could save themselves from death, on these mountains.†

But the coincidence of the Cingalese cosmogony, with the facts of creation as recorded by Moses, is still more extraordinary, as it argues a common origin, but not a copy. According to the sacred books of Ceylon, "the whole world, its rocks and mountains, were destroyed by fire, and with its oceans and atmosphere formed one chaotic mass. Then the gods caused a great storm; the rain descended, and increased from drops until it fell in sheets of water covering thousands of miles, and until everything was concealed by the waters. A great wind now arose, and violently agitated the flood, which was absorbed or dissipated, until the earth became visible. The air is beneath the waters, and the waters are beneath the adamantine crust, which is the visible world; in which portions of land are scattered through the waters, like lotus-leaves on the surface of a pond."‡

The outline of the story of the Indian tradition of the Deluge, is the same as the Mosaic account. In the Mahābhāratic version, Manu, like Noah, stands alone in an age of universal depravity. Induced by the warning of Brahma, the lord of creation, he built himself a ship, into which, on the irruption of the deluge, he retreated, with the seven sages, and the living seeds of all things: and during the tempest of the elements, he was saved by his guardian deity, in the form of a fish.

"In his bark, along the ocean, boldly went the king of men:  
Dancing with the tumbling billows, dashing through the roaring spray;  
Tossed about by winds tumultuous, in the vast and heaving sea,  
Like a trembling, drunken woman—reeled that ship, O king of men!  
Earth was seen no more, no region—nor the intermediate space;  
All around a waste of water—water all, and air, and sky.  
In the whole world of creation—princely son of Bharata!  
None was seen but those seven Sages—Manu only and the fish.  
Years on years, and still unwearied—drew that fish the bark along,  
Till at length it came where lifted—Himavān its loftiest peak.  
At the fish's mandate quickly—to the heights of Himavān  
Bound the sage his bark, and ever to this day that loftiest peak,  
Bears the name of Manubandhan—from the binding of the bark."§

It is only by the comparison of these uncertain traditions, with the (as we believe) inspired history of Moses, that we can fully appreciate the certainty and genuineness of our revealed religion. In the Mosaic account we meet none of those contradictory absurdities, which characterize the cosmogony of pagan nations; our curiosity is not gratified by detailed accounts of the destruction of the human race, or how the ark was preserved amidst the wreck and ruin of a deluged world; the narrative simply tells us: "the water prevailed and increased exceedingly upon the face of the earth, and the ark was upon the surface of the waters." Such is the Mosaic deluge; "is it not wrapt up in the shades of its own incomprehensible darkness, more awful, more striking, more terrible, than the liveliest description, than the clearest paintings could possibly represent it."¶

(To be Continued.)

† Copland's History of Madagascar.

‡ Forbes's Eleven Years in Ceylon.

§ Milman's Translation of the Deluge.

¶ Burke.

Dico tibi verum, Libertas optima rerum;  
Nunquam servilli subnexu vivito, illi.

## I.

O white robed Liberty, thy mighty brow,  
High and serene, all crownless though it be,  
Hath charm'd more glorious spirits low to bow  
In steadfast reverence the willing knee,  
Than all the empty awe which springs  
From the purple pride of kings,  
And the weak majesty that round their sceptre clings.  
But thou, wild hunter of the mountain cliff,  
Hidden cave and darksome rift,  
With the tameless eagle dwelling,  
Where crag and rock sublimely swelling,  
To the free stars their snow-bright peaks uplift;  
Thou givest to the wise and brave  
To burst the portals of the grave,  
And by their shadowy hands unfurl'd,  
Thy glory-flashing flag streams o'er the waken'd world.

## II.

Great Sidney's soul, by thee up-borne,  
The headsman's lifted axe could scorn,  
And, passing that spell-guarded gate  
Where sits the sleepless Sibyl Fate,  
Lifted—his England's coming lot to see—  
The starry pall of sceptred Destiny;  
Pierc'd the thick darkness which Event enshrouds,  
And clove with wings of flame the Future's dusky clouds.

## III.

Thou, spread upon the thunder-zoned blast  
O'er Nelson's never-humbl'd mast,  
The lightning-border'd clouds among,  
Shouted loud and strong, and far  
From all the guns off Trafalgar—  
Deep peeling through the Earth the mighty war-note rung,  
And the pale nations heard thy trumpet-tones,  
While quivering to their base, rock'd Europe's ancient thrones.

## IV.

And now o'er whirlwind-peopled Caucasus,  
The skin-clad hunters, fierce and bold,  
Thy resistless arm behold  
Shaking its lightning-lance against the Rums,  
While icy cliff and cave prolong  
With thousand tongues thy patriot song,  
Till band on band from rock and cavern springs,  
And rend the ravening Eagle's sable wings.\*

## V.

The withering ice-winds of the polar sky,  
And utmost Asia's pale frost-fetter'd plains,  
Freeze not the swift blood in thy vigorous veins,  
Nor could the ardent Sun's broad eye  
Aye glaring on Spain's earthquake-rifted mountains,  
Through twice four ages e'er repress  
The holders of that wilderness—  
Thy ever-bounding spirit firing  
The swarthy Spaniard with untiring  
Might to quell by cliff and glen  
The crescent-crested Saracen,  
And o'er Pelayo's patriot soul  
Thy trump an energy did roll  
Quenchless as the volcano's flaming fountains.

\* i. e. Black Eagle of Russia.

## VI.

Live for ever in the mind  
 Of regenerate mankind,  
 Long as a starless midnight murk and blind ;  
 That universal Earth may start to see  
 The dawning gleam of thy sublimity,  
 Through tempest-riven clouds, earth, air, and sea,  
 Illumining ; while every mist is chas'd  
 By thy sun-wreathed shafts from heaven's unmeasur'd waste.  
 And we, fresh bath'd in Wisdom's healing spring,  
 Cleans'd from the stains which Sin and Falsehood fling,  
 Thy stately form on Earth enthron'd may see  
 Star-diadem'd in shining majesty,  
 And chainless as the cataract flashing by  
 Where oft thou musing sit'st with downward-gazing eye.

Bélos.

## EXTRACT FROM THE GULISTAN,

BY SAADY OF SHIRAZ.

## RE-TRANSLATED BY B. BARRAND.

ONE of the antient students was negligent of his studies, and careless in attending lectures ; so when the Examination came on, he was stumped and went pluck.

"If you will not, when you may,  
 When you will, you'll find it nay."

Between this empty-headed one and myself there happened to exist a friendship. I made an upbraiding of him, and said that "It is base and dishonourable, and sense-not-possessing, thus to throw away the flowers of the rose-garden of youth, to enlist under the banners of idleness, to light the segar of infatuation, and clothe yourself in the pea-coat of ignorance. Why not, exerting manly ardour and fortitude, grasp the bat of determination and strike the ball of ambition far beyond the long-fag of expectation?" He answered, that "what you have now said is nothing but the essence of truth, and right, and long-headedness, and the same sentiment has been repeated in the books of the old sages, whom may Allah bless ! but, in my present situation, is it welcome, or the part of a friend, and kind-intentioned one, thus to sprinkle salt into the open wound, and to describe to the despairing sinner the beauties of the Houris of Paradise, whom he has irretrievably lost ? The sweet of such consolation is not untinctured with the gall of reproach, and can on no occasion be palatable : as in the case of the advice given to the Student, who in a fit of ungovernable rage slew the cat of his affections." I inquired, that, "How the devil did that happen?" He said that "They have related that in a certain company there lived a student of a lecture-cutting and breakfast-giving disposition : he had seen many vicissitudes of lecture and chapel, and experienced many changes of term-time, and vacation : he had drank of the sweets of exeats, and tasted the bitters of 'Sol-moneos' :

"A cunning fellow, and sharp enough,  
 Not born last week, but up to snuff :

He was constant also in his attendance at Hall, and assiduous in the just and righteous consummation of his meals.

"In the room of this student a cat, named Ootes, had her habitation, a fair-faced and sleek-skinned one, in the constant habit of partial and total ablutions, and of evening-drinkings of milk. She was also in the flower of the fruit of the Gulistan of her youth ; her breath was like the musk-scented gale of the zephyr of Arabia, and her purring sounded like the voice of the young Spring.

"Her coat that with the tortoise vies,  
 Her smooth white paws and emerald eyes.

"Now it happened that on a certain day, when the candle of the day had been snuffed out by the fingers of twilight—

"When the sun's glory was nigh spent,  
 "Into the whale old Jonah went."

This student had occasion to attend a solemn feast in the hall of delight : having then washed his hands with the soap, that had come from 'Sheeral,' and brushed his

\* Vid. Gulistan, p. 7, from which passage it appears that Jonah was in the habit of spending his nights in the belly of the whale.

hair with the brush of 'I'm somebody' and having to his cat that 'You don't move from there' commanded, he took a ticket in the train of dispatch and went. The cat, when she saw that the eye of her master was removed, and that the room was void of the look of observation, lifted up the head of intelligence, and speaking to herself, said: "O Ootes, thou hast long served thy master with the service of fidelity and "look of faithfulness. But he does not now gaze upon thee with the eye of affection, and "has withheld from thee many of the sweets of delight. Why not then arise, and "taking advantage of the opportunity of chance, stretch out the paw of inquiry into "the cupboard of concealment, and with the mouth of desire seize hold of the good "things of fancy, and be happy." Having made this determination, with the feet of gluttony she raised herself, and made a devouring of the cold meat of disobedience. Then having filled the belly of satiety, she sat down in the corner of retirement, curled round her the tail of content, and with purring of self-applause, slept. When the student returned, and with the eye of surprise made an inspection of what was done, the fire of anger cast a blaze of revenge into the cell of his brain, and having with the hand of excitement torn the tassel of prudence from the cap of 'keep-your-temper' he threw off the gown of discretion, and with the foot of indignation struck the head of the cat, that she died. For it is said in the books of the old prophet—

'Whatever you *does*, and wherever you *goes*,  
Vengeance is sure to be pulling your nose.'

A judicious man happened to be by, and he said:—"It is unworthy of a wise man to give rein to the team of indignation." The student heard this, and drew a cold sigh from his hot heart, and suspended the skirts of his soul upon the liver-piercing thorns of regret: for advice after the act is not unlike the locking of the stable of security after that the horse of desire has been stolen. This, then, is the story of the Student and his Cat."

"BAASH."

Dum doceo insanire omnes, huc ordine adite.—HOR.

First, fourth, and second term-men,  
Attend unto my lays,  
I tell the deeds of olden times,  
I sing the good old days.  
When reading was a word, and not  
A thing to tire the eyes,  
When ten small pages extra  
Could carry off the prize;  
When fifty slokes of Sanskrit got  
Their modicum of praise,  
When *Anal's* were not forbidden—  
Those were the good old days.  
When over D.'s untrodden ground  
No heavenly beings reigned,  
When eight-and-twenty students  
Were all the walls contained;  
When Freshmen, told to fag for others,  
Did fag as they were told,  
These were choicer spirits far than ours,  
And men of different mould;  
When fractured lamps and windows  
Met Peter's anxious gaze;  
When beaks were yet unknown in quad—  
O those were good old days.  
When the fifth of dull November  
For three long weeks was kept,  
And *Pros* can well remember  
How restlessly they slept;  
When eight oars were not thought of,  
When the Fives-court was not made,  
'Ere tents adorned the College-field,  
'Ere the Cricket-ground was laid;

Before that men debated,  
Or claimed the poet's bays;  
When *Observers* were not dreamt of—  
Those were the good old days.

When students solemn-moned  
Were common to be seen,  
And plucks and rustications  
Not "few and far between;"  
When tick was yet unlimited,  
And Coleman's bills were long,  
When men were far more spirited,  
Then flourished wine and song.  
Long be such golden ages  
The subject of our praise—  
But may we ne'er behold again  
*Those glorious, good old days!*

#### LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI.

#### GASPARONI.

(Continued from page 4, No. 1.)

It happened about five years before the final suppression of Gasparoni's band, that the Neapolitan Ambassador, with a large retinue, was travelling from Naples to Rome to enter upon his duties at the latter city. As might be expected, such a certainty of plunder as the plate coffers of his Excellency would afford was not neglected by the banditti, at that period in their full strength. The whole band was summoned by Gasparoni to meet him at Terracina. A narrow pass in the mountains was fixed upon for the attack, and, as in all their proceedings, every arrangement was conducted with the greatest secrecy and skill. Along the whole line of road the movements of the retinue were narrowly watched by scouts sent abroad for the purpose; and when, at length, the first carriage, containing the Ambassador himself, drove into the ambush, the postilions fell dead from their horses; and, at the same moment, the dragoons who rode by the windows were pierced by balls from the carbines of the bandits. His Excellency was ordered to alight, and a pistol held to his head, while his carriage was ransacked, and stripped of all the valuable property it contained. The unfortunate nobleman was then placed inside; two of the robbers mounting the horses dashed on to the next post, which happened to be Terracina, where they drew up, and quickly disappeared.

In the meantime, a fierce encounter had taken place between the escort of dragoons in the rear, and the brigands, who kept up an incessant and most galling fire from the rocks above. Several of the troops were killed, and the rest were glad to escape by flight. The booty, which was very large, was conveyed away, and the robbers became quickly scattered over their former haunts.

Such an outrage on the sacred person of their Ambassador, could not fail to rouse the anger of both Courts. Two thousand crowns were publicly offered for the head of Gasparoni, and a proportionate reward for each robber in his band.

It was usual, after any enterprize where the amount of booty had been large, to distribute the money and jewels among the band, who then selected one of their number to go in disguise to the nearest city, and privately offer for sale such articles as produced a large price from certain men always found willing to purchase these jewels—little troubling their consciences as to how or whence they came.

About a month after the attack at Terracina, Gasparoni, and those of his men usually of his party, were lurking in the mountains just above Palestrina, and fifteen miles from Rome. One of the band, named Spadalunga, was chosen and dispatched to Rome, with instructions to offer for sale to the collectors in that city several valuable jewels. He travelled on foot, in the disguise of a Campagna herdsman. The banditti under Gasparoni's command were famous for the rapidity of their movements, and the skill with which they bore their different disguises. Their leader, in particular, was noted for the number of his characters, and the truth with which he

supported them. It is said that he frequently appeared before his men so completely transformed in every respect, that even they mistook him for a spy or stranger, and, as such, were about to fall upon and rob him.

Spadalunga set out for Rome; and towards sunset came to that part of the Campagna where the Palestrina and Tivoli roads unite in the common highway. He had not proceeded far when he overtook an old friar, whose deep cowl and long snow-white beard announced him to belong to the Order of Capuchins. The mule on which he rode bore him slowly towards Rome; and when Spadalunga came up, the friar saluting him with the usual "Benedicite," entered into conversation with the seeming herdsman. The old man was inclined to be garrulous, and soon informed his companion that he was on his way to Rome on the affairs of his order—that it would be necessary to have an audience with the Cardinal Gonsalvi, Secretary of State, and that, among other matters, he had been charged by the people of Tivoli to complain to his Eminence of the atrocities lately committed by Gasparoni and his gang, then in the surrounding mountains, and to implore aid and protection against future irruptions. "It was, in truth, too scandalous," said he, "that these lawless men should be suffered with impunity to infest the neighbourhood. Not even the lands or property of the Church were held sacred by them. It was only a week since a load of the finest wines, on its way to the cellars of the Father Abbot, had been carried off by these unholy robbers. What think you, my son," he continued, "of these ruffians bearding us on our own thresholds? But two nights ago a paper, filled with the vilest scandal, was found fixed to the great doors of our Convent. It is not to be borne, and it shall be put a speedy stop to."

"Ay! Father," replied the disguised robber, "but Tivoli is not the only quarter that is infested—Palestrina also is disturbed—Gasparoni himself is in the neighbourhood. You, and your order, are desirous that this man should be crushed—and you have, no doubt, heard of the large sum offered for his head. Now, Father, I will make a bargain with thee. If I mistake not, you yourself can lend a powerful aid in suppressing these Banditti. You will see the Cardinal—ask for an audience for me also—only tell Gonsalvi that there is one would see him, who can deliver into his hands Gasparoni and thirty of his men—I warrant me, he will be glad enough to grant your request—and I promise that five hundred of these crowns shall go to the coffers of your order."

"What mean you, my son? you speak in riddles," said the Friar. "First accept my offer," replied the Brigand, "and swear not to betray me—then I will be more frank with thee." "Well," said the old man, "it is passing strange—but I will take you at your word, and swear to keep your secret—I would do more to serve my Holy Order."

"Know then," replied Spadalunga, "that I am not what I seem—this dress is but a disguise, and the Brigand's mantle suits me far better than the clothes I have adopted. In fine, I am a proscribed Bandit—a follower of Gasparoni,—but the period of my obedience is nearly expired. There is a long debt of vengeance which I owe to the crafty Chief. We have ever been rivals, even in our boyhood he supplanted me in the affections of the girl I loved, and in manhood, when I would have borne her by force from her father's house, he informed her of her danger, and swore to me a horrid oath, that if she appeared by my side, he would be the first to plant his dagger in her heart. Were it not for Gasparoni, I should now be Captain of the band—in this, also, he proved my successful rival. Have I not then ample grounds to hate him, and to seek for vengeance? and at last to find it? He knows full well that I am dangerous—he knows that I am his enemy—but he does not know how deep a vengeance I mean to take. By night and day I have been watched—spies are placed on all my actions—I do not move one step without his knowledge—and now I only wonder at his rashness in sending me thus alone among his enemies."

"Ha! old man, you may well look amazed at this disclosure—but you will recollect your oath—indeed you can gain nothing by betraying me—you may gain much by acting as I desire. To-morrow you will see the Lord Cardinal—procure me an audience for the day after; you must accompany me to the Palace, and be present during the interview: you will most probably be required to accompany me back to Palestrina, so be in readiness to start at a moment's notice. We are now in Rome—forgive me Father for being thus abrupt in my address, but this is a business in which much courtesy is not to be thrown away. You, of course, will seek shelter in some one of your numerous convents. I am to be heard of at the Armadillo, in the Piazza of the Pantheon. And now, addio!"

*(To be continued.)*

## THE RHINE.

"Sie sollen nicht ihn haben  
"Den freien Deutschen Rhein."

The following poem is a translation of one of the most popular of the songs of the Rhine, composed during the course of the last year by a student of Bonn, when an idea of the probability of the French invading the provinces of Rhine-Prussia generally prevailed; the effects of it were extraordinary—the words at once were in the mouth, and an enthusiasm not to be controlled, in the bosom of all. The reader, in the following translation, will draw rather an idea than an entire perception of the simple beauties of the original.

The Rhine! the Rhine! O! ne'er shall they  
The German Rhine enthrall,  
What though like vultures o'er their prey  
Their war-cry loud they call.  
Long as with hanging verdure crowned  
She cuts her silvery way,  
Long as a single skiff is found  
O'er her smooth breast to stray.  
The Rhine! O ne'er shall they lay low  
The freemen of the Rhine,  
While hearts grow warm, and bosoms glow  
With draughts of Rhenish wine!  
While many a castled-summit lowers  
Above the labouring stream,  
While holy fanes, and antique towers  
In her clear current gleam.  
Ne'er shall the Rhenish heart beneath  
The yoke of bondage bow,  
While hardy youth their love till death  
To Rhenish damsels vow.  
While still the finny tribes along  
Her glassy current glide;  
While still the legendary song  
Is a free country's pride.  
The Rhine! oh ne'er shall they as slaves  
Her German sons controul,  
Till—till (far be the day!) her waves  
O'er the last freeman roll.

Ω.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*The subject of "Alpha" compels us to decline his contribution.*

*We regret that we cannot insert the Latin Poem of "Omikron," not that it is deficient in point of merit, but that it seems to resemble too much in subject an article that appeared in one of our former numbers.*

*The "Freshman's Complaint" though worthy of some praise, does not possess sufficient originality to warrant its insertion,*

*"Orus" will appear in our next number; in the mean time we hope to hear from its Author.*

*We must beg not to be troubled in future with any such Contributions as those of "P."—"A Rummy One," and the Author of the "Advertisement."*

*It is requested that all Contributions will be sent in on the Friday previous to the day of publication.*

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# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

## PART IV.

Liberius si  
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius; hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniâ dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv, 103.*

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No. 3.] WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1841. [PRICE 6D.

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### GASPARONI.

*(Continued from page 44, No. 2.)*

On the appointed day, Spadalunga accompanied the Friar to the Palace of the Cardinal. During the whole of his administration, Gonsalvi, perhaps the most accomplished statesman in Europe, had been using all his endeavours to annihilate the robbers, whose outrages were the curse of his country.

Every attempt had hitherto failed. The troops sent against the bandits had always been beaten. They were generally decoyed into the mountains, and there shot without mercy; and now, when an opportunity offered of crushing them in a mass, it is not surprising that the overtures of the traitor were willingly received.

Gonsalvi had called to his counsels the commander of the papal troops, and when the friar, with his *protégé*, was admitted to his presence, he proceeded to question, long and severely, the bandit, who bore with small patience the examination he underwent. It was evident to the robber that they distrusted him, and were cautious how they proceeded. "Your Eminence must know," said he, "that I did not come hither to be questioned. If you suspect me, as you seem to do, why, 'tis true that I am in your power! but how little will my death avail your purpose? Give me a troop of sufficient force, and I will deliver to you Gasparoni, with those of his band now around him. If I prove traitor to you—why—let me be the first to fall by the muskets of your soldiers." These words giving the Cardinal more confidence in the villain before him, he said, "As you seem to know so well the punishment of treason, remember it, and in doing so, we will even trust you to a degree. My Lord General here will let you have a sufficient force, and on Thursday next they shall be prepared to meet you at the Porte Nomentano. You say it will be necessary for you to join your band between now and then. Be it so; make every arrangement you think proper, and let us know at what hour it will be best to come upon the robbers. Orders shall be given to put to immediate death those that offer resistance; and for such as surrender, it will be as well to shoot them without further trial. This holy man," turning to the friar, "shall accompany the troops, and receive the confessions of the prisoner, preparing them by his exhortations to leave the world they have cursed with their villainies." The Capuchin bowed lowly to his superior. "The commands of his Eminence are to be obeyed."

At leaving the palace, Spadalunga announced his intention of returning the same day to the quarters of his band. The friar proposed accompanying him on the road. His business in Rome would be dispatched within an hour, and he would be glad of a companion through the wilds of the Campagna. There was a monastery of the Capuchins near Palestrina, which it would be necessary for him to visit before his final return to Tivoli. "Besides," he said, "it will be as well to ask permission from our Father Abbot to be absent from my duties in the convent, though I am bound to obey the commands of the Lord Cardinal." "If then, my son, you do not wish the contrary, I will trust myself to your guidance along the road."

In two hours they met, and proceeded on their journey. The Bandit maintained a moody silence. Perhaps he had still some feelings of shame or pity in his breast, and would have withdrawn from the treachery he was about to be guilty of, in betraying to death those who had been his companions for so many years.

The old man perceived his dejection, and rallied him, saying, "Cheer up, my son.

PART IV.

D

Recollect the good work you are about to perform. I would not whisper the wrongs you have endured, and the revenge you seek; that motive should not be mingled with the feelings of justice and religion, that instigate this deed. Cheer up, then, and remember your reward." "Reward," says the traitor, "it is not a reward I seek. No, no! It is vengeance; deep and deadly vengeance. Think you, old man, that I would incur this danger for the sake of a paltry reward? If it were money that I sought, it were easily procured. You have told me that you bear on your person a sum of gold; the purchase money of the vineyard you have been selling for your order in Rome. What prevents me, then, taking it, and leaving your dead body by the road side? No! it is not money that I look for, it is revenge; and when I have satiated this revenge in Gasparoni's blood, I care not what becomes of me. I have only lived for revenge; and when that is obtained, what is there in life worth living for?"

It was evening when they arrived at the foot of the mountain on which Palestrina stands. The lurking place of the bandits was within call of the lonely track our travellers were ascending. Spadalunga, who walked in advance of the friar's mule, stopped, and, drawing a little to one side, allowed his companion to come up. "Here," said he, "we must part: we approach the spot where my comrades assemble: meet me on Thursday, at the foot of this mountain, at the hour of vespers; we will go together to the Ponte Nomentano, and so, farewell: remember the orders of the Cardinal, and be prepared to obey them."

So saying, he dashed through the thick underwood which skirted the path, and had advanced into the forest, when a shrill and loud whistle, in the direction he had left, caused him to retrace his steps. He knew it well; it was the signal of his chief. He returned to the path, where he found several of his companions had already answered to the call. The friar stood in the centre of the group, and the peaceful old man presented a strange contrast to the wild figures around him. This quiet demeanour only lasted for a moment, when the cowl was thrown from the head of the Capuchin, the beard torn from his face, and Gasparoni stood before the eyes of the horrified, and wonder-struck traitor.

By this time the number of the band was complete, and the men, astonished at what they beheld, thronging around their leader, in eager tones demanded an explanation of this strict disguise, and of the terror depicted in every feature of Spadalunga, who, with horror and dread, had sunk upon the ground.

"Comrades," said the chief, in a far different tone from that which he had assumed in his religious habit, "ye may well seek to know the meaning of my disguise; ye may all thank the old friar of Saint Francesco, who has saved you from destruction; in a word, we have been cherishing a viper, who would have stung us to the heart. This man, this Spadalunga, whom I have often saved at the risk of my own life, on whom I have conferred so many benefits, has employed the confidence we placed in him in plotting our destruction. His treachery I suspected; and in this disguise I accompanied him to Rome, and made myself master of his designs. On Thursday next we were to have been sold into the hands of Gonsalvi. To such villainy what punishment do you award? What sentence shall he suffer? To my mind such a man is not worthy to live an hour longer. Say, then, what is your will? But, hold; I have done my part in keeping watch upon his actions to condemn him: I will not also be his executioner. Take him to yourselves. Away with him! Ye know with what mercy to requite his treason." So saying the chief turned, and slowly ascended the rocky path. In a moment the robbers had seized upon their miserable victim, and hurried him off into the deepest recesses of the forest.

That night the death cries of Spadalunga wakened the echoes in the woods of Palestrina, while the mocking shouts of his enraged murderers rung the death knell of the traitor.

L. S. J.

#### THE PYRAMIDS.

\**Ἀφθιτον αἰεὶ*.—HOMER.

Mysterious ages, shadow-robed and veil'd  
 With the dim mists of eld, when youthful earth  
 By age and feebleness yet unassail'd,  
 Pour'd from her vigorous veins that glorious birth—  
 The giant-throng—the first-born race—sublime

Of stature—they whose limbs of Titan girth  
 Grapp'd the tiger bounding in his prime  
 Till he fell yelling; nor were all as now  
 There woman-born, and sprung from fleshy slime.  
 The stately aspect and the godlike brow  
 Betoken'd angel-birth. O mighty race  
 Your monuments yet stand, that we may bow  
 In reverence to each colossal trace,  
 And read your vastness and our own decay,  
 And know the sons of the divine embrace.  
 Sky-pointing Pyramids, thrice ancient, gray  
 With years uncounted and the dust of age,  
 Vainly the storms and bolts of Heaven play  
 Around that threefold vapour-belted-page  
 Which without written word or graven sign  
 Spreads a most eloquent silence; by the rage  
 Of elements unsear'd, through storm and shine  
 Enduring skaithless; and their fiercest stress  
 Tempest and whirlwind harmlessly combine  
 'Gainst thee, great Hierarch of the wilderness,  
 Outliving all beside, unread, unknown,  
 Mute, mighty, melancholy, measureless.  
 And thou dark river gliding on alone,  
 No brother-stream receiving in thy breast,  
 To whom the hidden secret might be shown  
 Of thy far source untraced, unseen, unguess'd.  
 Fit mother for the nameless Pyramid  
 O search-defying Nile, what mountain-crest  
 Untrodden rocks and icy caves amid  
 Cradles thy weird spring?—prophetic sign  
 Of mighty things to pass—when thus long hid  
 The cloud-girt portals of thy sleepless shrine  
 Shall be flung open, and the torch of man  
 Through the black shadows of thy cave shall shine  
 The awful cavern of thy rise—and scan  
 Awe-struck and mute thy dark nativity—  
 Thy monarch-foiling fount—but dread the ban  
 On him who first that fatal fount shall see.  
 Thou and the Pyramid, now as of old  
 Enduring in mysterious majesty,  
 Shroud each its uprise, and each through untold  
 Slow-gliding years as on its earliest day  
 (E'en the great flood in vain above them roll'd)  
 Unsear'd, unworn, unsullied by decay,  
 Triumphant over time, with time to pass away.

ORUS.

“DIGNUSQUE MOLAM VERSARE.”—*Juv.*

Prole vicens triplici quidam vivebat, ut aiunt,  
 Doctus ad antiquam tundere farra molam :  
 Diceret ut natis senior suprema, vocavit,  
 Sensit enim summum se tetigisse diem.

Venit tibi ante omnes natu qui maximus—illi  
 Dixit—“ad expletum terminus hæsit iter ;

“Inque manus si jura molæ, si forte reponam,  
 “Dic age, quo tandem res sit agenda modo ?”

Verba facit “nomen, genitor dilecte, Johannes,  
 “Me modium e sacco tollere quoque juvat,  
 Inque manus si jura molæ, si forte reponas,  
 Immo ! per has artes resque domusque vigent.

Deinde vocat fratrem, natu qui proximus—illi  
 “Sistimus hic ; ultra non licet ire rotis,

“Inque manus si jura molæ, si forte reponam,  
 “Qui sit ad arbitrium res peragenda tuum ?

"Davus ego—quotquot capient granaria saccos—  
 "Dimidium e sacco radere quoque libet—  
 "Inque manus si jura molæ, si forte reponas,  
 "Sic erit arbitrio res peragenda meo."

Tertius huic, natus minimus, successit—et illi  
 "Viximus: et proest mors monet ire patrem;  
 "Inque manus si jura molæ, si forte reponam,  
 "Cujus ad exemplar tu mea jura reges?"

"Sum catus" ille refert "quantumvis junior—hæc est  
 "Ars mea, quæ liceat prosperitate frui;  
 "Tu Davo neu cede molam, neu cede Johanni,  
 "Farra mihi spoliū—pignora saccus obit.

"Nate" pater "certè tu paulo es doctior" inquit,  
 "Noverunt fratres vix elementa tui:  
 "Cedo molam—cape jura" senex ter voce vocavit,  
 "Et simul ad patres semisupinus obit.

Occidit hic—vermes ludunt sub pelle voraces,  
 Dum jacet in tristi triste cadaver humo:  
 Non liquet, ad quales jam tum discesserit oras—  
 Creditur infernas hinc abiisse domos.

K.

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MR. EDITOR,

Many of your contributors have been in the habit of communicating to you their dreams, and the profitable way in which their sleeping hours were spent, subjoining to them the clever deductions and speculations of their waking thoughts. Now, to tell you the truth, I am of a most drowsy nature, and fond of indulging in most sentimental dreams, many of which, as soon as I awake, I am in the habit of committing to paper, and giving to such airy nothings a local habitation and a name. And it is one of these which I now present to your notice.

Methought (of course all dreams begin in sentiment,) after the more substantial reality of a good dinner, I had fallen asleep over the misty pages of some Oriental tome, having in vain attempted to steal a march upon the drowsy god, by alternating my studies with the many and conflicting subjects, which our poor ears are destined to imbibe, and our brains are *intended* to contain. Suddenly I felt myself struggling in the waves of a vast and immeasurable ocean, in the company of many miserable wretches, in whom I recognised the features of many of my college acquaintances. (Here the reader is at liberty to imagine all the accompanying dangers, scenery, boiling sea, rocks and shoals, which may suggest themselves to his mind, and which by the bye, he will find ably described in some of our former dreams.) In front of us, but at a remote distance, was stretched out a long and low shore, crowned with temples and buildings of a barbarous architecture. On all sides of us were Spirits, seemingly independent of the dangers in which we were involved, calling to us, and enticing us to accept their proffered assistance to convey us to the shore. Although these spirits were of a strangely different and dissonant appearance, they were all attired in one uniform black and flowing robe, which was their only covering. On one side I heard a small yet clear voice exhorting us to his side, and pointing to pages in volumes he held in his hand; at one moment I caught the sound of words of my own language, at another of foreign, though not unfamiliar tongues. By his side in an offensive, rather a defensive, alliance, was a Spirit of a larger and a more decided mould: his invitations were clearer and more explicit: what he asserted, he proved, and with a rapid hand pointed out the powers which would propel us, and the weights which held us back, showing by what means we might overcome them, and the advantages which were presented to us. At another quarter, I heard a manly and eloquent voice, and beheld a herculean and majestic spirit—he spoke clearly and loudly of agriculture and the arts—in his hands he held a stream of time, and invited us to trace with him, the history of the many nations by which it is peopled. While trying to listen to him, my attention was diverted by a rapid and short voice, talking of the laws which bind nations, and the duties of society. The confusion arising from these was nothing in comparison with the hubbub that surrounded me on the other side. Three figures of a different character, and with violent gesticulations, attempted to seize hold of all that fell in their way; in their hands they bore parchments

inscribed with foreign and unknown characters, and the words they uttered were harsh, guttural, and unintelligible. My intellects not over clear before, were by their clamours overwhelmed, and entirely bewildered.

The objects of all these spirits seemed to entice us to them—to appropriate us as their own. I saw many of my companions flying indiscriminately, as chance, inclination, or desperation might lead them—some few with the hope of advantage thence to be derived—some favoured few to be cherished, and borne along by them, while some attempting to fly to their protection were for reasons, not apparent, repudiated, and cast away. Amidst the confusion were distinctly heard above all the cries and invitations of the three last mentioned spirits, who were at the same moment the most imperative, the most courted, the most insecure, and the most unpopular. I saw others monopolizing their peculiar spirits, and driving away all, who attempted to share with them the advantages. Some poor wretches, bewildered and confused, after vainly struggling, were sinking in the depths of despair; others were, by carelessness at first starting, borne away in different ways by a violent and resistless current. As for myself and a few companions, unable to decide to which spirit it would be better to attach ourselves, we struggled on, with better fortune than those who sank, and less ease than those who were borne along by their several patrons. We paid our court, at times, to each and all of the spirits, and they all seemed favourably inclined towards us. At length we reached the desired shore, and were on the point of landing when—I awoke.

This, then, is my dream.—I am at a loss whom I shall introduce to explain it, and give it the interpretation I wish it to bear; the Spirit of Dreams, perhaps, would undertake the kind office, as on former occasions; but perhaps I had better try myself. Though the dream had passed away, its scenes were vividly impressed on my mind, and thinking on them again, I connected its pictured form with reality. The vast and immeasurable ocean seems to indicate the time of our sojourning at this College—immeasurable, as it is not always quite clear how long to some that sojourn may be. The shore in prospective was India—the spirits surrounding us were the different subjects with which our brains were tormented and bewildered, each of which is anxious to monopolise our whole thoughts and attention. Those who were borne easily along were the favoured few, who excell in some particular subject, and devote themselves to that, to the disparagement of the rest, and who are anxious to exclude others from the advantages which they enjoy. Those who sank, were the poor unfortunates who, bewildered and amazed, are plucked;—those, whom the current bore away, are the victims of Folly and Rustication. Those who struggled onwards are the venturesome few, who, by a sacrifice of a greater amount of labour and exertion, arrive at the more complete attainment of the object they have in view, and whose course, though less pleasant, brings them at length with no less certainty to the shore to which they are steering.

Such was my dream, Mr. Editor. Its shadowy forms (see page 18, part III.) pictured as they then were in all the bright colourings of fancy, are departed, I regret to say that the solid reality remains, and as such it is offered to your notice.

By your humble servant,

“NON OMNIBUS DORMIO.”

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### PERSIUS, SAT. III.

The following paraphrase from Persius was chosen, as the original seemed to have a tolerable affinity to a state of things that often prevails at the present day. The latter part adheres more closely to the original, in order to convey some idea of the noble bursts of the author when roused, and to mark the spirit and dignity which pervades the lines, as so decidedly superior to the solemn irony of Horace. It is almost unnecessary to add that every intention of carrying on the application from the first to the latter part in the translations are totally disclaimed.

“What, late once more? The sun’s emboldened ray  
 “Pours all his splendour on our letter A,  
 “Clear floods of light through every crevice gush,  
 “And your white curtains for their master blush:  
 “Long since the quarter tolled the college clock,  
 “Long since has rapped the anxious tradesmen’s knock,

"Such lengthened sleep must surely have dispelled  
 "Last night's excesses, which in D were held—  
 "The brain refreshed—the limbs reposed—'twere best  
 "(Egrotat hopeless) now to quit your rest."  
 Thus speaks some friend—the wakened sleeper tries  
 To chase the mists of darkness from his eyes,  
 And with his curses, not so loud as deep,  
 "My boots," he cries—"O, why thus murder sleep?  
 "My gown, my note-book—where that lazy scout?"  
 Cry urges cry, and shout awakens shout—  
 The passage echoes to the noise, you'd swear  
 That Smithfield market was in bustle there!  
 At length our sleeper robed—with slumbering looks  
 He grasps his pen, his paper, and his books—  
 Destined in vivid colours to pourtray  
 Or England's wealth, or Asia's slow decay,  
 To paint the nobly free—the slaves, who toil  
 To wring their scanty pittance from the soil;  
 To trace effects and cause—or perhaps to draw  
 The savoury precepts of the knotty law,  
 In "Indian Codes" and "Russell's Crimes" to dip,  
 And all the sweets of Blackstone's pages sip.  
 His pens, the best that Austin's store can lend,  
 His note-book, stol'n from some forgiving friend—  
 Not even here his fancied woes can fail—  
 "This ink too thick," try that—"and that too pale;"  
 The pens unribbed their owners errors bear,  
 And undeserving walls in deep invectives share—

And is it come to this? When nought can please  
 To seek excuse from trifles such as these,  
 At such objections all your foes will smile,  
 Friends laugh not with thee, but against, the while—  
 As jars when struck, their hidden faults betray;  
 Thus to the trial rings thy unsound clay:  
 Clay that to every fashion can be wrought,  
 In virtue moulded, or with vice be fraught—  
 O seize the moment—keep but this in mind  
 Though much is found, that much remains to find,  
 Thy growing powers in 'venturous knowledge tire  
 And from each outlay more return acquire—  
 "But whence this language?" indolence replies,  
 And on its fancied competence relies,  
 "To those who want them, give these ancient saws:  
 "What need I care about effects or cause?  
 "What need to dive in Oriental lore?  
 "I pass—when called on—who requires more?"  
 And is this all? shall such opinions sway  
 Nor call the latent energies to play?  
 Cast off such tinsel, and dispel the gloom  
 That wraps thy powers in their living tomb.  
 I have explored thy substance from within,  
 Thy inmost centre, to thy outer skin,—  
 Alas! long since has vice's deadly fold  
 Engrossed thy mind, and turned its warmth to cold—  
 Palsied each feeling, which could once impart  
 Some generous tincture to an erring heart—  
 Blunted perception—dulled the grovelling soul—  
 And spread the deadly poison through the whole.  
 Whence, not discerning vice—to sin a slave—  
 He sinks, nor sends one bubble on the wave;—  
 Yet still, whene'er the couchant passion springs,  
 When care awakens—or when conscience stings,

Then may this pain—(nor other I demand)—  
 Assail the coward, and the slave command,  
 One glance to cast, and one short minute scan  
 Those noble aims, that would have made the man,  
 Virtue to see, in virtue's proper dress,  
 And vice assume its native ugliness.

CENSOR.

“BRICKS AND MORTAR.”—*Nic. Nickleby.*

Whoever has composed or strung together any set of words which could be dignified with the name of a composition, must have remembered some small minutiae without which he could not have written a word: some book—some article of furniture which required to be placed in a peculiar position, 'ere he could put pen to paper—in short, some indefinable over-scrupulousness in setting things “to rights,” indicating a desire to conform, in external appearances, to that placid, internal state of the mind, which ought to precede, as a matter of course, every attempt at prose composition. For this analogy between the outward appearance of the room and the inward condition of the mind, we derive authority from the invariable practice of great writers, amongst whose vagaries this is not the least prominent. Other freaks, however, still more singular, have been attributed to many authors—one man, we read, could never compose a line, unless he were dressed out in his “best,” had his rings on his fingers, his cat on his knee, and a bottle of Champagne (no bad thing) at his right hand. Another's peculiarity manifested itself in choosing a dark and sombre room, dimly lighted, cold, dismal, and without a fire! A third seeks the society of his friends, and writes during the babble and confusion of many tongues. A fourth—in short we might enumerate whims and oddities sufficient to fill half a page, and to tire out the patience of the reader. But whatever be the fancies of various authors, we find them, with but few exceptions, agreeing wonderfully in this one point, viz.—in the length of time which they devoted to composing, filing down, and retouching. Where we have one author remarkable for the rapidity with which he wrote, we have ten or twenty hammering unceasingly at their “bright creations”—we have every species of severe castigation, we have the *limæ labor*—the perpetual recurring to one or two pieces—the dissatisfied mind ever seeking to alter, to vary, and to better. True, that the boundless genius of Scott might supply him with a perpetual flow, when the spring of others, if we may be allowed the expression, had long been dry—but how many careless sentences do we find in consequence spread through several of his works, The torrent of genius which poured down and kept the channel for ever full without the slightest interval of rest, still brought several impurities on its surface, which needed a careful hand to purify and redress. This undoubted fact, at which, however, some of the admirers of the great wizard may cavil, is no more to be a matter of surprise, than that, on the other hand, we often discover amidst a mass of fustian, some gems—not exactly of the first water, but still such as arrest and engage our attention. In spite, however, of what we have brought forward, we do not deny that there are moments in which the mind, encumbered and raised from some cause or other above its usual standard, will throw off without any interruption some dozen lines of poetry or prose, which will almost forbid any further attempt at correction, as beyond the writer's powers. But, says our Aristarchus, should we not, when we have got such a passage, work at the intermediate parts, and bring them as near to the higher standard as possible? Is it not incumbent on us to lessen the inequalities, and, at least, redress the unequal parts of the building, if we cannot make the material as good and as solid as the one individual part of peculiar excellence? Every one knows the story of Virgil, who reduced the forty lines of his morning's work to some ten or fifteen in the evening; or if further authority be needed, we have merely to recall the names of our own poets, as Gray and Goldsmith, whose unwearied application is too well known to require farther comment. It may be doubted whether this rule is more exemplified in translation than in original composition: but if we are required to return again and again to what may be termed our own legal offspring, how much more then, when we are experimentalizing on what belongs to another! In a word, of all requisites for a good composition, there is scarce one to which more importance can be attached, than the faculty of being able to recur without disgust to what we have written, and of reforming without being either disheartened or discontented.

ZOILUS.

## A HINT TO YOUNG AUTHORS.

Go choose a friend by all accounted just,  
 In whose opinion you may safely trust,  
 To read your works, and list while he dissects,  
 And points out beauties here, and there defects ;  
 Go learn (though vanity may cloud the mind  
 And haply render its discernment blind)  
 To know the faithless flatterer from the friend,  
 And scorning empty praise, on truth depend.  
 The former slyly laughs while he applauds,  
 And most despises, when the most he lauds ;  
 At each new thought with ecstasy exclaims  
 That "all is perfect"—and he never blames.  
 He stamps with joy ; with tenderness he cries,  
 And loads your work with praises to the skies.  
 Truth hath not these accommodating ways ;  
 Love those who censure, and not those who praise.  
 Judicious friends ne'er let small errors flow,  
 But on each trivial fault their care bestow ;  
 Repressing words offensive to the ear  
 And making all ambiguous phrases clear.  
 An author's works are oft forbidden ground,  
 And high words follow when a fault is found.  
 He guards his infant muse with zealous care,  
 As if his very soul and life were there.  
 Thus faithful to himself he always tries  
 To scatter dust in friendly critics' eyes ;  
 And if a harsh, or idle word offend,  
 The part abused he's sure to recommend.  
 But still, to hear him speak you'd surely say,  
 That o'er his verse you held despotic sway ;  
 But these smooth words, intended to mislead,  
 Are cunning snares that he his verse may read.  
 Then off he goes, contented with his muse,  
 Another fool's good nature to abuse ;  
 For though so many fools to write aspire,  
 In our dull age as many more admire.  
 Though books are bad, their readers are still worse—  
 One fool will make another praise his verse.

ALPHA.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Antiquus" is reserved for consideration.

"A. M." is a great deal too personal.

We thank "A. E. E." for his Contribution, but it does not possess sufficient interest.

"Eachin" is too amatory.

"N. Y.'s" Verses are good, but we hope he is not yet to bid farewell to the College.

"Nocturnal Adventure" is a very good Parody. We are very sorry that we cannot admit it.

Upon mature consideration we beg to decline "Vesper."

It is requested that all Contributions will be sent in on the Friday previous to the day of publication.

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# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

## PART IV.

Liberius si  
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius; hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniâ dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv, 103.*

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No. 4.] WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1841. [PRICE 6D.

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“Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,  
A being, darkly wise, and rudely great.”—POPE.

Having, in a preceding number, traced in some degree the various traditions of an universal deluge, and the resemblance which they bear to the Mosaic account, we shall find a wide field of investigation before us, in an examination of the pagan notions of a state of futurity. Such a state was an inexhaustible topic to the poets of Greece and Latium, and was painted by them with a pencil dipped in the glowing colours of their own climate. Among the flowery meadows of Elysium, or along the banks of Lethe, the purified soul of the blessed revelled in an endless day. But let us hear their own words :

Devenère locos lætos, et amœna vireta  
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas.  
Largior hinc æther campos, et lumine vestit  
Purpureo; solemque suum, sua sidera nōrunt.  
Conspicit, ecce, alios dextrâ lævâque per herbam  
Vescentes, lætumque choro pœana canentes,  
Inter odoratum lauri nemus; unde supernè  
Plurimus Eridani per silvam volvitur amnis.—ÆN. VI.

Such was the heaven of classic Italy. Let us now turn to more distant regions, blessed with poets, whose fertile conceptions were ripened beneath an eastern sun, and “matured with the full vigour of Oriental vegetation.” The heaven of the Sufis of Persia, consists in the reunion of the soul with its heavenly source; and according to their fanciful and somewhat mystical imagery, like a reed torn from its native bank, like wax separated from its delicious honey, the soul of man bewails its disunion with melancholy music, and sheds burning tears, like the lighted taper, waiting passionately for the moment of its extinction, as a disengagement from earthly trammels, and the means of returning to its only beloved.”

In the Indian Swergh, or Paradise of the Hindûs, there are celestial mansions variously graduated, to be reached only by Brahmins, or persons of high attainment, or for performing works of extraordinary sanctity. These bear much resemblance to the paradise of Mohammed, being scenes of voluptuous enjoyment, fanned by the softest breezes, glittering with gold and gems, and abounding with every species of sensual pleasure. The prophet's Paradise is too well known to require a lengthened description. Inspired by its promised joys, unawed by the yawning chasm beneath, supported in his perilous passage by his accumulated good works, the faithful believer treads confidently Al Sirat's narrow bridge, and is welcomed to happiness by the dark heaven of Houris' eyes.

Of a somewhat similarly difficult access is the "happy country" of the New Zealanders, who place their elysium in the island of the Three Kings. The submarine path thither seems to be exceedingly intricate.

"To the country of the dead,  
Long and painful is thy way;  
O'er rivers wide and deep,  
Lies the road that must be past,  
By bridges narrow-walled,  
Where scarce the soul can force its way,  
While the loose fabric totters under it."

Having with incredible exertions arrived at this "ultima Thule," the souls of the blessed exercise themselves in war—their old delight on earth. Such, too, was the heaven of the ancient Goths; "in this happy place, the heroes every day take their arms, and fight till they have cut one another to pieces; but no sooner does the hour of repast arrive, than they return safe and sound to drink in the palace of Odin." Niflheim, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle; over it presided Hela, the goddess of death.

The Indians of North America firmly believe in the immortality of the soul and in a state of future retribution; but their conceptions on these subjects are modified and tinged by their occupations in life, and by their notions of good and evil. They suppose the spirit retains its old inclinations, and rejoices in its former pursuits. The dying warrior awaits his dissolution with joyful eagerness, for 'around him from thin clouds bend the awful faces of his fathers,' and invite him to join their chase in the hunting-grounds of the blessed. And that he may not appear without weapons and equipage to support his dignity and rank, his bow and spear are buried with him, and his favourite horse is immolated on his tomb.

"They buried the dark chief; they freed  
Beside the grave his battle-steed;  
And swift an arrow cleaved its way  
To his stern heart; one piercing neigh  
Arose—and on the dead man's plain,  
The rider grasps his steed again!"

The belief of the people of Madagascar with respect to the soul, is as confused as all their other notions in theology. A Malegasy tells you, when asked on the subject, that at death there is an extinction of his being; that he has no idea of any hereafter; that his body is to become dust, and his life is to evaporate into air or wind. Still, some representation of him remains, and is, in fact, his ghost. Amidst all this uncertainty and contradiction, the natives have an idea that, somewhere in the country, there is a place called Ambondrombè, where all the deceased are assembled, and where, all are again exactly what they were before they died: kings and queens are kings and queens; nobles, nobles; freemen, freemen; and slaves, slaves. All pursue the same favourite employment they followed while living, and possess the actual property they had previously enjoyed. In the islands of Polynesia, Rohutu noanoa, (sweet-scented Rohutu), is the resort of departed spirits: it is described as a beautiful place, quite an Elysium, where the air is remarkably salubrious, flowers and shrubs abundant, highly odoriferous, and in perpetual bloom. The Maniton Islands, situate in the lake Michigan, are the sacred isles of the Indians, to whom they belong. "These isles," says Miss Martineau, "are so healthy, that, according to my informant, people who want to die, must go elsewhere. I saw but three tombstones in the cemetery; and when I asked about the climate, the happy answer was—'We have only nine months summer, and three months cold weather.' Caspini, who travelled about the middle of the thirteenth century, writes of the Tartars, that they believe in a future state in which they shall tend flocks, eat, drink, and do the very same things that employ them in this life." Santos asserts, that the Caffers believe in twenty-seven paradises, and a state of retribution. So also the unenlightened people of central Africa, who are taught to see the Deity in the clouds which refresh their thirsty soil, and to hear Him in the breeze which cools their burning air, though Science has never taught them to aspire to a Paradise, in brighter worlds, of endless felicity.

" Yet simple Nature to their hope has given,  
 Behind yon cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven :  
 Some safer world, in depth of woods embraced,  
 Some happier island in the watery waste,  
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,  
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold."

Such, then, are the uncertain traditions of the past, and such the doubtful glimmerings of the future, which belong to man in a state of heathenism. We cannot but believe that this wide spread of opinion is founded upon that principle implanted in all, which irresistibly presses the reality of an hereafter, upon the mind ; whether it be conscience, the light of nature, or revelation from Him, who, as Allah, Brahma, the Great Spirit, or Jove, has been worshipped in every age and in every clime, is not our province to determine. RQSCIUS.

## HORACE CARM. 'LIB. III. 9.

HORACE.

While yet no dearer rival's arms—  
 But only mine—thy form caressed,  
 I lived enraptured by thy charms ;  
 No Persian king was half so blest.

LYDIA.

While yet thy heart was all mine own,  
 Nor Chloe waked a warmer flame ;  
 More widely far than Ilia known,  
 Were spread the glories of my name.

HORACE.

My bosom burns for Chloe's charms,  
 Skill'd in the lyre, divinely fair ;  
 For her I dread not death's alarms ;  
 But spare, ye fates, my Chloe spare !

LYDIA.

By youthful Calais fired, I share  
 A mutual love, a mutual joy ;  
 For him I thrice could die ; but spare,  
 Oh ! spare, ye fates, my matchless boy.

HORACE.

What if our love's returning power  
 Should bind us in his brazen chain ;  
 Should bright-haired Chloe please no more ;  
 And Lydia ope her gate again ?

LYDIA.

Though *thou* wert fierce as Adria's sea,  
*He* brighter than the starry sky ;  
 Yet still the same my choice should be—  
 With *thee* to live—with *thee* to die.

ALPHA.

## " QUORSUM HÆC TAM PUTIDA."

It was on one of those tempestuous nights, which seem brought by the advancing Autumn as dirges for the departing Summer, that a figure might have been observed in one of the lower rooms of letter C evidently intent upon some great and important matter. The casement, although the weather, as said before, was stormy, remained open with a view to woo the attendant spirits of the whirlwind to guiding and directing his labours : and the blind, at times dashed aside by the eddying currents of air, disclosed features which the casual observer would have been tempted on first sight to term Roman, but which the more accurate physiognomist on a close inspection would have had sufficient warranty to call Grecian. Clad in a close fitting vest which but served to display the matchless symmetry of his form and the heaving muscles of his chest, he had already covered three sheets of best " Bath," or some equally superfine paper, with the effusions of his brain, when a sudden gust caused by the inopportune opening of the door, dispersed the subjects of his toil and trouble into the various

quarters of his apartment; one sheet, more obstinate than the rest, pursued its mad gyrations through the window until it landed before my feet on the ground. I seized upon the treasure thus unexpectedly presented to my view, carried it to my room, and read as follows :—

FYTHE THE FIRST.—I. THE DEPARTURE.

On the 2nd day of November, in the year 1197, it was evident from the unusual stir and bustle in the Court-yard of the ancient Castle of Rockavon, that something beyond the ordinary course of events was in preparation: nor would any man who had been venturesome enough to entertain such speculations, have been found very far distant from his mark. The continued hurrying to and fro of vassals and retainers—the pawing of the over-anxious and high-mettled steeds—the ceaseless clamour and confusion of many voices, and above—the eccentric motions of the grey-headed Seneschal, all contributed to prove that some highly remarkable event was on the eve of taking place. Meanwhile the sun rose in undiminished splendour, chasing away the curling mists from off the park, already enlivened by the presence of a few stray deer, and gilding the turrets and spires with rays that mocked the dullness of the ruder and more substantial metal. The shrubbery, which adjoined the postern gate, smelt like a huge nosegay gathered by the hand of Nature and placed in the bosom of her sister, Art; and the neighbouring wood which under the thick mantle of night had seemed the meet abode of Terror, and the haunt of Crime, now under the cheering influence of the solar beam, had assumed an aspect of joy, of content, and of gaiety.—Ere long the heavy tramp of one as in armour was heard descending the old oaken staircase, and the figure of a knight was soon after seen to issue from the antique portals. His form tall and commanding, told of high descent and gentle blood. His countenance flushed with the glow of health, but yet bronzed by the heat of an oriental sun, showed that he could not have numbered less than nine-and-twenty summers with an equal proportion of winters; whilst his curled lip, kindling eye, and martial voice, marked him for one on whose brow Nature had written “this is a Baron!” On the present occasion there was something in his look which exacted a reverence of more than habitual humility from the assembled throng; and all accordingly bowed low their heads. His eye, however, rested not on them, as stalking with increased speed he entered the majestic and ancestral hall, in which preparations had that morning been made for a substantial and yet sumptuous repast.—“Why tarries the Lady Rosalinda,” he said, or almost shouted; “thinks she thus to dally with my complaisance on the morning of my departure? or has her tirewoman grown unskilful in her art? Marry! why stand the knaves thus staring! Let some one be sent to request her immediate attendance.” Twenty eager feet were instantly stretched forth to obey the imperious mandate, and in brief space the lady herself, having shaken off the poppies of Morpheus from the silken coverlets of her eyes, was seen advancing through the long lane of vassals who crowded to do homage to one so good, so young, and so lovely. At her appearance every trace of displeasure was smoothed away from the brow of the knight, as he reciprocated the morning salute: and indeed rough and uncultivated would he be, who could refuse to acknowledge the surpassing purity of grace which shone in every feature and attended on each action of the accomplished and hitherto unrivalled Lady Rosalinda Bianca De Talbot. Her eyes, of the deepest blue, were shaded by a profusion of flaxen ringlets, descending to a neck that might fairly be said to rival the swan’s: on her skin the pearl would have lost its whiteness, while the exquisite pencilling of her eyebrows represented an arch which might have formed a fit study for the builder of a bridge, or the ancient sculptors of Greece and Rome: her nose, tapering to a point, and chiselled with the most exquisite skill, overshadowed a mouth, whence peeped at intervals teeth of a surpassing whiteness; and the whole harmonized to a degree that had long rendered the fair possessor of such charms an object of admiration to the surrounding country and its inhabitants. After a preliminary grace in Latin by the chaplain of the castle, the assembled vassals sat down to the morning repast, and did ample justice to the viands with which the groaning tables were loaded—the kingly pasty, the knightly round of beef, the priestly ham, were in turn attacked, and in turn disappeared; at length the knight having pledged his assembled retainers in a brimming cup of mead, and they having in return drank prosperity and health to the fair mistress of the domain during the absence of her lord, the Court-yard was sought once more. In an instant, although encumbered with the weight of nearly seventy-two pounds avoirdupois of armour, the knight vaulted with one hand into the saddle, and reining back his fiery steed with ease, he

stood once more and for the last time confronting his lovely bride. In an instant both their hands were locked in each other's: the weighty gauntlet of steel encircled those small and elegant fingers for which a knitting needle was almost too heavy a burden: and the helmet bent its nodding plumes to salute that fair brow, as yet unscathed by Time, and unploughed by even a single wrinkle! In the next minute the trumpet had poured forth its sonorous notes, and the martial band proceeded on its journey against the Paynim foe; whilst one hand was raised to wipe away from the dimmed eyes a moisture which might have been taken for tears—that hand, we blush not to record, was the hand of Sir Piers De Courcy De Talbot.

(*To be continued.*)

### THE MAGIC HARP.

A TALE OF FAERIE.

"True Thomas rose, with harp in hand,  
When as the feast was done,  
(In minstrel strife, in Fairy Land,  
The elfin harp he won)."—*Sir W. Scott.*

O'er Huntly Bank the night-winds sigh,  
And the silver moon-beams sleep,  
Naught save the wheeling bat's weak cry  
Disturbs the silent deep.  
And from the violet-studded moss  
Faint odours sweetly rise,  
And the leaves are ting'd with a shining gloss  
From the glow-worm's emerald eyes.  
The harebell blue and the primrose pale  
The bank with a fragrant mantle veil,  
And here and there the mushrooms show  
Their bosses, white as December snow,  
A pearly buckler—a spotless shield—  
Fit for an Elfin Knight to wield.  
On the bank's green height is a thymy mound,  
Its purple top with a foxglove crown'd,  
That blood bedropp'd stands proud and high  
And waves his bells to the west wind's sigh;  
Extending his leaves long vein'd and green  
Canopy meet for the Fairy Queen.  
But 'neath the arms of yon hoary oak,  
A mortal step hath the silence broke;  
And the comer's forehead so pale and high,  
His wreathing locks, and his eagle eye,  
And his stately form might show full soon  
That it was Thomas of Erceldoune.  
He look'd to wood and he look'd to hill,  
He look'd to heaven, but all was still,  
Saying that ever and aye afar  
The north would gleam with a falling star;  
Thrice his brow he cross'd and blest,  
Then sat him down to await his guest.  
Now gushing like a silver spring  
From the enchanted ground,  
Low breathing notes of music fling  
Soft melody around.  
The fox on his way to the folded flock  
Stops at the witching sound,  
As the elfin bands from the cloven rock  
Forth on their elf-steeds bound.  
In stature they might not surpass  
The height of standing corn;  
Their garments green as is the grass  
Dew-gemm'd at early morn.  
A golden, green, or azure star  
Their yellow locks adorn;  
Each airy rider swift and far,  
On a milk white steed was borne.

Their bridles rung with sounds of weird, the harp and the fairy lute  
 Gave forth their floating melody where all before was mute,  
 A meteor-pennon fled before in front of the fairy band,  
 Mov'd as they mov'd, and shook its beams athwart the glittering sand ;  
 No mortal tongue, I wot, may tell, nor mortal words declare,  
 The form or face of the Elfin Queen who rode the foremost there.  
 Describe the rays of the harvest moon when they fall on a windless stream,  
 The sudden flash of a shooting star, or a meteor's passing gleam,  
 The shape of the perfumes that from the lips of rose or violet flow,  
 But her unearthly loveliness no mortal words may show ;  
 The bands surround her seated now beneath the foxglove's bells,  
 From pipe and cittern, harp and lute, the magic music swells.

From field and forest, both far and wide,  
 Flock all that hear it on every side ;  
 On sounding pinions around them sail  
 The beetles armed in their shining mail,  
 The moths their silvery wings unfold,  
 Barr'd with purple and dropp'd with gold ;  
 A death-light glimmering quickly past  
 On to a cottage speeding fast  
 From the grave-yard, stopp'd on its deadly way  
 And gave to the dying another day.  
 The stream flow'd silent, and every tree  
 Bent to the Elfin Minstrelsy.

#### THE FAIRIES' SONG.

With the earliest blade, and the earliest tree,  
 And the first-born flower of the earth sprang we,  
 And ever since in her hollow shell  
 'Mid crystal caverns we've lov'd to dwell.

We ride on the blue-curling waves of the stream,  
 The moon-veiling cloud, and the trembling star-beam,  
 And couch in the hyacinth's balmy bell  
 Gently rock'd by the breeze's swell.

We guard with invisible power and care  
 The gentle tenants of earth and air,  
 And rend the nets of the spider grim  
 To free the butterfly's struggling limb.

We snatch the lark from the falcon's claw,  
 And the lamb from the fox's tooth,  
 And every peril unseen we draw  
 From the path of unheeding youth.

We joy to sail in the pearly shell,  
 To dance by the springlet's gush,  
 In the wild bee's hum, in the heather-bell,  
 And the song of the piping thrush.

When the golden west pales its purple light  
 We dance on our green hill aboon,  
 For though we love best the starry night,  
 We're pure as yon lustrous moon.

And when the measur'd cadence ceas'd, from 'neath the oaken shade,  
 True Thomas stood, and to the Queen full lowly reverence made,  
 A hundred forms sprang from their seats, as when on hurried wing,  
 From 'midst the dew-be spangl'd grass the startled larks upspring :  
 O brighter than the evening star, fair Queen, forbear to scorn  
 My boon, said he, because in sooth that I am mortal born,  
 Grant me in song with fairy skill to prove and measure mine,  
 For Merlin erst, the demon-born, did spell and charm combine,  
 And form'd of gold that jewell'd harp with seven silver strings,  
 Whose magic notes could stay on high the wild bird's wandering wings,  
 Or from the river charm the fish ; and this decree made he  
 It should be his who could surpass the fairy minstrelsy.

Now grant, O ever youthful Queen, now grant my boon, that I  
 With Elfland's best and delftest skill this contest strange may try;  
 He spake, and seven-fold darkness straight fell o'er him like a dream,  
 The green hill clave, and down he sank, as cleaves a stone the stream.

### THE RYE.

The Rye! What student of the East India College is ignorant of the name of the Rye? and who has not often traced and retraced his steps to the spot which bears that name? and yet how few are acquainted with the circumstances which have rendered this spot illustrious, not only in this narrow circle, but in the history of our country? Visits are continually made to it from this place, not for the sake of exploring into the architectural remains which it still presents, listening to the absurd legends which the inhabitants delight to tell, or conveying its ancient and picturesque outline to the port-folio, but for the more genial, though less romantic, amusement of boating on the river Lee. A name, connected in the annals of England, and in the associations of students of the English history, with bloody-minded conspirators, barrels of gun-powder, highway murders and slaughtered sovereigns, suggests to our less romantic ideas reminiscences only of eight-oars and bread and cheese. Nor is this all. It has been said, and said justly, of the Red Indians of North America, that they have suffered a harder fate than has ever fallen to the lot of any other nation to undergo from their civilized brethren. Not only have they been driven forcibly from their country, their own by the laws of nature and rights of pre-occupation, but these same invaders have deprived them of what no other conqueror ever ravished, their name, and, adding insult to injury, have affixed to the poor remnants of their former numbers, the name of a nation, who never have been, or ever could have been, connected with them in manners, kindred or colour. The Rye has not suffered much less from her ruthless neighbours; not only has the veil of deep interest, with which it was enshrouded, been torn away by the admirers of aquatic exercise, not only has its previously undisputed sway over the interest of all visitors to its neighbourhood been destroyed, but actually its name has been usurped by the neighbouring hostel of the Golden Fish, which was never guilty of a more heinous conspiracy than well-executed designs of cheating their customers, and easing of their superabundant cash their inconsiderate visitors.

The Rye (for the benefit of the less well informed) is an old castellated building on the banks of the river Lee, in the County of Hertford. The earliest mention of it we find in Chauncey's Hertfordshire, a book valuable for its learned and accurate information. We find there that in the time of Henry VI. the scite of the Manor of the Rye or Ree was first emparked, otherwise called the Isle of the Rye in Stansted Abbots, and a fair castle of lime and stone with battlements and loopholes was thereon erected, and a moat dug round it. The proprietors of it had the right of free-warren in the neighbouring villa. Little is known of the original proprietors of this mansion, nor do we meet with any notice of it till the time of Henry VIII., when it passed into the hands of a worshipful and wealthy citizen of London, Sir Edward Baesh,\* and in the Baesh family it seems, together with the neighbouring estate of Stansted Abbots, to have remained certainly up to, if not beyond the time, when the events occurred, which have made it infamously famous in English history. At the time of the Rye-House plot it was in the occupation, if not the possession, of a man named Rumbald, one of the most determined and desperate of the conspirators; on which account, no less than the aptness of its site for any attack on the travellers of the high road, as then it was, to Cambridge, the Rye was selected for their infamous purposes; and so deeply were these plans laid, that, but for the special interference of Providence, both the King and his brother, the Duke of York, would have fallen victims to the malice of their enemies, and the unhappy country been again plunged into the miseries of the civil war, from which it had but just emerged, and had not yet recovered.

To understand more fully the circumstances of the cases, we must enter into a more minute detail than we should otherwise have wished, and say a few words of the events which immediately preceded, and the troublous time during which these events happened. From the time of the Restoration of Charles II., A.D. 1660, up to the time of his death, 1684, England seems to have been torn in pieces by successive plots and rumours of plots, fabricated or actually planned by designing persons, chiefly the

\* Chauncey's Hertfordshire, p. 383, vol. I.

Jesuits, and studiously propagated to mislead men's minds, and by keeping them in continual jeopardy, lest some mine should suddenly burst beneath them, make them ready for any daring or unprincipled enterprise. So great a reaction seems to have taken place in the minds of all men in favour of monarchy, that the Royal prerogative was carried to a greater extent in that reign than it had ever before been attempted, and infractions of privileges of long standing and importance were submitted to with a servility that can scarcely be credited. Yet with all this seeming submission, conspiracies seem to have been continually hatching against the person of the Sovereign and his brother. The State Trials at this time team with examinations and inquiries; a premium seemed to be set on the most flagrant perjuries, and suspicion and indictments were the order of the day.

(To be Continued.)

We regret that we cannot claim the following translation as the production of any member of our College. Its merits, added to the fact of its author's being closely connected with our community, have procured its admission into our pages. Ed. note.

#### FROM THE PERSIAN OF UMAR XHAIYAM.

My fair one, wake thy thrilling lyre,  
And fill the cup with Shiraz wine;  
Despite the preacher's saintly ire,  
Let love and drinking joys be mine.  
Your priests would have us to resign  
Each joy which Allah's grace hath given—  
Each thing on earth the most divine  
Obstructs, forsooth, our path to Heaven!  
Yet, when the disembodied soul  
To Heav'n's immortal bowers shall rise,  
They tell us we shall quaff the bowl,  
And gaze upon the Houris' eyes—  
If such the joys of Paradise  
And of the blest in realms above,  
What fitter training for the skies  
Than, whilst on earth, to quaff and love?

J. R. B.  
East India College, 1831.

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*We must beg to decline S.'s Contribution relating to Brixton, which may be very true, but is rather too personal.*

*Cruz's story possesses deep interest, and considerable power of description, but the author is not sufficiently practised in composition.*

*The Contributor of the "Golden Coals" ought to be hauled over his own subject, as he is an undoubted plagiarist.*

*We must really request our Correspondents not to trouble us any more on the subject of "Debating Societies."*

*"Baash," and "Goft," are declined, and "Padashah" is reserved for consideration.*

*Reserved for consideration "Inez de Castro."*

*It is requested that all Contributions will be sent in on the Friday previous to the day of publication.*

HERTFORD.

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# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

## PART IV.

Liberius si  
Dixero quid, si forte jocosus; hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniā dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv, 103.*

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No. 5.] WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1841. [PRICE 6D.

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### "EX ORIENTE LUX."

It is somewhat strange, that when the temple of Sanscrit literature stands open before us, with its portals unbarred, and its priests inviting us to join the throng of worshippers, and disclosing the way to its inmost shrine, few, if any, venture beyond the threshold of the pagoda, while the rest are satisfied to remain outside, admiring the exterior of the fabric and its gilded dome. Without sufficient energy to enable them to explore the mine of oriental lore, they content themselves with picking up the gold dust, washed down by the rivers from their mountain-springs. Without sufficient courage to enable them to cross over the sea to the rich land in view, and combat the difficulties that obstruct their path, they stoop, like the Roman emperor of old, to gather the shells and weeds that are found on the shore of the sea of knowledge.

Without at all intending to depreciate the excellence of those "good old days,"—"when fifty slokes of Sanscrit could carry off the prize,"—we humbly think that more respect is due to the ancient language of Hindostan, among those who, like us, are destined to be the expounders of law, and the ministers of justice, to its interesting people,—a people, to this day a living picture of antiquity, though the colouring be rather faded and obscured.

Kalidāsa, from whose writings the following translation has been extracted, is one of the most celebrated of Indian poets; less given to indulge in a fanciful tinge of Orientalism, the fire of his genius blazes through the smoke of his imagery; and his beautiful, though unconnected verses, may be justly distinguished, as,—

"Orient pearls at random strung."

The season of rains is approaching with speed,  
Like some warrior-king on his battle-steed;  
The clouds are his car, and the lightning's shine  
With the roar of the thunder, his battle-sign.

The sky is o'ercast with the promised showers,  
As the lake's expanse by the lotus-flowers;  
And fanciful forms the eye may trace,  
In each cloud that o'er shadows th' ethereal space.

Far over the forest, and over the plain,  
Float tranquilly on, the glad bearers of rain;  
And creation rejoices, as downward they fling  
The life-giving drops, on celestial wing.

The earth with her verdure's freshened gleam,  
More bright than the emerald's polished beam,  
Shines forth, like some maiden fair to see,  
Bedizened with gems and gay jewelry.

The rivers run rapid, with turbulent tide,  
And their waves o'er their limits triumphantly ride,  
On, onwards they roll with invincible motion,  
And sweep all along in wild course to the ocean.

O! who is not glad, when the air-cooling breeze  
 Waves soft 'mid the boughs of the kêtaca trees,  
 And drains from their buds, their odours rare,  
 Which it wantonly spreads through the scented air!

The Zephyrs, all bathed in the limpid shower,  
 Float gaily o'er forest, and vale, and flower;  
 From the kêtaca's bloom, fresh fragrance they fling,  
 As they watch o'er young lovers, with sheltering wing.

The damsels are merry, the wild woods rejoice;  
 Hills, valleys and meadows up-raise their voice;  
 Man's bosom is free from all sorrow and pain;—  
 Then greet we with gladness, the Season of Rain!

D.

### THE DANISH KING'S DEATH-SONG.

THIS curious monument of the true Gothic poetry is preserved by Olaus Wormius, in his book de *Literaturâ Runicâ*. It is an Epicedium, or Funeral Song, composed by Regner Lodbrog, and translated by Olaus, word for word from the original. This Lodbrog was a King of Denmark, who lived in the eighth century famous for his wars and victories, and at the same time an eminent scald, or poet. He fell at last into the power of Ella, one of his enemies, by whom he was thrown into prison and condemned to be destroyed by serpents. In this situation he solaced himself with rehearsing all the exploits of his life. The poem is divided into twenty-nine stanzas of ten lines each (from which the most striking have been selected), and every stanza begins with the words "*Pugnavimus ensibus*." The images are not much varied; the clang of arms, the streaming of blood, and the feasting of birds of prey, often recurring.

It is such poetry as we might expect from a barbarous nation; breathing a most ferocious spirit, wild, harsh, and irregular, but at the same time animated and strong. The existence and cruel death of this king are undoubted facts, and the poem is also undoubtedly genuine.

We have fought with our swords! when my years were young;

In Oreon's cloudy bay,

The icy cliffs to our war-shout rung;

Torrents of blood we shed—we shed—

And glutted the yellow-claw'd bird with dead,

And the ravenous beast of prey.

The ocean seem'd like a single gash,

As rang redoubl'd the battle's clash;

The crested helmets were cleft in twain,

And the glad crow walk'd in the blood of the slain.

When I had number'd years twice ten,

High our lances we lifted then,

To Vistula's mouth we steer'd—

To the Hall of Odin we came by night,

Oh sharply then did the falchion bite,

And high was the war-axe rear'd;

The shining harness was dimm'd with gore—

Helm and buckler the falchion shore,

The night was illum'd by the armours' gleam,

And the hard ice thaw'd with the crimson stream.

To Onlug's isle, impelled by the blast,

The steeds\* of the ocean bore us fast;

Three monarchs there we fought—

A single wound seem'd that whole isle;

And few can remember that strife and smile;

\* "Steeds of the sea"—old Runic synonyme for ships; in like manner the camel is called "the ship of the desert." The inflated language of the scalds seldom called heaven by any other name than "the skull of the giant Ymir;" the earth, his flesh, or "the foundation of the air;" vegetation, "the fleece of the earth;" gold, "the tears of freza;" ice, "the greatest of all bridges," &c.; and in the first stanza, the whole ocean was one wound (*omnis erat oceanus vulnus*).

For the raven and wolf 'twas a gladsome day—  
 They scarce could choose from their bloody prey,  
     The victims of the sport.  
 And the crow from her perch on a dead man's greave,  
 Knew not which head she should eyeless leave.  
     What more certain to the brave,  
     Than a bloody death and grave?  
 Erect in the storm of swords he stands,  
 And dashes it back with his armed hands;  
 He only loves life who hath ne'er known woe,  
 And the eagles mark him, to war should he go,  
     Sure of him for their prey.  
 And this I judge is just and right—  
 That man fair matched with man should fight,  
     Nor man to man give way.  
 My end comes fast; a bitter pang  
 Shoots from the viper's bite;  
 The snake hath bared his deadly fang,  
 And round my breast wreathes tight.  
 But yet I trust my sons will stain  
 Their blades in Ella's every vein.  
 How would the sons of Aslaga burn,  
 Their eyes like the red wolf's glare!  
 Knew they the pain of their father stern,  
 Whom venomous serpents tear.  
 I mourn not my death,—I end my song,—  
 The goddesses call me away,  
 Whom Odin hath sent from his shining hall,—  
 The awful Asæ upon me call;  
 With them amidst Valhalla's warrior-throng,  
 With shout and spear, I'll follow each day  
 The swift Serimner\*—the ceaseless prey—  
 And mead each night shall freely flow  
 From the goblet-skull of the fallen foe.  
 The hours of my life are run out, and I  
 In the death-struggle will laughing die.

ANTIQUUS.

## THE RYE.

*(Continued from p. 32.)*

AGAINST no members of the community were more malicious and ill founded reports propagated than against the Roman Catholics, who, though their numbers were to the Protestants but as one to one hundred, were imagined to be capable of the most powerful and desperate designs against the life of the King; their object being to re-establish their faith in the person of the Duke of York, who afterwards succeeded to the throne under the title of James II. One of the most infamous characters of that depraved period was Titus Oates, who, after having embraced both forms of religion, had been rejected by both, and had finally adopted the trade of an informer. And this was the man to whom the blind credulity of the times entrusted the lives and properties of the most illustrious personages of the age, whose perjured attestations were sufficient to put in jeopardy the lives of the innocent, and who was allowed with impunity to tarnish the brightness of British justice. Among the many plots of the day, one of the most conspicuous was the Meal Tub Plot; so called from the circumstance of some important papers having been found concealed in a meal tub. All these plots were attributed to the Catholics; and scarcely had the minds of the people recovered from these shocks, when the whole country was suddenly electrified by the discovery of a *Protestant Plot*, the object of which was to kill the King and the Duke, and to give the crown, some proposed to the Duke of Monmouth, while others wished for a Commonwealth. The plot was at first discovered by the information of a man named Keeling, who, as Bishop Burnet describes him, was sinking in his business, and began to think that of a witness would be a better trade. The information which he brought to Secretary

\* The chase of the boar Serimner was one of the chief amusements of those admitted into the palace of Odin, every day it was hunted and slain, and every day reanimated.

Jenkins was the following :—The King was in the habit of going to Newmarket in April and October every year. At the Spring meeting of this year, while he was at Newmarket his house caught fire, and he was compelled to return to London a week sooner than he originally intended ; this it was which entirely disconcerted the conspirators. Their plan, as far as could be gathered, ran thus :—The Rye was fixed on for the scene of their traitorous measures, as it was conveniently situated in a wild open country, on the side of a road, which the King was in the habit of using in his journeys to and from Newmarket. The conspirators agreed to meet at their rendezvous to the number of forty men, in two parties, under the command of one Walcot, an Irishman, who had served under Cromwell, and Rumsey, one of the chief conspirators, who afterwards turned a witness against his confederates. It was arranged that one party should attack the guards, and the other stop the coach and murder the King and Duke ; after the accomplishment of which they were to make the best of their way across the country in different directions. Concerning their ultimate destination, or ulterior views, nothing seems to have been determined.

This, then, was the information brought by Keeling ; at least such were the leading facts. The story, as may be supposed, was enlarged, and ornamented with several facts, bearing upon them a stamp of gross absurdity and falsehood. The news of this discovery naturally created a prodigious sensation among all classes. Many, however, were inclined to believe that the whole was a story trumped up by certain designing persons, and with not a word of truth in it. It seems, however, clear, from the opinions of the historians of the time, and the cotemporary memoirs, which are more valuable as being written at the very time, that such a conspiracy undoubtedly was planned. Bishop Burnet, in the History of his Own Times, gives a detailed account of the whole circumstance ; and Evelyn, in his Memoirs, alludes to it as a passing event of the day, without a colour of doubt upon its reality. Thanksgivings were publicly offered in all the Churches for His Majesty's safe and happy delivery from his blood-thirsty enemies, and impeachments were conducted to a sanguinary and wide extent. And this circumstance it is, which has caused the Rye House to present so melancholy a feature of the times ; a conspiracy among low and designing men, providentially anticipated and frustrated, attended by a sufficient punishment of all the conspirators, would require but a passing remark in the column of history. But this conspiracy led to the death or banishment of many illustrious individuals,—whether they were so deeply implicated as it was then supposed, God only knows ;—among the most regretted was the celebrated Lord Russell, who was condemned and executed, after a vain attempt to defend himself against a picked and prejudiced jury, and before judges, who were never inclined, even if they were permitted, to spare an enemy of the Court. Lord Essex, another of the supposed conspirators, destroyed himself in prison, and his death was soon followed by the execution of Algernon Sydney, one of the most extraordinary characters of the times, who seemed to combine the spirit of rude liberty of the ancient times with the polish of the modern, who met his fate, in the words of the cotemporary historian, with an unconcernedness, that became one who had set up the character of Marcus Brutus as his pattern.

Such, then, is the history of the Rye.—Such are the associations which connect themselves *elsewhere* with that place. We must conclude this hasty and imperfect sketch with assuring the enthusiastic admirer of aquatic sports, which now draw him to that spot, that one passing glance at the antiquities of the real Rye House will not be deficient in amusement, as one casual perusal of this short description may perhaps not prove entirely unprofitable. Ω.

## THE MAGIC HARP.

CANTO II.

(Concluded from p. 22.)

He oped his eyes, and in strange amaze  
 Around him cast the piercing gaze ;  
 'Twas a boundless hall, and its shining dome  
 Of silver white as the stainless foam  
 Of a mountain stream was fram'd ;  
 Graven and bossed with many a line  
 Wreathed in many a mystic sign ;  
 And over it all were twisted and roll'd  
 Leaves and branches of burnish'd gold,

And lit, as the planets illumine the skies,  
 With myriad jewel's starry eyes,  
 Shedding around a flashing light  
 That with the shafts of the sunshine bright  
 A rival splendour claim'd.)

Ten thousand crystal columns clear the gorgeous roof sustain'd,  
 And each within its lucent wall some wondrous sight contain'd,  
 In one a dark blue serpent barr'd and freck'd with bands of gold,  
 Shown by a pale imprison'd flame, in writhing volumes roll'd.  
 In that one flights of fowl arose with falcons following fast—  
 Still one pursued, the other fled—their flight seem'd never past,  
 A stream of water in the next flow'd swift with upward gush,  
 And fish with crimson-spotted sides shot by upon its rush,  
 Another held a vivid fount of million-colour'd fire,  
 That shot forth stars of every hue as eye it mounted higher.  
 In one a dark terrific shape to be imprison'd seem'd,  
 With quivering limbs and flashing eyes that like red meteors gleam'd.

And all around the eye was lost in measureless arcades,  
 Where arch on glittering arch up-piled in the far distance fades,  
 And each with gem and glittering stone was thickly cover'd o'er,  
 With emerald and ruby shone the pearl-encrusted floor;  
 The crystal took a thousand hues, in many-coloured sheen  
 It sparkl'd bright, now purple, gold, rose-tinted, azure, green;  
 Couches from fragrant coral carv'd, with jewels over-wrought,  
 From jasper, too, and porphyry cut with fantastic thought  
 In form of beast, and reptile huge, and finny monsters strange,  
 And shapes unknown to mortal eye, were plac'd in various range.  
 And breathing through that wondrous hall sweet tones of music low,  
 Bell ever gently on the ear, as flakes of falling snow.

And in the midst upon a throne, on which the earth's rich veins  
 Seem'd to have lavish'd all the wealth her secret heart contains,  
 Sat in immortal loveliness, with starry radiance crown'd,  
 The ever-living Fairy Queen, and all her court around,  
 The magic harp before her placed: and still each silver string  
 Girt with a pale and clinging flame, wild melody would fling.  
 Forth stepp'd an Elfin who the best throughout all Fairy Land  
 Might frame the verse and sweep the harp with light and skilful hand;  
 Belted with pearl and amethyst, a bright star on his brow,  
 He took the harp and to the Queen did reverently bow,  
 Then from the chords a liquid stream of melody did flow. }

He sang of the birth of the Fairy race,  
 Of their glory past and gone,  
 O'er many a circle's emerald trace  
 When the dancing stars oft shone.

He sang of the counsel their wise ones gave  
 To hero and knight of old,  
 When valour won the enchanted glaive  
 That on earth was ne'er bought for gold.

He sang of their office to guard the brave,  
 The innocent—the pure,  
 To strew green leaves on their hallow'd grave,  
 Their slumbers to ensure.

He sang the haunts of the Elfin bands—  
 The depths of the forest lair,  
 The lonely valley, the glittering sands,  
 And the dome of the starry air.

He wail'd the fall of the fairy faith,  
 For its poets were gone and dead,  
 And they who liv'd by the minstrel's breath,  
 With them from the land had fled.

Rut little good it boded to man,  
That the dwellers in earth's green vales,  
Should leave their homes with a muttered ban,  
And fade as the last star pales.

The music ceas'd, and through the hall applause low murmur'd ran,  
As when the birch's quivering leaves the gentle west winds fan,  
True Thomas rose and took the harp, till now ne'er touch'd by man,  
And sweeping o'er the silver strings, his swelling song began.

He sang of the glory by Scotland won,  
And valiant deeds by her heroes done,  
And her ever inviolate freedom seal'd  
'Mid the blood of many a hard-fought field.  
The tameless spirit that erst beat back  
The Eagle of Rome on its bloody track,  
And chas'd the Southron like forest-deer,  
And shiver'd the might of the English spear.  
When the meteor war-axe of Wallace wight  
Flash'd before Edward's astonish'd sight.  
With tenderer notes and a softer strain  
He sung of love, and the golden chain  
Which binds in its radiant links the earth,  
And all that claim from her bosom birth,  
He told how all from its influence drew  
Aught divine that their nature knew;  
Honour, Virtue, and deathless Fame,  
From it as a star-mirror'd fountain came;  
Through it we out-leap our mortal state,  
And burst the bonds of our clay-girt fate.

What sang he not? what bright-wing'd theme touch'd not his burning lay?  
All held their breath; the very fires seem'd steadier to play;  
Out spake the Elfin Queen—"the harp of Merlin sooth is thine,  
"And may it never more be touch'd by minstrel less divine,  
"For seven years 'tis thine, and then—"the pageant pass'd away,  
Vanish'd the hall, thick darkness fell, and in a swoon he lay.

He woke—o'er Huntly Bank on high  
The lustrous moonbeams slept,  
Naught but the ghostly bat's weak cry  
The brooding silence cleft;  
Save when the Harp his fingers grasp'd  
From every quivering string  
As the low night-wind o'er it pass'd  
Strange notes would wildly fling.  
The stars above, the earth below,  
Unutterably calm,  
Chas'd from his soul the fever'd glow  
Work'd by the fairy-charm.

T. B. M.

### "QUORSUM HÆC TAM PUTIDA."

FYTTE THE SECOND.—THE JOURNEY—THE SURPRISE—THE CONCLUSION.

(Continued from p. 29.)

AMIDST the cheers of the assembled tenantry, flitting on circling echoes round the gallant band, the hitherto unconquered Sir Piers pursued the tenour of his way. The whole face of nature was such as to excite a gush of joy even in the bosom of a weary and wayworn traveller—on every leafy spray, and from each ramification of the old oaks that girt their path, shone, in pearls of glittering radiance, the pendent humidity: above their heads resounded the cawing of the rooks: beneath their feet rattled the merry clinking of the stones, dashed aside by the hoofs of their chargers, as the spray from the prow of some homeward bound vessel. Anon, the timid hare would start across their path, and fain ask in wonder what intruders dared violate the untarnished freedom of her native woods: whilst the tiny wren, the piping thrush, and the mournful wood-pigeon would hop in amazement from the twigs which bent as if unequal to

their weight,—yet of all the feathered songsters and denizens of the woods but one cheerful note, that of the redbreast, was there to strike on their attentive ears! That note, however, was sufficient to arouse an echo in the inmost soul of the noble leader. To him it sounded like the voice of hope, amid the desolating blasts of Fortune, and the boisterous waves of Chance, calling on him to exert his indomitable energies, nor suffer his stern soul to bend like a reed, or quiver like an aspen. Revivified, as it were, and quickened into consciousness of his situation by the omen, he urged his steed into a trot, which soon left the antique towers of the princely castle of the noble house of Rockavon far behind in the distance.

Melancholy would it be, nor may the task prove mine, to trace the gradual progress of the warriors as far as the scene of their labours: suffice it for the present to say, that after a journey of one long year two months and four days, the Christian camp was enriched with the addition of the peerless knight and his devoted companions. Here his dormant energies were soon awakened and placed in their legitimate sphere of action. A brief, very brief, space elapsed from the time of his arrival until the day in which he was destined to signalize himself by prodigies of valour in the field. Effulgent with all the prodigality of Eastern magnificence, the nobles of Araby, each with their thousand retainers, stood embattled and awaiting the approach of the Christian host; their swarthy and limber forms, with their white teeth forming a strange and almost painful contrast to the olive complexion of their lips, spoke of determination, of hatred, and of unmitigated contempt: whilst the clearer complexion of the Christian soldier told no less of high resolve, and fearless daring. Awaiting, like two bull-dogs, the signal from their leaders, the two armies stood eyeing each other for at least two minutes and a half; then, like the same noble animals when slipped from the leash, they bounded forward to the encounter, and were soon grappling with each other's vitals. First and foremost shone the white plume of Sir Piers—in every onset his voice was the loudest—in each retreat his foot the last: at length, when the victory seemed hanging by a thread over the heads of either party, the Christians seemed at once to make a desperate and furious charge: it was at this time that three of the enemy's bravest and boldest had fallen successively to the death-dealing hand of Sir Piers: a fourth was on the eve of succumbing, when the blow of a mace, dealt by some unknown hand, stretched the gallant chief level with the dust: in a moment all was darkness, gloom, and confusion.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the deep recess of a Gothic window in the old hall of the castle of Rockavon might have been observed by any casual passer by, a lady whose years by computation of time were as yet fresh and green, but by sorrow and corroding care were spun out far beyond their real and natural course:—clad in the deepest mourning, which but served to enhance the matchless purity of her features, she never lifted her darkly fringed eyes from off her book, save to chide by a mere glance, but a glance which told volumes, the over-eager impatience of some one of her attendant maidens, whose looks, ever and anon directed to the Court-yard proved their interest in what was being in preparation there. And, in truth, the stir and bustle which pervaded the whole castle, and which was unequalled by any other occasion save that of the 2nd of Nov., 1197, might well warrant such over-anxious disquietude. Nor was their suspense of long duration: with slow and measured steps, the grey-headed Seneschal, to whose eccentric motions we have before slightly adverted, throwing wide open the door, and bowing low, said, "All is prepared—dost please you attend the tournament?" At these words the lady started, whilst the crimson fluid overspread in one overwhelming gush the whole of her before marble-like countenance: but controlling her bursting feelings with a sudden effort, she answered, "'Tis well, Stephano; I will be firm"—so saying she descended, followed by her wondering attendants, and ascended the litter which, borne on the shoulders of seven stout men and one boy, soon reached the lists where the martial barons who were to have the honour of contending for her hand, were burning with eagerness for the approaching combat. At her approach every knee was bent, every eye raised, every cap or helmet doffed. The very horses seemed conscious of her presence, and neighed with greater clearness and precision, whilst even the stern hearts of the marshals appeared to feel a warmth to which they had long been strangers. Placed on the elevated throne from which she was to receive the victor of the day and hail him as her liege lord, she saw with feelings, that scoff at any attempt at description as insane, the preparations. Twice did the trumpet entrust its pealing notes to the clear cold air: and twice did the barons answer by

dark and lowering glances of defiance, which, however, were prevented from being clearly seen by reason of the thickness of their vizors, prudently, ere this, drawn down over their faces: at the third blast the onset was begun, and for a few minutes the clang of armour, the concurrent shocks of the steeds, the shouts of the victors and the weaker cries of the vanquished, formed a scene which few who witnessed it, could ever forget. What boots it now to recount the prodigies of valour performed by the different candidates, or to enumerate the drops of blood which fast ebbed on the thickly strewn sand? What boots it to recount—but, suffice it to say, that both in the tumultuous mêlée and in the more decisive single-handed encounter, the morose and savage Lord of Claremont was proclaimed the indubitable victor: with a stern joy he circumambulated the lists whilst, according to custom, the heralds demanded if any other knight were willing to try the fortune of the field. Twice had their upraised trumpets clave the air in twain, and no answer was heard: but when the last quivering notes of the trumpet for the third time were dying away on the mocking breeze, they were almost resuscitated by the distant sound of a horn which every moment grew clearer, until the figure of a horseman, begrimed with dirt and toil, but still bearing a princely carriage with him, stalked into the lists. His appearance caused the heart of the Lady Rosalinda to flutter, although she knew not well why: nor was this diminished as he proceeded to encounter the brute force of the arrogant and gigantic Lord of Claremont. Her glances were strained to the utmost, her heart beat audibly, but the contest was of short duration: at the second charge the sword of the unknown knight descended with its unbroken force on the helmet of his opponent, who measured his length on the plain.—The marshals then approached, and led the acknowledged conqueror to the feet of the lady, whose office it was to unhelm him: what her surprise then, when, on the vizor being removed, the two eyes which met her enquiring gaze proved to be those of the supposed-to-be-dead, but now found-to-be-alive-again Sir Piers De Courcy De Talbot, thus twice the wooer and twice fairly the winner of his peerless and high born ladye. All was soon explained, and the pair returned to their ancestral halls amidst the cheers of the enraptured multitude and the grey twilight of a December's evening.

CHASKIFORNIO.

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#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*We must beg to decline "Omikron"'s translation of Anacreon, not that it is deficient in merit, but because we are determined to admit no more translations from that Poet into our pages.*

*E. I. V.'s translation of Euripides possesses considerable merit, and we hope to hear from its author again.*

*N.'s Elegiacs would be more appreciated at one of our public schools, than at this College.*

*The absurdity of A. A.'s is only equalled by the grossness of "Yādava"'s contributions.*

*Z.'s Ballad is declined for reasons, which must be evident to the Author.*

*Our next Number will be the last of this term. We trust that the number, and the excellence of the Contributions, will enable us to make it a double one.*

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# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

## PART IV.

Liberius si  
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniā dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv, 103.*

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No. 6.] WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1841. [PRICE 6D.

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### VENICE IN 1839.

You see, most kind reader, that though about to treat of Venice, and perchance to tell a tale of Venice, the date affixed to my humble production is one which will not permit me to make your blood run cold, and your hair to stand on end, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine,"—with mysterious and dreadful scenes, enacted by bravos in dusky mantles,—secret emissaries, officials of the Inquisition,—and all the other implements of a jealous and despotic government. Alas! no. I may not wander in fancy among the ages of the Dorias and Dandolos, and the gorgeous ceremonials over which they presided in the days of "The Sea Cybele,"—nothing more is to be gleaned from those fields of story and romance. Is it not, then, a melancholy task to think—

"O'er the far times when many a subject land  
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble pines  
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred Isles."

and turn from those glorious and palmy days of a great Republic to the times—

"When the Hebrew's in her palaces,  
The Hun in her high places, and the Greek  
Walks o'er her mart, and smiles on it for his?"

In truth, the alternative is a poor one, but there is no other: and the present day must furnish me with the subjects for my story.

It was towards the sunset of a lovely autumnal day, which I had been wiling away among the islands of the "Blue Lagoon," that I found my gondola gliding lazily down the Grand Canale, in its course to the Piazza of St. Mark. Byron talks of the "songless gondolier." In this matter, "*ne crede Byron.*" Though mine had forgot to succeed each other in their one time favourite stanzas of Tasso or Petrarca, they chaunted forth with much effect the everlasting "Iron della," that, whatever it may do in other countries, never migrates from the canals and gondolas of Venice. As we neared the quay, their music was hushed by notes of a far different kind. Every thing in Venice seemed still as death, save the low melancholy pealing of the organ of a neighbouring church. This was soon accompanied by a solemn strain of sacred music, chaunted by deep and monotonous voices. "By St. Marco!" said a gondolier, in a low breathless whisper, "it is the service for the dying. Come, Signore, there is about to be a public execution, a sight not often to be seen in Venice:—come, we shall have just time to secure places whence to see it all." Scarcely had he spoken, and almost dragged me ashore, when there issued from the church the most striking scene I have ever witnessed. First was borne a huge banner of black crape, on which was displayed, in strong relief, the figure of the Cross. Then followed, two by two, a long procession of the monks, forming a numerous confraternity—each wore a long black robe, which, with the hood or cowl, reached from the top of the head to the very ground—concealing every feature, and allowing but small apertures for the eyes and mouth. In the hands of each was borne a large flaming torch, which seemed to light up the whole Piazza, by this time almost deprived of its short space of twilight; and as they advanced they chaunted in hollow tones the mournful "*Miserere.*"

These men, looking like denizens of another world, preceded a criminal to the

place of execution. He came from the church, supported, almost carried along by two Confessors, whose pious exhortations seemed wholly lost upon the miserable man. Never was there a more wretched appearance. He wore the white dress of the condemned; his neglected beard was long and black; he was ghastly pale, and the fixed glare of his haggard eyes almost foretold that he could not live, even for a few moments, to pay the forfeit of his crime.

The scaffold was erected in the centre of the Piazza, and I was hurried along with the thronging crowd to the very foot of the guillotine. For one moment did the unhappy man appear to awake to a consciousness of his horrid situation, and that only when his neck was being fitted in the groove prepared to receive it. The knife descended with the flash and speed of lightning, and when the executioner held aloft the gory head there was a quivering look of agony, and the eyes seemed to say that the brain was then conscious of its degraded state.

The crowd dispersed, and the frivolous Italians soon resumed their accustomed levity, for a short time dispelled by more solemn thoughts.

A few hours afterwards Venice presented one universal scene of gaiety and amusement. The quays and piazzas were brightly lighted up, and thronged with people bent on pleasure. On the canals, gondolas with variegated lamps shot by each other in every direction. On every side was heard the hum of merry voices, mingled with the sweet tones of the lute or the guitar, touched by no unskilful hands. Now and then, a party returning from one of the theatres passed along, and as they went, vied with each other in singing forth, with perfect accord, the finest bursts or cadences of a new or favorite opera. The sounds of merriment and gaiety resounded from every quarter—a gaiety too, that, for the most part, broke out in singing every conceivable ditty, in every conceivable manner. Even at a very late hour, music had done anything rather than “put its head beneath its wing”. From the loneliest corners of the Piazza of St. Mark,—from the narrowest canal where lamp glitters,—a new burst of voices kept ever and anon surging out, as if all sensations and feelings had but one and the same utterance.

Whilst this “universal melody” filled the air round the canals and quays, the brilliant cafés and other places of public resort, presented an equally gay and joyous appearance. It was late when I happened to saunter into one of the former, the famous *Café del Leone Volante*. It was even at that time crowded with visitors, and the delicious ices and sherbets, for which Venice is famed, were in constant demand. The conversation of the different groups throughout the hall seemed to be generally on one subject of deep interest—the public execution of that afternoon. The criminal was a murderer, and one, too, of a terrific cast. On that evening, and on a subsequent occasion, I learned the full particulars of his crime.

It was in the spring of the same year that a young traveller arrived in Venice. He journeyed alone—for he was poor, and an exile from his country—though the son of a wealthy and powerful noble. The civil wars of Spain had destroyed many proud families, and driven into banishment the few remaining members of many a noble house; among that number was Leon de Condeixa. Travelling through Italy he came to Venice, and seeking some house of entertainment suitable to his humble means, he repaired to the *Osteria della Croce*. This hotel was in a lonely part of Venice; it was a large and straggling mansion—once the palace of some Venetian prince—and, sharing the general misfortune, had dwindled from its former greatness into its present mean employment. Thither the young nobleman repaired, and resolved to abide there for the few days he should remain in Venice. Upon his arrival he called for supper, and was shewn into the large guest room—the banquetting hall of other days. It was now cold and cheerless, and entirely deserted,—and when the landlord ushered in our traveller, the latter resolved to escape from its solitude to that of his sleeping chamber, as speedily as he might. After a long delay, his supper was at length served up, and on its completion he summoned the landlord to shew him to his room. Upon the staircase they met a young girl—the daughter of the host—who, as soon as her father had passed on, endeavoured to gain the attention of the young stranger. He saw that in her hand she held a small paper, which she was about to slip unnoticed into his, when her father suddenly looking round, cried in a loud and stern voice, “*Margarita!* to bed, quick child, you should have been there an hour ago. Come, do not stand there, but go, do as I tell you.” Bursting into tears she departed, and her father proceeded to lead his astonished guest along a gallery of great extent, and did not stop till he had reached a door at its farthest limit. They entered a large and ill-furnished room, in which the faded draperies of the bed and hangings of

the walls, though they might have been one day most magnificent, were now chilling and comfortless. Leon remonstrated strongly on being placed in a chamber which had evidently been uninhabited for a long time, but the landlord, with many protestations, declared that every other room in his house was occupied, and that "sua eccellenza" would find this apartment most comfortable. He might, perhaps, be enabled to place him elsewhere on the morrow night. So saying, and wishing Don Leon a good repose, he left the room. The young Spaniard resolved to make the best of his cheerless lodging, and tried to fan into a blaze some green wood upon the grate, which resisted all his efforts, and would emit nothing but a thick and stifling smoke.

He saw that comfort was not to be expected: so, wrapping himself in his wide mantle, he threw himself upon the bed, and tried to gain some repose after a day of hard travel. It was then that the singular conduct of the landlord's daughter returned to his mind. A glimpse had told him that Margarita was young and beautiful, and possessing a grace and mien far above that ordinarily seen in her station of life. He also saw that there was a touching melancholy in her countenance as she endeavoured to gain his attention. "What could she mean by such anxiety? How roughly, too—almost brutally—did her father address her. The whole circumstance was very strange!" These thoughts were suddenly arrested by a low hurried tapping at his chamber door;—he sprang from the bed, and enquired who was there? "For the love of Heaven, open, for one moment," was answered in a female voice. Leon drew the bolt, the door opened, and there stood before him, with terror depicted in every feature, the girl Margarita. "O! Signor," said she, "I fear you are lost. I have overheard my father with another man plotting your destruction,—they mean to rob and murder you to night; and, alas! I know not how to save you. If you can open the window you may escape by that means; but, I fear, that it is strongly fastened from without. I have come to warn you of your danger, and beg of you not to admit a soul within your door—heap all the furniture against it—and if you are armed you may hold out till morning. If I can possibly leave the house to night I will call the soldiers to your aid—though, in doing so, I condemn my unhappy father. Pardon me, Signor! pardon my anxiety for your safety,—would to God! that I could do more to serve you,—but I must now leave you. Did my father suspect me, I need not tell you how terrible a vengeance he would take. Addio, Signore! Addio! May He protect you!"

The poor girl departed, leaving Leon gazing in mute astonishment upon the retreating figure; for some moments he continued so, till his own dreadful condition recalled him to himself. The only weapon he possessed was a small dagger: and what would this avail against two powerful and well armed men? Unhappily the window could afford him no safety—the whole casement was of iron; and the small diamond-shaped glasses were each set in a strong frame of the same metal;—it was, as Margarita feared, firmly fastened without. Nothing remained but to barricade the door as he best could, and attend his fate, with the resolve of selling his life at the highest price.

By this time the moon had risen opposite to his casement, and was shedding a rich stream of light through the centre of the room; the bed remained in partial obscurity, and some recesses on either side of the window were in total darkness. While Leon was breathlessly listening for every step along the gallery, a noise at his window drew thither his anxious gaze. The casement swung open, and the dark figure of a man interposed between the light and him. He had only time to grasp his dagger tightly in his hand and to glide into one of the dark recesses above mentioned, when this person, whoever he might be, staggered with heavy steps into the chamber, and proceeding directly to the bed threw himself upon it, and soon gave ample tokens of a deep slumber. Wondering at this apparition, Leon continued in his hiding place, naturally fearful of some plot, and not knowing which way to turn.

About another hour passed by, and a long and dreadful hour it was to the young Spaniard. At length stealthy footsteps, in a contrary direction to that of the gallery, were heard approaching. Soon afterwards the harsh creaking of a secret spring was heard; and a portion of the tapestry near the bed being drawn aside, the landlord, followed by another man, glided into the room. One single step brought them to the bedside, and Leon, from his hiding place, saw with horror the gleam of steel reflected by the moonlight as a glittering knife descended deep into the body of the wretched man upon the bed. The blow was once repeated; there was a hollow sound of gurgling blood as the plunging weapon pierced its way to the very heart, and one dreadful groan told the murderers that their work was done.

Leon had placed his purse beneath the pillow; this was sought for, and when found the assassins retired as they had entered.

Who shall describe the feelings of intense and heartfelt gratitude that thrilled through the breast of Leon. He sought the window left open by the murdered man, and quickly reaching the ground he turned from the abode of so much horror. The watch was speedily aroused, and Leon led a large body of men to the scene of murder. They entered the Osteria by the window whence he had escaped, and at once repaired, quietly as they could, to seek for the assassins. A light glimmered through the door of the guest-room. Motioning to the officer to wait with his men for one moment at the entrance, Leon crept noiselessly into the apartment, and glided towards the table, at which two men sat counting between them a few gold and silver coins. The landlord had his back turned to the door, and Leon, approaching, placed his hand upon his shoulder, and said, in terrible accents—

"Sir Host! I am come for you."

Starting to his feet, and trembling with dread, the murderer exclaimed—

"Capo del Diavolo!—What! *you* here!—Surely I struck deep enough—and it must be a horrid illusion that I see before me now!—But no! you look of flesh and blood—neither are you very pale—Ha! if you be of this world, *this*, at least, shall rid me of you." He had drawn from his breast the murderous knife, and was rushing upon the Spaniard, when the door burst open and the guard dashed into the room.

"Hell and damnation!" cried the baffled and enraged villain, and dropped senseless to the ground.

He and the other wretch, who had remained glued with terror to his seat, were quickly carried off and placed in close and separate confinement.

Upon investigation the horrid truth was discovered. The murderer had a son, a youth of wild and dissipated habits; in order to hide as much as possible his irregularities from his father, this young man was accustomed at night to clamber, with half drunken steps to the window of a distant apartment, and there remain till the effects of his night's debauch were slept away. Thus it happened on this dreadful night, when he came home to receive his death from his father's hands.

C. A. M.

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"Ὅν οἱ θεοὶ φίλουσιν, ἀποθνήσκει νέος,  
 "Τὸ γὰρ θανεῖν οὐκ αἰσχρὸν, ἀλλ' αἰσχρὸς θανεῖν."

It is a melancholy time  
 To wander in the woods,  
 And see the sickly wither'd leaves  
 Drift by in multitudes;  
 The bare and rugged trees around  
 Like skeletons appear,  
 While through their arms the lonely wind  
 Waits for the dying year.  
 Old year, the shadows round thee fall—  
 Thy mission done on earth,  
 Thou goest to eternity,  
 Back to thy place of birth!  
 But what with man, and what with me,  
 Hath thy long presence wrought?  
 Joy to a few, to many woe,  
 As time hath ever brought.  
 Yet shall I mourn when thou art gone,  
 And all the varied woe  
 Which thou hast brought, could'st thou return,  
 I'd gladly undergo;  
 For spring again will glad the earth,  
 The trees once more be green,  
 But that past year of fading youth  
 Will ne'er again be seen.  
 The snow that long invests the ground  
 But cherishes the seeds;  
 The long-chill'd heart no more the springs  
 Of love and kindness feeds.

And when in fresh and flowery sheen  
 The spring bursts from the snow,  
 The glad sun melts not from the soul  
 The icy crusts of woe.  
 And thou, departing year, hast seen  
 From palace-tower to cot,  
 Gladness and grief, and tears and smiles  
 That chequer mortal lot;  
 And some that hail'd thy dawning day  
 With song and laughter light,  
 Now reck no more the season's change,  
 And time's unceasing flight.  
 And year shall follow year, and some  
 Shall smile, and more shall weep,  
 But none shall be at rest until  
 Beneath the sod they sleep.  
 And when I look in sadness forth  
 Into the vale of years,  
 Methinks 'twere best to die in youth,  
 Nor wait for coming tears.  
 The flower, when nipp'd in early spring  
 Before its bloom be past,  
 Feels not its leaves and blossoms torn  
 By autumn's withering blast;  
 And grief and sorrow come with years,  
 To live is but to sigh;  
 Oh! could I calmly yield my soul,  
 'Twere better far to die:

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————— tenere  
 Edita doctrinâ sapientum templa serena  
 Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre  
 Errare. LUCRÆTIUS.

Who has not read Le Sage's far-famed work, "Le Diable Boiteux?" Lucky individual, whoever it is, for, always supposing that he is versed in the mysteries of the French language, he has yet to enjoy the first and delicious taste of this compound of highly-finished wit and pointed satire. It must be remembered by those who have read it, and understood by those who have not, that Don Cleophas Leandro Perez, a student of the Madrid University, and the hero of the tale, on one occasion entered the laboratory of a celebrated philosopher in that town during his flight from the stiletos of certain assassins. The philosopher was then absent, and the student, recovering from his alarm, began to inspect the curiosities of the wise man's sanctum. He was suddenly started by a deep sigh behind him, followed by a faint voice, proceeding—whence he could not divine. At length he was alarmed by hearing distinctly the sounds repeated from out of one of the numerous phials which adorned the shelves of the laboratory, and gathered from the words of the imprisoned individual that it was a certain demon named Asmodeus, or, in common parlance, the Hump-backed Devil, who was reduced to such narrow straits for having offended the mighty magician, in whose power he then was. At the demon's earnest request Don Cleophas liberated him; in return for which favour Asmodeus conducted him through the air to the top of the tower of San Salvador, removed the roofs from the surrounding streets, and displayed to his wondering gaze the various and extraordinary proceedings which were going on in the different houses; and to render the sight more instructive, he accompanied it with a concise but clear commentary of the history of the parties differently employed.

I had been reading one of the interesting stories contained in this book, when I fell into a doze, from which I was roused by the sudden entry into my room of a small personage in dark garments, but with a prodigiously large head, bearing in his hand I could not exactly distinguish what. I rubbed my eyes with astonishment. "Can it be," thought I—"yes! it surely must." The intruder anticipated my questions by saying, "Yes, I am; I know your thoughts and your wishes; come with me, and I will shew a sight far exceeding that which met the wondering gaze of Don Cleophas." I had no time to answer, for I was whisked through the air, without

damaging, strange to say, the windows, and, when I recovered myself, found myself standing with my friend upon the extreme verge of the vane above the clock. I felt giddy at first, but, gradually recovering, I was able to look about me and comprehend the scene—below me was the quadrangle, quiet and undisturbed, except by the pattering of hasty steps across, or the twinkling of an occasional lantern; but suddenly, before my astonished eyes, the roofs were gently raised up, and the interiors exposed to my view. I could distinctly see what was going on in every room of the upper floor. Nay, even more—they seemed also transparent, and I could see through them to the inhabitants of the lower regions. There was an egg in every nest. There, in parties of twos and threes, or in single blessedness, sat as it were enshrined, the little divinities of the place, busily or calmly, as the case might be, pursuing their several occupations, ignorant of the surveillance practised upon them. I gradually recovered from the state of mute astonishment, into which I was at first thrown, and was able to recognise many of my acquaintances in their several employments.

On my extreme right, as I stood facing the chapel, were a party of creatures, elsewhere called boys, here misnamed *men*,—they seemed assembled in a sort of mimic council, and arguing upon some mimic subject. A stout gentleman presided in the centre of this *rational* conclave. A lengthy argument—the subject of which I certainly, and the majority of the audience seemingly, could not comprehend—was at the time being conducted by a dirty-looking man in a black stock. This gentleman succeeded in mystifying his audience, and, after having illustrated his theories by quoting his own genius as an example, he sat down, and finally voted, in his extreme stupidity, against the side which he had risen to support.

Not far off were several solitary individuals in their separate apartments, wearying their brain, fatiguing their eyes, and wasting their time in deep and endless study. Convicts on a treadmill could not have been more assiduous, labourers for their daily bread could not have been more anxious, demons incarnate could not have been more fierce in their several employments. I turned from them, I confess, with some feelings of commiseration, and directed my eyes to another quarter, where the sounds of the guitar and pianoforte caught my ears—a more profitable amusement, thought I, and decidedly more pleasant. Close beneath me—in the lower floor—I beheld a clean, smooth-whiskered, individual, seated in an elegant and easy manner in a red arm chair; before him were spread some Sanskrit volumes, giving token of the studious turn of his mind; the progress he made seemed to be tortoiselike, yet I could not help admiring the placid calm that reigned throughout the circle of his existence.

Turning to my left from the point where I stood, my eyes were first attracted by a thin individual making abortive attempts at flute playing, and in the same passage a gentleman practising vigorously with the dumb bells,—beyond them the whole region seemed to be thick, obscure, and enveloped with smoke;—through the dim cloud the figures, which I could distinguish, were all armed with pipes, from which they discharged volumes of smoke into each other's faces. Poor fellows, thought I, content to puff away their existence, and to discharge so prodigally through their mouths the contents of their pericraniums.

My eyes next fell upon a long building at right angles to the last—there tumult and confusion reigned triumphant—fireworks were being discharged—crackers were blazing—beaks were watching—students were laughing—figures were seen rapidly conglomerating and dispersing. Now there was a blaze and shout—now darkness and silence—still through all the din I fancied I distinguished the straggling notes of some wind instrument proceeding from the back quarters,—all was confusion, and I felt glad to escape from the strong smell of sulphur which prevailed throughout, (which, however, my friend seemed to relish, and snuff up with great satisfaction,) to another back room, where in elegant and gentleman-like attitude, a short, light-haired individual, in whom the hand of the tailor had brought to perfection the good work begun by Nature, was in a placid and dignified manner smoking a segar.

Passing on, my eyes fell upon a fourth row of buildings, and the sight which I there saw petrified me with astonishment—

“*Panditur ante oculos domus omnipotentis Olympi*!”

I saw before me the happy regions of Paradise, the kingdom of hard reading—unlike the noise and confusion that prevailed in other regions, here appeared a placid and heavenly calm—and still there was a dense population. In every room was an arm-chair, in every arm-chair was a student, before every student was—I was going to say a book—rather an army of volumes, surrounded by the light artillery of note

books—there they sat—unmoved—unmoving—like the gods who appeared to Damayanti as best described in Bopp's Latin translation—

'*Expertes sudoris, rigidos oculos habentes, stantes non tangentes terram.*'

not a sound was heard—breathing even seemed suspended—so deep, so continuous, so determined seemed the study of these individuals:—if their mouths did open, it was but a momentary expostulation to time for going so fast—if their hands did move from the pages of their dictionary, it was but to scratch a weary head, to snuff the wick of a candle, or supposing they burnt Rowsell-lamps, to renovate the fire;—if their eyes were raised, it was but to gaze with a glance of satisfaction upon the shining, crested, volumes conspicuous in their bookshelves. My conductor gazed upon me for some time, and witnessed my astonishment and admiration with satisfaction too visibly displayed—at length for the first time he broke silence—"Look, my friend," said he, these are the happy regions, sung of by the poets—these are the

amena vireta  
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatae,

so ably described in the last number of the *Observer*—this is Elysium above ground, and Olympus upon earth; this is D,—blessed above all other regions, in the healthiness of its situation, and its immediate proximity to all the comforts and necessities of life. Round these regions float the crown of Highly Distinguished, the imaginary honours of "Exemplary," and the more substantial realities of Prizes. In the first front room resides the incorporate form of Sanskrit and Persian; in the arm-chair of the adjoining room is enshrined an Avatar of Hindustanee and Classics; Telooogoo involves itself in the expansive blue folds of the dressing-gown of his immediate neighbour; and the sylph-like forms of Law and Pol. Econ. fly to the arms of the curly headed youth at the top of the staircase. In the further corner resides a demi-semi-edition of Mathematics, flanked by Persian and Sanskrit. If you descend lower you will find the same gradations of merit; still, however, this heaven is not without its Beelzebubs and demons—"Why"—at this moment we were suddenly interrupted by the loud shrill notes of a cock immediately beneath us,—the effect of it on my friend was extraordinary—he seemed to have a strong antipathy to anything savouring of morning—the whole scene vanished from my eyes—and when I felt recovered I found myself upon my couch, but strange to say before my eyes was the same little black figure—bearing what I now distinctly saw to be a kettle—the last words of Asmodeus seemed to be continued by him—"Why, Sir, I declare you've missed Chapel again, here are the Gentlemen just coming up—I hear Mr. M———'s voice in the next passage."

INSPECTOR-GENERAL.

### NERO.

The despot's reign is o'er,  
And past his fated hour,  
That iron hand no more  
Shall crush the tender flower.  
No more the bravest—best—  
Shall fall at his command;  
The axe and glaive shall rest,  
And staid the murderer's hand.  
No more soft words conceal  
The sting that lurks below,  
Nor friendship hide the steel—  
No poisoned cup shall flow:  
In gore are writ thy deeds,  
In madness known thy name;  
That thy fair country bleeds,  
Thy miserable fame!  
But Rome in fear that bow'd  
Has risen to destroy,  
That yell of vengeance loud  
Bespeaks a savage joy.  
To injured man a bane,  
Thy doom from heaven is nigh:  
Fall tyrant! 'tis not then  
So difficult to die!

Thou whom to night a King  
 Thy willing slaves surround—  
 A corse—a nameless thing,  
 Shalt be to-morrow found.  
 To-morrow—shalt thou call  
 Some long devoted slave  
 To teach thee how to fall—  
 Or some friend's dagger crave.  
 No welcome steel is there,  
 Its friendly aid to lend—  
 Remorse—guilt—fear—despair—  
 Shall mark the tyrant's end.

C.

————— "Wherein men  
 "May read strange matters."  
 "Show his eyes, and grieve his heart,  
 "Come like shadows, so depart."

SHAKESPEARE.

On a dull November's day, in the year of grace, 1462, a man of tall and noble port was seen bending his steps towards a remote and unfrequented suburb of the city of Antwerp. His dress and manner betokened him a stranger in the land he was then treading; and after frequently casting around an enquiring and hesitating glance, he approached an old and gloomy looking edifice, situated apart from any other building. After loud and repeated knocking, an aged servitor, entirely clad in black velvet, opened the door. "Is this the abode of Cornelius Agrippa?" enquired the stranger. "It is, but he seldom admits strangers," was the reply. "Nay, but good friend, I am well assured he will not refuse my plea; by the bones of St. Ursula, I pray you, procure me speech with your master." Accompanying these words with a heavy purse, the janitor hesitated no longer, but closing the door, slowly led the way to the presence of the celebrated magician.

The reader will picture to himself a large room, of an oblong shape, with a roof entirely composed of carved and fretted oak, black with age, and studded at regular intervals with hideous and grotesque visages, cut from the solid wood. The sides of the apartment were covered with silken hangings, on which were depicted numerous mystic and unearthly figures. On one hanging was a shape, which a student in the occult sciences would recognise as Beleth, "that great king and terrible, riding on a pale horse, before whom go trumpets and all melodious music." On another a human figure gloriously crowned, having the wings of a griffin, and carrying a naked sword, was mounted upon a dromedary. The next exhibited a demoniacal king, with a leopard's face, riding furiously upon a bear; and succeeding him came one clad from head to foot in crimson raiment, crowned with a flame of fire, a sceptre in his hand, and mounted upon a crocodile. Such were the forms of the four mighty spirits who bear rule over the four quarters of the compass, and are Lords of the Elements.

In the centre of the room, before a table strewn with books and many instruments of unwonted appearance, sat a man fast verging on old age, but though his pale and lofty forehead was deeply intersected with the lines of thought, no atom of the fire of youth had faded from his large calm eyes. He was intently perusing a large book, bound with a tiger skin, and in it characters, in the Arabic language, were drawn with a pen, in colours of red and gold. He himself was clad in black, and a long mantle of the same colour descended from his shoulders. Such were the chamber and person of the far-famed Cornelius Agrippa.

His studies were disturbed by the entrance of the stranger before mentioned. "Pardon the interruption," said the latter, advancing,— "but an uncontrollable anxiety must plead my cause; know, most learned master, that my son, my only son, has long been warring in Spain against the Moor, giving his most zealous assistance to drive the infidel abomination from a Christian country, but it is long since I have heard from him, and secret forebodings and warnings in sleep have filled me with dread on his account. I have heard much of the wonders of your skill, especially of a wonderful mirror, wherein men may see and recognize those far away. I conjure you, therefore, by all your art owns most awful, to convince a father of the safety of his son."

The earnestness of the stranger touched Agrippa, who was not accustomed to display his art to every chance enquirer. "It is true," said he, hesitatingly, "that I can



call forth such a mirror, but it is now the decrease of the moon, and it would be difficult ; knowest thou not, moreover, that thou mightest see what had better be unseen, and that though I can shew, I cannot prevent?"

"Reason not with a father," replied the other impatiently ; "show me if thou wilt, otherwise I will go my way, and shake the dust of thy threshold from my feet. Cornelius hesitated no longer, but carefully excluded every ray of light from the apartment, then placing the stranger beside him, he began a low sweet chant, to which, as it proceeded, the stranger fancied he could occasionally hear a response. The tones of Agrippa grew louder and louder, and, pausing every now and then, were answered by a chorus of loud and angry voices ; gradually something like a dark light began to dawn around, though it could not be seen whence, or from what point in particular, it came. By its uncertain gleams certain dark and threatening shadows seemed moving in the gloom, and the eyes of the demon kings seemed to flash, and their bodies to move as though instinct with life. Agrippa had intimated that the season was unfavourable, and the ordinary forms of constraint seemed unavailing. "By the name Primeamaddon which Moses spake, and the earth opened, and swallowed Korah, Dathan, and Abiram," cried he ;—a chorus of fierce and multitudinous voices answered, "By the name Scherhes Amathia, which Joshua spake and the sun and moon stood still," cried Cornelius a second time, the chorus answered in fainter tones. "By Jah, by Sadai, by the name of Majesty Alga, by the unutterable Adonai!" continued Agrippa vehemently. A light like day suddenly filled the apartment, and gave to view an enormous mirror at its further end, set in an ebon frame, but its surface was covered by rolling clouds, and utterly obscured, Agrippa thrice pronounced a mystic word, and extending his arm, exclaimed, "Mirror, do thy duty!" The clouds immediately cleared away, and a sight, wonderful to be seen, presented itself. Upon the mirror appeared the similitude of a magnificent plain, studded with groves of citron and orange trees, and stately woods, through it ran a fair river, its blue waters flashing in the sunbeams that basked over all, and far around the scene was closed up by wild and lofty mountains, some clothed with waving foliage, and others bare and grim, covered with precipices and splintered rocks. In the midst stood a stately city, its gilded minarets and towers shining in the sun, surrounded by a wall which might make the boldest foe despair, and the crescent-flag of the infidel proudly displayed on the battlements. But a scene equally fair was spread beyond the walls. Far over the broad champaign stretched the white tents of the Christian forces, the red-cross banner flew boldly in the breeze, and trumpet and drum were heard summoning the knights to the assault. In the foreground a gallant young knight was arming himself, with the assistance of a squire ; and the stranger, uttering an exclamation of delight, was about to rush forward, when he was arrested by the grasp of Agrippa, who exclaimed, "Rash man, forbear! for every step thou takest, the picture will fade away, and should'st thou touch it, it will altogether vanish." Thus admonished, the stranger held back, and continued gazing with exclamations of joy. "All is safe," said he, "no danger threatens my boy." Cornelius who had been considering the phantasm with a melancholy brow, now spoke in sad voice : "Look well at the squire." "I know him well, a tried and faithful servant," was the reply. Agrippa passed his hand over the eyes of the stranger, and said : "Look once more." He looked, and saw with horror beneath the cap and garments of the seeming squire, the grinning skull and bony limbs of Death! Shuddering, he gazed upon the grim lineaments, and an icy thrill crept over him, as he saw lance and helmet presented by those skeleton fingers, and thought upon what might follow so ominous an assistance. He gasped forth some unconnected questions. "Seek to know no more," said Agrippa solemnly. In the tones the father recognised the doom of his son, and with outstretched arms sprang deliriously towards him. He struck with a stunning force against the wall, and, with a crash like thunder, the phantom vanished away.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few weeks after, a report was spread through Christendom, that the son of the Count ———, who from his chivalrous spirit and desire of adventure had been induced to aid the struggles of the Spaniards against the Moors, had perished in a daring assault, upon the self-same day on which the stranger was seen to enter the house of Cornelius Agrippa.

SIGIL.

"Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis."

I cannot tell—I cannot tell  
Why thoughts that once I loved so well  
No pleasure now convey :  
Some weight upon my bosom lies :  
While new pursuits—new cares arise,—  
And hold disputed sway.

No longer to the sacred store  
I fly of consecrated lore,  
Which once I called my own ;  
I've burst the sweet enchanter's chains :  
The classic muse no longer reigns  
Unrivalled and alone.

Fired by Tyrtæan measures, I  
Had learnt how valiant men could die  
At Freedom's warlike call :  
And almost fancied I could wield  
With them the falchion and the shield,  
And for my country fall.

For me the rustic's quiet ease,  
When Maro sang, had charms to please,  
Remote from war's alarm :  
I've fled with Flaccus from the state,  
And purple splendour of the great,  
To my own Sabine farm.

What though Valmices pours along  
The rapid tide of mystic song  
To Rama's endless praise :  
Though Hafiz on his lyre divine,  
To cares of love, and joys of wine,  
Awakes his sparkling lays ?

Yet could th' Anacreontic fire,  
Or smooth Tibullus' classic lyre  
The lingering hours beguile :  
And who more sweetly—nobly sings  
The arms and dynasties of Kings  
Than He of Scio's isle ?

Methought the honied Attic bee,  
Or the great Sire of Tragedy,  
My soul would ever please :—  
Methought I never could disdain  
The finished tender-hearted strain  
Of soft Euripides.

But lo ! the shifting scenes disclose  
Barbaric pomps, and foreign shows  
Before my wond'ring eyes :  
With forms mysterious dimly grand  
To Kalidasa's magic wand  
New characters arise.

Still from the Oriental page  
The cares which now my mind engage,  
And my full bosom lade—  
My liberated thoughts repair  
To Thames' banks, and hover there  
Round Eton's hallowed shade.

Oh ! once again those days to live !  
Oh ! for one hour I'd gladly give,  
—One hour of olden times—  
All the musk-scented gales that fling  
Their odours round th' eternal spring  
Of Oriental climes !

2.

"Nota domus nulli magis est sua."

OUR age is the age of discoveries : of voyages made to unknown places, and of unexplored tracts surveyed and examined. Amidst the general thirst, then, which so generally prevails for adventure and travel, is it not in part surprising that so few fearless Denhams and Clappertons have found their way to the regions of Haileybury, or penetrated into the hidden recesses of the E.I.C. For of us, indeed, it may be truly said that we live in a world peculiarly our own, and move in a confined circle which, unlike that of Pope's, so far from embracing "all the human race" scarcely takes in anything beyond ourselves and those immediately connected with us. From what cause it springs that we are so little known—or if known at all—known "in malam partem," and with a doubtful fame, we leave it to others to determine ; but there can be no doubt that the *Herodoti* or Herodotus'es who have taken it upon themselves to record our actions, manners, et cetera, have shown their knowledge to be as trustworthy as that of the great father of history, when he opened his ears to receive the bulky communications of the Egyptian priests, or recorded in his common place, which he must have invariably have had about him, the quantity of feathers which were always falling in Scythia, or expressed his firm and unalterable conviction that there could never exist a set of men who had only one eye a piece ! Such, however, is the case with our little world ; and the opinions which have obtained concerning us in the more polished circles of Oxford and Cambridge, are no less worthy of credit than those ideas which many of us entertain with regard to either of the sister Universities. We are believed to be a rude uncultivated set of barbarians, who know nothing, wish for nothing, care for nothing ; to whom the "sans everything" of Shakespeare would be most justly applied—who have nothing in common with the rest of mortality, but are marked with a peculiar stamp, and distinguished from all other societies of human beings by an unvarying mark. Now the truth is, that if any one of these free thinkers were to come down and venture within the fall of our dominions, he would find (we speak not for the benefit of our fellow-students, but for Hertford, Hoddesdon, and the whole civilised world,) a set of buildings, which, on the whole, must forcibly recall the remembrance of Weedon barracks to any individual who has ever been fortunate enough to view those interesting domiciles for the military forces of the kingdom. If size be worth—and extent, not quality of matter, make intrinsic value, then surely our College ought to contain a very large proportion of Ormuzd and not of Ahriman. Whether this be the case or not, we are not called upon to say ; but after this "pruning of our own vines" we should be doing the E.I.C. a great and manifest injustice, if we were to forget for an instant even, the many and peculiar advantages which it holds out to the aspirant for knowledge : if we were to pass over in silence the various fountains of literature ever gushing forth in a clear and lucid stream, and ever presenting to the thirsty a pitcher, as it were, from whence they may quench their desires : we should be wanting both to ourselves and fellow students if we did not mention the hitherto unopened doors of science, and the unenlightened narrow pathways of erudition, which here, however, afford to the eager a lock and key to open the one, and a sort of "beak's lantern" to guide them down the other : if we were to conceal the fact that there are in abundance corks for the beginners in the art of swimming on unexplored rivers ; in short, if we were to deny that there are materials here which can and will make those, who are disposed to work them out, objects of satisfaction to themselves, of pleasure and delight to their eager friends, and of credit to the East India Company's Service.

CASTIGATOR.

#### INEZ DE CASTRO.

King Pedro sat upon his throne,  
His Peers thronged round him in their pride,  
But the mourner now is not alone,  
In shrouded veil a bride unknown  
Is seated by his side.  
Around the hall proud banners wave,  
Yet no glad welcome rends the air,  
Inez is dead, whom he to save,  
A father's vengeful wrath could brave—  
But who sits death-like there ?

Now slowly and with solemn brow,  
 The grief struck monarch rose—  
 "Your knees—your knees—brave nobles now  
 "Once more your faith and love avow,  
 "While I your Queen disclose."  
 Each held his breath, each knelt amazed,  
 Each eye was strained—each lip apart,  
 But when that folding veil he raised,  
 And on a fleshless corse they gazed,  
 How thrill'd each shudd'ring heart !  
 The crown upon her shrunk brow lies,  
 The gems shone glitt'ring o'er,  
 As if they mocked those hollow eyes  
 Whose vital light, when once it dies,  
 Is quenched for evermore.  
 Those pale lips, once in roses dyed,  
 Now kindled but disgust ;  
 The mail clad nobles strove to hide  
 Their tears—they crouch'd—they felt their pride  
 Was humbled to the dust.  
 He gazed on her one long fixed look,  
 All his past joys awoke ;  
 His frame with struggling passions shook,  
 Her hand—her withered hand he took  
 And fault'ring accents spoke—  
 He spoke of love in years long fled,  
 He spoke of former joy—  
 "There is one hope for me," he said,  
 "A hope o'ercastr with fear and dread,  
 "Revenge without alloy !"  
 Castano's towers on that dread night  
 Reflected many a gleam ;  
 Than meteors brilliant ray more bright,  
 And vivid as the thunder's light,  
 Of fire a living stream.  
 Around the stake the flames arise,  
 The crushing wheel is there,  
 King Pedro hears with joy their cries,  
 "Look for no mercy !" he replies—  
 "Wretches ! ye did not spare."

A. G.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- "Vicesimus" is declined, as in a blank verse translation of Horace mediocrity cannot be put up with.  
 Much as we admire "A.M." 's contribution, we are afraid that its subject will not suit the pages of our "Observer."  
 We beg to decline "B." 's translation of Horace.  
 The essay upon "Squibs and Crackers," and the "Art of Beaking," are reserved till next term.  
 "Exemplary" must go elsewhere, if he wishes for insertion.  
 We hope the author of "Ever Thus," is not always so desponding.  
 The essay upon "Last Number this Term." We sincerely thank all our contributors for the assistance we have received, and trust the same support and encouragement may be extended to the Editors next term.

HERTFORD.

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# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

## PART V.

Liberius si  
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniâ dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.*

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No. 1.] WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1842. [PRICE 6D.

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Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto :  
Tu modo nascenti puero, quo ferrea primum  
Desinet, ac toto surgit gens aurea mundo,  
Casta fave Lucina.

VIRG. ECLOGUE IV.

SUCH were the lines which occurred to us on receiving, in an official hand, a neat and instructive communication, to the effect, that in consequence (as all know) of the Royal christening, the commencement of term was graciously deferred by the Court of Directors for the extended space of four days more. Had it not been for this seasonable prolongation, we had almost indulged in a vain hope that the same period, or within a day or so, of that which saw the ceremony of giving a name to the heir to the throne performed in due pomp, might also have hailed the first returning dawn of our little Magazine, that the time which was noted as one of gaiety and gladness in every British heart, might perhaps have been marked with "chalk" in our annals as the next birthday of the long lived and healthy offspring of our brains. Such were our hopes, and as such have they been disappointed; once more, however, with the first of the spring re-issues "THE OBSERVER:" of its objects, long since pointed out by abler hands, we need say but little. To supply, in the first place, amusement for the solitary writer, to hold out to him an incentive to vary his more grave pursuits with the light and airy stanzas of amatory poetry, or the sleek and fair outside of a glossy piece of prose—to wile away one tedious half hour of the lounge—nay, only for one minute to arrest his wandering attention—to serve as matter for a brief conversation; in short, to enliven in any way the sensation of dulness, or to give a healthy nourishment, be it ever so little, to the palled appetite;—these are the utmost successes to which our ambitious expectations can hope to attain: and if in all, or in any single one of these aims we shall have been acknowledged successful, the satisfaction that our labour for the community of our fellow students has not been in vain will prove the most pleasing and the most valued reward.

In re-opening "THE OBSERVER" for the fifth time, we are, to speak the truth, not a little proud that, although visited by sundry fevers, and buried for several short spaces of time in a seeming oblivion, the vigour and powers of our favourite have passed through all visitations unharmed, while its numbers have now swelled into a volume of a very decent size. Such publications as these have often, both here and at other places, been carried on, and with them it has generally been observed, that though brilliantly successful for a time, they have,

PART V.

R

either from an exhaustion of subjects, or from a wearing off of their novelty, soon sunk into a rapid decay, and been deposited in an early grave. With regard to subjects, for which many avow themselves at a loss, although we confess that there is scarce one within our reach which has not been handled by some ardent aspirant to fame—although in turns the amusing tale and the deep disquisition—the paper of speculation on the materials of our society—the solemn and grey-headed advice—the pathetic love-sonnet—the lively satire—the accurate translation—the burlesque, the tragi-comic, and the mock-heroic—all have found their votaries; have pleased, or met with disapprobation; obtained their honourable meed of fame, or their ample portion of dishonour: though “*nil intentatum*” might fairly be claimed as our motto, still we hope and trust with confidence that for the present term, materials, drawn either from external and unconnected circumstances, or from the “*votum, timor, ira, voluptas*,” of the community will not be found wanting to make up the “*nostri farrago libelli*.” With regard to any fears which might not unreasonably be entertained concerning the now somewhat impaired novelty of the publication, we venture to express a hope, too sanguine, perhaps, that with the aid of many, both “able and willing,” we may always have it in our power to make up such a number as shall have sufficient to attract, if not to fasten the attention—to amuse and divert, if not to edify and instruct. These, then, are the reasons on which we base our hopes that “THE OBSERVER,” having gone through what may be termed the measles and small-pox of its infancy, will ripen into youth, and be matured to manhood. On the aid of our fellow-students we now once more call, that they may join with us in nursing its powers and saving it from a decline: on their favour and indulgence we rely, if the articles issued shall seem below the standard of merit by which hitherto they have been tried! on their honour, lastly, as on the strongest vantage-ground, we fearlessly intrench ourselves, in the firm belief, that to no brains, save those belonging to them, shall we be indebted for assistance, and that no foreign aid shall add one jot to, or swell by one letter, the pages of “THE OBSERVER.”

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### THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

A sound in the city!  
 A cry in the air!  
 Loud voices of terror,  
 Woe, grief, and despair.  
 Why forth from yon palaces  
 Blazing with light,  
 Pour bands of gay revellers  
 Wild with affright?  
 And bright flash the jewels  
 That cincture each head,  
 But the faces they gleam on  
 Are pale as the dead!  
 Whilst calmly the stars  
 Look down from the blue,  
 Soon, soon to be shrouded  
 For aye from their view.  
 On pinions of blackness,  
 From the south and the west,  
 Come the fire-belted clouds  
 On their fearful behest;  
 Their borders with lightning  
 Intensely are bright—  
 They veil the avenger  
 With terrible light.  
 The eagle screams wildly,  
 He soars to the sky,  
 Through the seven-fold darkness  
 No star meets his eye;

The thunder has caught him,  
Opprest by the glare,  
And he falls like a stone  
Through the sulphurous air.

Cling, cling to your altars,  
And shriek to each god,  
Their arms are of stone,  
Can they hold back the rod?  
Lo! smote by the thunder,  
In splinters they lie,  
O fools! can *they* shield  
From the wrath of the sky?  
The ground shakes beneath ye,  
And down crash the towers,  
Like hot glowing copper,  
The firmament lowers,  
And a roar the vast columns  
Shakes like a reed,  
Like ten thousand war-chariots  
Driven at speed.

A moment! the fountains  
Of fire in the clouds  
Are broken, and white flame  
The city enshrouds,  
The fierce crooked lightning  
In streams blazes round,  
Black sulphurous water  
Bursts forth from the ground;  
Like webs by the earthquake  
The huge walls are rent,  
And down the abyss  
Are thundering sent;  
Hell's waters roll black  
O'er the city-clad plain,  
Gomorrah shall never  
See morning again.

NEMESIS.

## A HAILEYBURY EXAMINATION.

"Labor omnia vincit  
Improbis."

PEOPLE have crept into the habit of laughing at the terrors of Examinations, and thinking lightly upon the miseries which they alone can produce;—we wish we had the power of resigning to them our pleasant *sinecures* at the close of the term, and give them a taste of the sweets which they would so well appreciate. Methinks they would change their note, were they doomed to join the throng pouring from the various quarters of the College to the arena of the Hall.

It must be an amusing, an interesting spectacle, to those at least not interested in the result, to see the crowd flock across the quadrangle to the centre of attraction—to watch the melancholy expression of the face of the over-stocked head—the vacant smile of the empty one—to see the last gaze snatched at the note-book—the last dose of cram swallowed from the analysis—the self-confidence of the would-be genius—the tremor of the novice—the hardened expression of the confirmed plagiarist. Mark how the countenance has now fallen from the blood-heat of confidence down to the zero of desperation, as each successive question suggests new difficulties which he is utterly unable to meet, rendered the more aggravating by the bitter recollection of having seen something relating to the point in question in the very next page to the one where his studies of yesternight ended. Still some effort must be made—the brains must produce something—however inferior the quality of the article; some little consolation is, perhaps, to be derived from the evident dislike which all parties have evinced, and the staggerer with which all have been met, except those happy few, who, modestly

distrusting the retentive powers of their brains, have preferred the less perplexing method of carrying their information in their pockets, rather than their heads—and committing their little stock to the more material substance of paper, rather than the fleeting tablets of the memory—still as quarter chases quarter, long faces become more elongated—blank faces assume a greater degree of blankness—spirits, lately ambitious of “*greats*,” have suddenly become more moderate, consoling themselves with the prospect of a G, till a fresh phalanx of difficulties come upon them, and make their distracted minds bless themselves in the hope of a P., happy in their ignorance of the prospective pluck in store for them. One, perhaps, of the most galling features of the whole is the nonchalance displayed by the Examiner; while every brain is being racked—every eye strained—all the powers of body and mind in full action—there he sits in perfect and undisturbed repose, placidly scanning the columns of the paper, or cutting the leaves of the Quarterly, as if nothing was going on—as if all, like himself, were of that body—described (by which of the Augustan bards my classic reader will most easily decide) as

“*Quies secura quies et necesse pluckere vita*”

At other places, Examinations, though sharp, have at least the merit of quickness to atone for their other failings: the Examiners make a severe but rapid charge on the opposing ranks—the fire is heavy—the loss of life considerable—but in a moment the smoke clears away and the business is at an end—the victors carry off their laurels, and the vanquished their dead. A very different order of things prevails here, where no *coup de main* has any effect—the battle is renewed at a succession of hosts, at each of which a brisk conflict is maintained—in vain you send out your forlorn hopes—and forlorn hopes many of them indeed are—in vain, armed *cap-a-piè*, you challenge your antagonists—the laws of the tournament are strictly preserved—a species of Guerilla warfare is carried on—it is a fortnight before all the outposts are successively taken, and three weeks must elapse ere you can establish yourself master in the citadel.

And oh! what a three weeks! Can any three weeks at any other season of the year, for any other purpose and at any other place, be compared with them? The second week, by its superior wretchedness, proving your folly in supposing its predecessor to have been the most wretched you could possibly endure:—both the first sinking to nothing when compared with the horror of the last. The arrival of a new character on the stage gives an air of reality to the whole proceedings of the most painful description. You may with a little stretch of fancy imagine the foregoing Examinations to have been but the regular business of the week transplanted from the Lecture Room to the Hall. The order of the day is not so very different; the presiding genius is the same. But at the very commencement of the third week a new and ominous change takes place,—a new gown flutters across the quadrangle—a new character stalks upon the stage. At this moment it becomes palpably evident that the business is one of a serious nature—that the hazard has now actually been thrown—that the rack is now in motion, and that the seven spirits, to whom is entrusted the torturing of the victims, have taken unto themselves another spirit even worse than they.

To what can we compare this dreary week as it lags along, despite of the stirring interest of the events happening within its limit, but to a succession of funerals? It would seem almost that a special commission had come down to try the perpetrators of some tumultuous outrage; party after party, and file after file are marshalled across to trial and execution; the work of slaughter is busy on all sides; it is vain then to try to parry the attack—it is in vain then at the eleventh hour you put forward strenuous exertions to meet the coming evil—the power is gone from you—your hour is already come, with feelings approaching those of a demon, in hopeless desperation, you rush to your fate, greeted on your way by the shouts of the returning squadrons, filling your ears with the heart-rending news: “*Alas! Such a one has gone pluck.*”

Let us drop a veil over the mysteries of the prison-house—nor idly promulgate the secrets of the torture-chamber, from which but few escape unscathed, where so many meet a lamentable end. To this ceremony succeeds the last scene of the tragedy—the day consecrated to the Avatars of the Directors; on no other occasion, perhaps, does such general dissatisfaction prevail on all sides. Some rue the loss of honour—some of place—some are to receive nothing—some not enough; each has his complaint to make—each his heart-burnings to endure; the lottery tickets are distributed, and all are discontented with their fate.



Strange, too, are some of the features which that eventful day discloses. The bold adventurer congratulates himself on his successful plagiarism and daring venture ;—the luckless reader has to regret his sadly mis-spent hour in labouring for what another has carried off without toil. Some congratulate themselves on their luck—others prepare to face the angry frown of an incensed father, and the advantage of a closed exchequer. Those who copied the same note book and learnt from the same analysis, now find the saying painfully true, that the one shall be taken and the other left. The business of the day then commences—the prizes are distributed in due form—the Students are then enlightened on the advantage of the course of education they are receiving—their knowledge of Hindustanee will enable them to converse with their servants—of Sanscrit, will enable them to talk Bengalee, should they learn it,—while the Persian will be a passport to them, should they ever be sent on a mission to Ispahan ;—a cursory knowledge of English Chancery Law will enable them to administer correctly the penal code of India—some acquaintance with the checks on population, and the ancient Egyptians, will assist them in their dealings with the Ryots ;—the practice of writing English will materially improve the style of their letters to their friends ; proficiency in Classics will be useful to give gratis instruction to their children ; and Mathematics to count their rupees.

But the curtain falls and—Away.

### ON THE DEATH OF SIR ALEXANDER BURNES.

MURDERED BY THE AFFGHANS ON THE 2ND OF NOVEMBER, 1841.

*"Quem non virtutis egentem  
Abstulit atra dies, et funere meruit acerbo."*  
VIRG. ÆN. VI. 420.

The Durbar is sitting, the monarch in state,  
And round him are flocking the brave and the great,  
And the semblance of friendship appears far and wide,  
But foul Treason is plotting—with Death by his side.

The sun on that morning rose bright over Ind,  
And lent a pure ray to the province of Scind—  
But at evening it set in a bloody attire  
All girt round about with a cincture of fire.

For it borrowed its hue from the deeds of that day  
When horror and woe stood in battle-array,  
And the blood of the Briton was poured o'er the soil  
That he long hoped to save by his soul-crushing toil.

Oh ! where are the valiant—the youthful and brave,  
Self-exiled from home that fierce nation to save ?  
Oh ! where are the great, and the good, and the wise,  
Who taught the wild hordes their false gods to despise !

And where is the statesman, who from country and home,  
In the haunts of the Affghans first ventured to roam ?  
Their freedom he brings them o'er land and o'er wave,  
While they give him nought save a blood-stained grave.

See ! see ! where they lie, both the young and the old ;  
Their wounds are but fresh, and their hearts not yet cold ;  
And the knife of the Affghan is reeking with gore  
From the breasts of the men he will live to deplore.

A curse on the land where this blood hath been spilt—  
A curse on the nation o'erburthen'd with guilt ;  
For the vengeance of Heaven is brooding at hand,  
And destruction is ripe for this treacherous land.

C. A. M.

### "FIGHTING INTELLIGENCE."

*Acres.* I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius,—I must be in a rage. Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me. Come, here's pen and paper. I would the ink were red! Indite, I say indite! How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I'll write a good bold hand, however.

THE RIVALS.

THE title of my chapter is copied from an Irish paper now before me. We seldom meet with a journal, published in the "Sister Isle," in which there is not to be found a paragraph thus headed, and containing an account of one or more hostile meetings recently "come off." Why this should be the case in Ireland, in particular, is perhaps a curious question, and difficult to answer. How does it happen that the sons of Erin have long been famed for their extreme pugnacity, and the number of "affairs" in which they delight to engage? Perhaps they are formed of more combustible clay, and are of a more inflammable nature than the other inhabitants of our northern regions—or, perhaps, they still retain some drops of the fiery Milesian fluid from which they boast their original descent. Whatever be the cause, the Irishman has an innate love of handling a weapon; and, if he have a choice, to all others, he prefers the well poised trigger, and the "nate cut sprig of shillelagh."

A "row" is the Elysium of Paddy. What on earth does he go to a fair for, unless it be in the hope of "kicking up a row," or joining in the fray when commenced by others? He does not care much whether he breaks a head, or whether he himself is the sufferer—he has had his fun—and if he does get floored, why "sure 'tis all for luck." But he is not quarrelsome; nor does he go about the work of mischief with any determined ill will of committing serious wrong. No! he must have a fight, "for love or money;" and if for the former, why he fights with twice the good will that he would for the latter.

Among men of the higher ranks "an affair of honour" is the amusement of a holiday. Both principals and seconds are most cool and courteous in their demeanour; and the former "blaze away" with the pleasantest good will, while the latter exchange compliments on their good fortune in bringing about the wishes of their friends.

But, alas, and alack-a-day! for the credit of the "ould country," this is not always the case. Unfortunately there are exceptions to the best of general rules—to this one among the number. The "the son of Erin" is not always the character just described—he is not brave; or, what is worse, his tongue is too brave for the rest of the members. Joined to this defect is the weakness of his temper—he fires in a moment at a real or suspected affront; and, having committed himself, he is not man enough either to apologise for his fault, or bear himself with dignity through his scrape.

Such, however, is not often the case: and when it does so fall out that a man thus disgraces his country, we must console ourselves with the certainty that such an individual is not of the "ould stock," but of one that came over in the ranks of "Red-nosed Noll;" and, falling in love with the country, induced the crop-eared commander to leave him in the rear with a plentiful provision—something more than pigs and potatoes.

The character just described unfortunately accorded but too well with that of an acquaintance of mine. Robert Murphy, or, as he was commonly entitled, "Bob," for brevity sake—or, perhaps, from his resemblance to Sheridan's "Fighting Bob,"—was the descendant and "heir apparent" of a series of dare-devil, whiskey-drinking, trigger-drawing, Irish squires. Tutored to emulate the example of his illustrious ancestors, he was made to believe that the character of a "fire-eater" was an indispensable item in the equipment of the man of the world; and at an early age he had so far made himself master of his worldly catechism as to be filled with vast ideas of his honour, and the jealous care with which it was to be guarded. How far he succeeded in doing so, may be guessed from a few anecdotes related of his career.

Our acquaintance commenced, where all such acquaintances take their rise, at a public school. At school the real character of a youth is speedily discovered—it serves, in a manner, the purpose of a mighty winnowing machine, where the wheat is carefully selected from its quantity of chaff—and the abundance of the latter is quickly manifest. Here Mr. Robert shone in his true colours: he was a ponderous looking youth—tall and heavy in appearance—a blustering noisy fellow—incessantly talking—and always nonsense. His principal topic was in accordance with his early education, the sacred character of his honour! but he never hinted at extending the

subject further than conversation. As is generally the case with braggarts, Murphy required the courage to support his protestations. The "animus" was wanting, which, had it been found, would have made him a desperate character—but, unfortunately, "Bob" was a coward—and it was not long before the real case was suspected. To make certain of the truth a quarrel was "got up"—a gross insult offered to the person of Mr. Murphy—who, being informed that his honour could not brook such indignity, and "his courage being screwed to the sticking point," sent a message to the perpetrator. A meeting was arranged to take place, and, strange as it may appear, pistols were found at hand. The parties were on the ground at the time appointed. As soon as "fighting Bob" appeared it was evident how the matter stood with him—and it was with much difficulty that both his adversary and the seconds maintained the necessary gravity. Thinking his last hour was come, Murphy took his position—and his pistol, a harmless weapon, from the hands of his second—but by this time his courage had fairly "oozed away," leaving him in monstrous terror—his knees failing their support knocked together, the pistol dropped from his hand—and he, falling on the ground, roared lustily for mercy and his life.

It is nearly useless to state that after such an exposé the life of our hero was any other but pleasant. The story quickly spread, and poor Bob was the perpetual subject on which his companions exercised their witticisms—the unfailing butt at which they shot off their small volleys of jeers and pitiless jokes. For weeks, and months, he bore his martyrdom—ashamed to apply for remedy within the precincts of the school, and afraid to address his relations at home—he was the hope and future support of the name and property of an old uncle—who, had he known his nephew's cowardice—would, most assuredly, have cut him off with, or without, a shilling.

What was to be done? Flesh and blood—particularly Irish—could no longer stand against such incessant persecution. As a last resource, and in a moment of unutterable torment, the unfortunate fellow threw himself upon the mercy of the man, the cause of all his woes, his former antagonist—he implored his aid and advice in order to help him to get rid of his numerous persecutors. O'Gorman, such was the name of his ally, was himself an Irishman—"more shame for him to bring his countryman to trouble." "Upon my honour!" says he, "I don't know any remedy at all, unless it be to fight in earnest with the next rascal that insults you, and show them all that you are not a bit afraid; and to be sure you never were, 'twas only a weak moment that came over you, and was the ruin of your valour entirely. O! by the Lord that's the only thing will do; you'll be bothered all the days of your life, and get no satisfaction afterwards, if you don't take the shine out of them young villains that bait you like a bear at every turning. Just pull the nose of the next of them that crosses you; do it quietly and illigantly, and leave all the rest to me—if I don't get up a neat little battle in no time, why never say that the first of the O'Gorman's was king of Kill—some place or other. So now, go do as I tell you, and I will manage the rest beautifully—maybe 'twould be altogether better to leave fire arms alone—so you will have no fright at handling the single sticks, at all events you can't be kilt outright—I have some illigant ones in my room that will answer the purpose to a tittle." Such was the advice Murphy received from this new friend. He soon had an opportunity of following it, and in half an hour had pulled the nose of a youth not very many years his junior. O'Gorman had gone quietly to work, and in a short time Murphy received a note to the following effect:—

SIR,

As you thought proper to use insulting conduct toward me in a late affair, I consider myself bound in honour to call you out, at six o'clock, to-morrow morning, in the Racket Court.

I remain, &c. &c.

To Robert Murphy, Esq.

SIMON BOWLEGS.

"A mighty pretty production, upon my honour, and settling the business most comfortably," was the remark of O'Gorman, when he had read the hostile paper—"Now, in return for his delicate attention, you must give him a taste of poetry,—so write away.

"Mr. Murphy is equally delighted to accept—and surprised to perceive the kind offer and poetic gem of Mr. Simon Bowlegs."

"That will do beautifully," said O'Gorman, as he folded the paper, and proceeded to despatch it to the challenger.

(To be continued.)

## ÆSCHYLUS AGAMEMNON.—LINE 945.

Why before my heart foreboding  
 Flits this vague and dreamy fear?  
 Why unbidden, unrequited,  
 Sounds this sad strain ever near?  
 Why can no glad trust returning  
 Chase those gloomy shapes away?  
 Why dread terror's phantoms spurning?  
 May not hope bestow one ray?  
 Time has flown since under Ilion,  
 To the sandy sea beach went—  
 Wasting all its strength and vigour—  
 That great naval armament.  
 And these eyes have viewed the heroes  
 Landing on their native shore,  
 I, who saw them sad departing—  
 I, have seen them back once more.  
 Yet there rings the dirge around me,  
 Which awakes no lyre's glad strain,  
 And my heart, within responding,  
 No sweet hope can entertain.  
 And my mind is tossed, encircled  
 In the eddying stream of care,  
 Whilst that this may pass unheeded,  
 Is my sole and constant prayer:  
 For to ease disease is nighest;  
 Sickness stands of health the goal;  
 And the bark that sails full boldly,  
 Strikes upon the hidden shoal.  
 Yet when fear the freight of riches  
 Casts upon the greedy wave,  
 Then the bark, though deeply laden,  
 Hath escaped a watery grave:  
 Often, too, from bounteous heaven  
 Comes there happiness and peace,  
 And the fields, at yellow harvest,  
 Yield their full and fair increase.  
 But the dark red spots of life-blood  
 Who restores—if once let fall?  
 Who, with charm or incantation,  
 Can the dead to life recall?  
 Had this been to mortals granted,  
 Surely then had Jove let live  
 Him, who with unerring knowledge,  
 To man a second life could give!  
 Did not fate, kind Heaven restraining  
 Check me, soon my eager heart,  
 Ties of prudence disregarding,  
 Sad forebodings would impart—  
 Now 'tis mine to grieve, unable  
 Aught of saving aid to name,  
 And my soul, oppressed with anguish,  
 Burns in one consuming flame.

ἀνδὲ νέπυσι.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*The "Stories of the Bastille" are declined. We wish the author of it would stick closer to the subject he proposes to himself.*

*"The Haileybury Madman". This fact is so undoubted, that it does not require the learned disquisition, to which the above name is fixed, to prove its truth.*

*We shall be happy to see the Poem which has been offered to us. We cannot, however, vouch beforehand for its insertion.*

*We hope never to be troubled again with such an unpromising Article as "Patience" has sent in this week.*

# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

## PART V.

Liberius si  
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniā dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.*

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No. 2.] WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1842. [PRICE 6D.

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### "FIVE HUNDRED YEARS HENCE."

*Plus jusculla coqui quam mea jura valent.*

\* \* \* \* \*

AMONGST other curiosities within a morning's ride of the Metropolis, I was recommended to visit the "College of Cooks" in the county of Hertford. I accordingly took the advice offered and repaired to this establishment, which, at the time I speak of, dated at about four hundred years standing. We took the Cambridge Railway, now one of the most frequented in the kingdom, though at first its prosperity, we were told, seemed rather doubtful: in half an hour, by a commodious and easy route, we found ourselves at the Broxbourne Station, whence a smaller steam-carriage conveyed us to the College, distant about three miles;—we were received at the gate by the President and Fellows of the College, from whom, previous to being shown over the various parts of the building, I learnt the following particulars regarding its foundation, rise, and progress. It seems that about four or five hundred years back the building, which still preserves its ancient name of Haileybury, had served as an establishment for the education of writers or clerks to the East India Company. This body, as is almost too well known to require further comment, was the fruit of those unhealthy schemes and devices which in previous times gave birth to the Mississippi and the South Sea bubbles. Like these, its end had been marked by failure and disgrace; but its course had been prolonged by circumstances to a more extended duration. When, however, the bubble burst, the College, at that time a new edifice and built in the style of architecture peculiar to the day, was amongst other things given up, and remained for some time untenanted, and fast verging into decay and ruin, although still, from its associations, its antiquities, and recollections an object of research and admiration to the traveller. About that time, however, two brothers, whose lives had been spent in the East, and whose slight toil had been repaid a thousand fold by the enormous wealth which an increase of territory enabled the Company to bestow on their servants, died:—their riches were such as almost pass the limits of credibility; but, strange to say, they had both, from a previous agreement, no doubt, devoted an enormous sum to the same object—without children, poor relations, or friends of any kind, they had still been courted for the capital dinners they gave, and their names even now stand renowned in the carts of the epicure, and the cookery book of the gastronome. But their complaint had ever been about the neglected but noble art of gourmandism: and the want of encouragement held out by public spirit. Accordingly, when their will was opened, it was not surprising that nearly all their riches were devoted to the maintenance of a college for artists and professors of gastronomy; and it is to them alone that the College owes its origin, and, indeed, is mainly supported by their capital to this day, though at times enriched by the bounties of other individuals of the same stamp.

Having thus given this short account of its origin, which, though well known to all tourists, may still not prove unacceptable to some of my readers; I now proceed to describe the internal arrangements of the building. We were first shown the book of statutes and regulations of the College; some of the most important I noted down at the time, and thus offer them to public gaze. No person could be admitted before eighteen, or after twenty-five, or could obtain his degree as bachelor before twenty years of age; or his degree as master before twenty-six: the distance between this rank and the lower ones was purposely made very great, and the acquirements requisite were very considerable. Having inspected the Register and noted the names of some of the most remarkable cooks—those especially of Edward the Seventh, and the well known Marquis of Grubley, we repaired to the operative part of the building. We were first shown the kitchen devoted to those as yet tyros in the noble art; their business was wisely confined to the plain acquirements of roasting and boiling; huge fires and ovens, before which were turning in endless variety every kind of substantial joints, and on which pots with all sorts of the plainest vegetable were hissing, roared in harmonious concert; here young hands were taught how to boil a potatoe, or an egg—to roast a leg of mutton to a turn, or broil a rasher of bacon without singeing a corner of it. Hither flocked from the suburbs of the metropolis fathers of large families with small incomes, in search of plain cooks; housekeepers of contracted means and expanded mouths that required filling, came to seek artists of moderate pretensions and still more moderate wages; all seemed bustle and confusion, but on a nearer inspection order and regularity in some degree prevailed; certain functionaries were seen in due turn to examine the operations of each individual—to praise or to blame—to mark his progress, or to note down his mistakes. Having gratified our eyes with this sight for some considerable time, we were told that this was the great test which every aspirant had to pass. After two years of due service in this mighty workhouse he could assume his bachelor's toga and go forth to the world duly qualified as a graduate of the gastronomical College. Passing from this busy scene we entered a second apartment, but one of smaller dimensions; here the bustle was diminished, the fires less, the dishes of more confined sizes. The step from the bachelor's kitchen to that of the masters was, as I have mentioned, considerable, but nothing when compared to that leading to the third and last dignity, of which I shall speak hereafter. Here were seen commoners of substantial wealth in the country, and noblemen of slender purses, but anxious to maintain a due outward appearance, who sought and found what they required. Hence the masters of arts, after three additional years of service, qualified to make every kind of ragout, and to manufacture all imaginable sorts of side dishes, issued forth to fill respectable situations and acquire emoluments in the houses of most of the English gentry. The numbers in the first two departments were about equal, as we were told, but quiet here reigned to a greater extent. Conscious of their station and dignity, the aspirant A.M.'s moved with more noiseless steps, kept their hands cleaner, and, instead of the white nightcap of the bachelor, wore delicate head-gear of silk, and had their spotless white sleeves slashed and puckered as marks of peculiar distinction. When we had sufficiently satisfied ourselves with this sight, and inquired into and tasted of the nature of several of the most important dishes, we proceeded to the third division, by far the most remarkable of the three, and one which would require the pencil of a Hogarth, or the pen of a Dickens, to do it sufficient justice. Here were no roaring fires—no huge grates—no steaming joints—no hissing ragouts—the whole thing more resembled the entertainments of fairy tales, or the descriptions of the Arabian Nights, than any thing else which I can call to mind. Odours, subtle and exquisite, and varying, like the kaleidoscope, at every step you took, penetrated to the astonished senses, and yet such as to defy all attempts to define of what they were composed, or from what peculiar ingredients they proceeded. Long ranges of French grates with hidden fires, and invisible ovens ever warmed to the requisite heat, gradually stewed by an imperceptible process dishes over which a few individuals, with peaked hats, denoting their high rank, bent and seemed absorbed in contemplation, like the elements they watched, were in themselves. Diminutive pages with noiseless steps fitted about, now here—now there—at times hastening to present the brains of thirty-five pheasants, shot at long distances, to some expectant dignitary—now hurriedly bringing the livers of twenty young partridges caught in the net, or the trails of numberless snipes who had fallen victims to the spring, or the wire;—solemn faces kept their eyes fixed unchangingly on the twelve hours' stew, on which hung the fate

of their degrees and their lives;—bright flames arose in puddings whose extremities were surrounded by unmelting ice: and indissoluble snow was tastefully sprinkled on the top of the heated soufflet. In short, here was exhibited every dish which the acmé of *cuisinerie* could devise, or the consummation of art effect. Here stalked the L.D.'s of the profession; the Udes and the Kitcheners of the day, whose whole thoughts were bent on the acquiring of the highest degree, which was necessary to their claiming the rank of first-rate artists;—here were nurtured those who have given a rank and a dignity to the art, and who have stamped a worthiness on the face of their otherwise degraded profession; but few ever attain to this summit of their ambition: they, the chosen, are immediately engaged in the service of gourmand monarchs, or epicurean nobles with boundless revenues—they generally amass a large sum, which not a few have devoted to the maintenance of that place to which they owe their rise and progress. Our visit ended here, save the short inspection which we made of the neat little sleeping apartments set apart for each member of the profession.

Before quitting the place, I was induced to ask what became of the endless stores of flesh, fish, and fowl which were daily consumed in the vast kitchens. The answer was, that the railroad conveyed them every day to the principal dealers in London, who resold them at a great gain, and this formed a large article of trade—when, however,—  
COQUUS.

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### ECHOES.

O follow, follow,  
As our voices recedeth  
Through the caverns hollow,  
Where the forest spreadeth.

SHELLEY.

What are ye Echoes  
Through the vallies flying?  
Where your magic tones  
Ever float undying,  
How your light forms can I view  
Gliding 'mongst the winding rocks,  
Whence your voice out-leaping mocks  
Him the caves who wanders through,  
Hoping in some dim recesses  
To catch ye by your floating tresses,  
And ye glide before him still  
Round the thicket-girdled hill.

Say where ye dwell;  
Is it in some curvèd shell?  
That repeateth evermore  
It's parent Ocean's hollow roar.  
Is it 'midst the rugged jags  
Of some thunder-splintered crags?  
Where around the summits high  
Ye mock the Eagle's piercing cry,  
Till, the sound in anger hearing,  
Round each pinnacle careering,  
He seeks in wrath his fancied foe  
From mountain top to dell below:  
Ha! I hear your voices call  
O'er the ceaseless water-fall,  
And receding, now they quiver  
Down the many-winding river,  
Wafting with them through the vale  
The sweet notes of the nightingale.

Stay your restless wings,  
For a moment stay,  
Let me see the shape that flings  
Tones so clear and gay,

Are ye like odours,  
Formless, divine?  
Can ye with the elements  
Wholly entwine?

Shapen of sunbeams each wind-woven frame  
The delicate bodies of Faëry may shame,  
Winged by sweet sounds through the tremulous air  
Ye fly across vallies or tree-clad or bare;  
And over the mountains the wandering voice  
Bids the wayfarer's heart on his path to rejoice—  
Oh! could I see ye as gaily ye float,  
And speed in your sporting each clear-sounding note,  
Tossing it swiftly from valley to hill,  
Or mocking the song of the silvery rill,  
I'd pine to fling from me this cumber of clay,  
And shake from my soul the dull casing away;  
A bodiless child of the mountains to be,  
And wander for ever through heaven with ye.

OKALEAF.

### THE GOLDEN IMAGE.

— What is it ye do?  
A deed without a name!

SHAKSPERE.

IN the middle ages, when the gloomy mist of credulity and superstition brooded over the land—when the man of superior science was, in the popular belief, a dealer with fiend or spirit, and the alchemist and astrologer were honoured in the presence-chamber of princes—in those dark and ignorant times enthusiasts abounded over Europe, chiefly men, who, having squandered their substance, and lacking patience to recover it by the slow process of industry, turned eagerly to those alluring mysteries, which held out the glittering promise of boundless and easily acquired wealth—some earnestly devoted their thoughts and labours to the discovery of the philosopher's stone—that treacherous mirage, ever vanishing when just attained, and leaving in its stead an utterly sterile desert—others, with better show of reason, applied themselves to the search of hidden treasure, a dream, which, in all ages no less than in our own, seems to be most pleasing to the imagination—these last, not content with digging in old ruins, caverns, and other places where tradition declared the golden chest to have been deposited of old, had recourse to talisman and charm to effect their purpose, telems and pentacles, and constellated images lent their aid—newly-made graves were opened, and the eyes of the troubled corpse caused to shed their glare upon the surface of the polished crystal, in which should be reflected the situation of the concealed quest—and some, still bolder, strove with word and incantation to wrest the spell-guarded treasure from the reluctant keeping of the dead.

In an obscure town in one of the most secluded parts of the English coast, there lived, in the early part of the fifteenth century, an Adept, who, from his boyhood, had devoted himself to the study of the abstruse sciences. Every year his substance became less and less; for his experiments, often costly, yielded no return, till at length utter ruin stared him in the face, whilst with the mad infatuation of the gambler, he still clung to crucible and furnace, in the vain hope of, at length, accomplishing his desire. Want now fell heavily upon him. The nature of his pursuits shut him, in a great measure, from intercourse with man. He was unknown; and in his time of need, none came near or lent him assistance. Despair came over his spirit, and every better feeling was hardened into stone. His miserable condition at last attracted the attention of an old man, his nearest neighbour,—for the Adept's dwelling was lonely and apart,—whose benevolent disposition endeared him to the whole country round; and whose wealth, ample for that remote locality, enabled him to dispense, freely, his gifts and charities. Moved with compassion for the Adept's forlorn appearance, the old man afforded him every succour; but, with poverty, Satan had entered the heart of the Alchemist, and horribly and foully he repaid the kindness



he had received. It will be sufficient briefly to state that by means of a slow poison which his chemical experiments had discovered, he, without suspicion, destroyed the old man, and obtained a considerable quantity of gold which his benefactor always kept by him in his abode. But this ill-got gain soon melted away, and poverty once more pressed heavily upon the Adept,—and this time with a companion tenfold more terrible,—an evil conscience. Hitherto alchemy had wholly occupied his mind, but now darker dreams arose, and the unholy pages of Albertus Magnus, and other traders with The Enemy, were intensely and deeply studied. In close meditation upon these unholy topics, darkness surprised him wandering one evening in the country. The night was still and breathless; not a leaf stirred, and no whisper broke the deep repose of universal nature. The mind of the Adept was disturbed by the awe of utter stillness, and his troubled conscience recoiled at the serene and holy calm. Increasing, hastily, his speed, he strove to fly from the deep silence, and the harshest sound would, at that moment, have been a relief. He neared his abode, and the path leading through the burial ground of the antique church of the district, he slackened his pace on entering the sacred precincts, and sought to allay the quick throbbings of his heart. At that moment a canopy of fleecy clouds passed away from before the moon, and a pure stream of light fell upon the wall directly opposite, and gave to view a legend graven in letters of gold upon the wall—

Blessede are  $\frac{1}{2}$  dead  $\frac{1}{2}$  dye in  $\frac{1}{2}$  Lord.

A thrill of fear and anger shot through the Adept as he read the sentence. It seemed as though some one had directly upbraided him. He took up a mattock, left by an unfinished grave, and commenced a furious attack upon the letters. A low sneering laugh interrupted his exertions; turning, he saw by him a dusk figure, dim and indistinct, and seeming at the outlines to melt and blend with the surrounding darkness, two stony eyes were alone distinctly visible, gleaming with a cold and mocking light upon his own: "Spare thy labour," said the Shape, in a voice so strangely mingled with smothered laughter, as affected the hearer with a nameless horror. "I am he whom thou hast desired," "I know thee not—I have not summoned thee," replied the Adept, affrighted,— "What art thou?" "Thou *feelest* what I am, and hast long desired my presence; I have much to say unto thee, but first stand out of the blaze of that writing upon the wall; it is a writing that toucheth thee not,"—and the Shape laughed. A dialogue now ensued, which must not be written here. A compact, couched in terms now forgotten, was entered into, and the Adept received instructions how to make a talisman that should reveal to him all the treasures beneath the earth.

"Take," said the fiend, "some of the gold thou hast so worthily won, and go to the ruined house of Clintwell—its owners of old were good and faithful servants unto me—kindle a fire in the great hall, take thy crucible, and melt the metal; then fashion a mould of such shape as I shall show thee, and at the first stroke of eleven pour it in with loud laughter. When the mould cracks, snatch it from the fire ere it break, snatch I say, or thou art lost; lastly, be not daunted by the sights I must needs send before thee, avoid choosing any holy day for the work, and beware of the priest's blessing." As the concluding words were spoken, the Form grew fainter and more indistinct, and with the last it faded at once from the Adept's sight, even as a wreath of vapour vanishes suddenly into the atmosphere.

(To be continued.)

### THE PLAGUE CITY.

..... I looked  
 And lo! there was a garden green and wild,  
 Whose purple flowers did mock the deep blue gleam  
 Of the sweet heaven above me—and their breath  
 Twining its odorous incense with the air  
 Mingled with music from the laughing leaves,  
 Whence shot their cool green light—And there were Forms  
 Stealing like Dreams midst sleep-enchanted shades  
 Haunting their silence—and between the depths  
 Of leaves that dreamt in darkness there flowed up  
 An emerald light of water, calm and deep,

Catching in silence every varied tint  
 Of leaf or flower—.....  
 Then spake the Spirit, "Look"—I looked, and lo!  
 I saw a starlight city, and there rose  
 Forth from its marble palaces the tones  
 Of Music and flushed Laughter, and wild Song,  
 And the red glow of gem-lit Festival  
 Floating like the quick blushing of deep Joy  
 Far up the sapphire air—And there were eyes  
 Brighter than the bright jewels of their wearer,  
 And glancing forms of loveliness—

It laughed  
 That fearful Spirit—and it whispered, "Look."  
 I saw the breath of its flesh-blistering dew  
 Twining itself among the merry crowd  
 And mocking, as it shook them, the sick flowers  
 That Revel had made coronals withal  
 Unknowing what dark Spirit was abroad—  
 The Spirit of the Plague.

And there arose  
 Up through the midnight air the wail of Death  
 Waking the silent starlight—It gleamed down  
 On the dim visage of the livid dead  
 Waking Expression into shadowy semblance  
 Of ghastly life—and ever and anon  
 The festering night wind, shaking their dead hair,  
 Mocked their blue lips.

"Go, view that city now,—  
 What is it but a leprous solitude  
 In the cold moonlight rotting?"—He was Death.

UMBRA.

### "FIGHTING INTELLIGENCE."

(Concluded from page 7.)

At the fashionable hour the combatants were on the Racket Court—a spot well adapted for the purposes of a single combat.—A large majority of their school fellows were present to witness the sport, and many conjectures were offered touching the issue of the fight.—As soon as the champions themselves appeared it was evident that neither of them could suffer much from the number or severity of their wounds;—through the kindness of their friends, they were securely defended from all danger—large helmets and masks covered the head and face—and the rest of the body was likewise guarded with the leathern armour usual to single stick players. Away the heroes went to work—fortunate in each other's total ignorance of their weapons. It is true that great strength of arm was displayed by both sides in the wielding of their sticks—both right and left their blows descended; but, curious to say, entirely without effect, for not a touch was received by one or the other. Most valiantly they hewed at each other's weapons, seemingly bent on doing much mischief in that quarter, scattering on every side fragments of bark, as also the tougher particles—many sticks were thus demolished—and still the combatants remained unhurt. This amusement continued for about half an hour, when the belligerents, puffing like steam engines, declared they could fight no longer, and each one modestly hinted that his honour felt perfectly content with the satisfaction received. The seconds then came forward—arranged matters most amicably—complimented their principals, upon their valour, as well as skill, persuaded them to become friends, and finish the morning's amusement by drinking to each other's health. One of the spectators had, with much kindness and foresight, brought with him, to the scene of action, a bottle of wine, for the refreshment of those engaged in combat. This was now sought for—the bottle, 'tis true, was found—but, alas! it was empty. The "bottle-holder" had taken good care of himself, and finished the wine to the health of the duellists. A milder, though less poetic, liquor was procured, and beer flowed plentifully around. To finish the proceedings in a still more harmonious

manner, a song was called for, when one of the company—public singer to the community—sang, as the music sellers say, “with much applause,” the popular melody, “Good bye, my love! good bye.” The party separated immediately afterwards, much gratified with the morning’s sport.

One more anecdote, in a very few words, and I have done with “Fighting Bob.”

Last year he commenced his travels. Paris, of course, was the first city on the Continent he visited. Here his ill-fortune seems to have pursued him; for he had not been long among the Frenchmen when his blustering manner excited the anger of a very fierce pair of moustache. The Irishman retorted: insults were exchanged, and, with many strange oaths, cards were treated in like manner. Big with determination, and in a towering passion, Murphy returned to his hotel. As he expected, a stranger called upon him that evening—it was the “friend” of the moustache. Murphy named his second, and agreed to be in the “Bois de Boulogne” at eight o’clock the following morning. This arranged, the stranger retired, and Bob was left to the company of his own thoughts. By this time he was perfectly cool,—his rage had subsided, and very pleasant reminiscences of French duelling thronged into his mind. He began to regret what he had done, and to wish himself far away from his present locality. His slumbers on that night were very few, and very disturbed, crowds of moustache’d and be-whiskered faces surrounded his bed—pistols of all sorts—rapiers, like the Irish sailor’s rope, so long that some one must have cut off their further ends—were presented to his notice; and joined to this, to increase the amusement, his bed-room was transformed into an exact representation of the “Môrgue,” which he had a few days before been visiting; and, upon one of the odious slabs, he saw himself carefully laid out, as his old nurse would have said, “an illigant corpse.” This was too much. He awoke in horror—and bouncing from his bed, resolved to lie there no more. “Faith,” says he, “this will not do! I’m not going to remain here to be shot by a powder-eating Frenchman. Why that fellow would murder me outright, and afterwards eat me without pepper or salt. By the Lord! I’ll be off back to old Ireland, and when I come among these devils again, they may shoot me with ramrods if they please.” No sooner said than done, he quickly dressed, and at five o’clock left the house. Calling a “cabriolet” he drove to the Bureau or Messagerie des Diligences, in the Rue Notre Dame des Victoires. The first carriage was about to start for Havre—“Have you a place for one?” cried Murphy to the “Conducteur.” “Eh! oui Monsieur,” that functionary drawled forth, “there is just one place to spare up in the ‘Banquette.’ Here! Jacques! bring that long ladder for Monsieur, he seems bien pressé to ascend.” Our hero was soon inserting his person into the small aperture of the “Banquette,” a place at the highest summit of the mighty vehicle—such that your first thoughts are, how on earth you are to clamber so high; and when once there, your second thoughts are engrossed with the probability of being able to descend at the end of your journey. One passenger was there before him, and Murphy took his seat beside a figure closely wrapped in an ample cloak. Shortly after the huge Diligence had emerged from the yard of the Messagerie, and was dragged by its sixteen horses to some few miles along the Havre road. On a sudden, loud shouts were heard to issue from the “Banquette.” Cries of “Holloa! Stop! Conducteur! Arrêtez! Let me out! Botheration! Let me out I say!”—poured down in quick succession, and speedily following them—to the great amazement of the Conducteur—Murphy came tumbling from his lofty place of refuge, and scrambling through bars and chains and wheels, quickly reached the ground. Once there, he turned his face towards Paris and did not draw up till he had reached the door of the Hotel Mirabeau. The mystery is soon explained. As soon as daylight had entered the “Banquette” it discovered to our hero, in the person of the muffled individual by his side, that of the man with whom, about the same hour, he was to have been pistol shooting in the Bois de Boulogne. The Irishman’s blustering and Hibernian oaths had proved too tremendous for the evanescent courage of the Frenchman. His valour had in like manner evaporated, leaving one only determination in its place—that of flying from the clutches of so “determined a dog as fighting Bob.”

ACRES.

## LOVE MAKING.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

"Nun sagt 'thr mlr, Leute, was soll das sein."

## I.

By the waters I strayed 'neath the silver moonlight,  
 When I saw to my reckoning a wondrous sight :  
 In the depths of the thicket a hunter was seen  
 With bugle on shoulder, and vested in green ;  
 Forth sprang the swift deer from bush and from brake ;  
 —But what did that hunter ? He gazed on the lake ;  
 On my ears the shrill notes of a bugle-call fell ;  
 What means that shrill summons, my readers can tell.

## II.

And further—and further—I scarce had me hied,  
 When a still more wondrous sight I espied—  
 A light fishing-bark on the waters career'd,  
 Its course to the shore by a maiden was steer'd ;  
 The finny tribes leapt from their smooth glassy bed :—  
 —But what does that maiden ?—Her nets are not spread ;  
 For landwards she gazes with wistful eye—  
 My readers may solve this mystery.

## III.

Still further I strayed in this secret dell,  
 And the most wondrous sight I have now to tell.  
 A riderless horse to the branches was tied,  
 And a light fishing bark was moored by its side :—  
 But what do their owners ?—May be that I've err'd,  
 —But I fancy some soft honied whispers I heard,  
 And 'twas night—the moon shining with brilliant sheen—  
 Tell, tell me, ye wise ones, what can such things mean ?

Ω

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*"Hebrew Melodies" are declined, as not possessing sufficient poetical merit to counterbalance their want of originality.*

*We are sorry that the narrow limits of our pages compel us to decline "Geneviève." We hope to hear from it's author again.*

*The sooner that the Author of the "Reformation" reforms his own style, the better—his poetry is very childish.*

*We have no room in the Number of this Week for "Go to Bed,"—"Pope,"—or "An Indignant Freshman."*

*It is requested that all Contributions may be sent in on the Friday previous to the day of publication.*

HERTFORD:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ST. AUSTIN & SON, BOOKSELLERS  
 TO THE EAST INDIA COLLEGE.

# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

## PART V.

Liberius si  
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniā dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.*

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No. 3.] WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1842. [PRICE 6D.

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### THE GOLDEN IMAGE.

*(Continued from page 12.)*

A few nights after this unhallowed conference, the Adept might have been seen traversing the wild and desolate country that intervened between his own abode and the ruined mansion. It was in the decrease of the moon, when a power and a privilege is given to the Unseen World, and the Spirits that walk the earth are permitted for a season to exercise greater influence over the sons of men. In his hand the Adept carried a small brazen-clasped chest; and a wallet, covered with a tiger skin, was slung over his shoulders. His face, though determined, was deadly pale, and his whole air was that of a man firmly bent upon some desperate enterprise, and fully aware of all its difficulties and dangers. As he neared the appointed place, the night became seven-fold dark, the wind swept with a melancholy sound through the dense foliage of the trees, and he thought that ever and anon unearthly whispers and low sneering laughter were mingled with its rush as he proceeded. He reached the house, and traversed the ruinous and weed-covered court; with a beating heart he entered the deserted passages, and his blood grew cold on hearing his steps echo loudly through the lonely building, while low whispers and derisive laughter seemed still to float around, and vague and undefined shapes appeared to start from the surrounding darkness, and vanish again ere well beheld. He entered the great hall, and quickly kindled a fire upon the huge old-fashioned hearth, and with various chemical preparations soon produced an intense heat. Taking from his wallet seven skulls, inscribed with many powerful names, he arranged them in a wide half-circle round the hearth; and as the chimes of a distant clock faintly struck the quarter to eleven, he placed the crucible and gold upon the vivid flame. Owls and other unclean birds now came through the shattered windows, and settling on the outer edge of the circle, seemed to carry on a noiseless conversation in some unknown tongue with the withered skulls; and the Adept's heart stood still, for in the face of one great grey owl he seemed to recognise the lineaments of the stranger who had interrupted his sacrilegious exertions in the churchyard. The hour drew nigh, and the fire, which he kept continually feeding with drugs and incense, began to roll out huge volumes of thick smoke, which curled and eddied around, ascending in thick clouds to the lofty roof. The gold was now nearly fused, and the Adept, taking the mould he had prepared, stood ready to watch the prescribed moment; as he drew nearer the flame, he started in the most fearful horror, his breath stopped, and a cold perspiration burst from every pore, for from the bosom of the smoke the countenance of his buried mother seemed to look with a piteous expression of unspeakable anguish, as though entreating her son to desist from a work that ensured his utter ruin. As he gazed in speechless terror, the form of the old man he had so basely destroyed seemed to stand by her side, and regard him with a fierce and threatening gesture of reproach, while from every curl and wreath of smoke looked forth fearful faces, some plain, and some indistinct—some fiendish and terrible, others mocking and malignant—there he saw the countenances of many friends, long since dead,—some in anger, others in pity, but all wearing a warning and dissuasive aspect. Every limb of the Adept stiffened into stone as he gazed, the hour and his purpose were alike forgotten; as with distended eyeballs he stood gazing upon the fearful scene. His glance fell suddenly upon the grey owl, and

PART V.

D

in its countenance the aspect of the stranger was plainly visible, glaring upon him in scorn and anger. The time and his intent rushed upon him, the metal was now completely melted, and grasping the mould he stood ready. In a few moments the distant clock struck the hour, and he poured the molten gold from the crucible with loud laughter, which echoed frightfully through the hall and mansion, and seemed to be repeated in every accent of fiendlike mockery and mirth. The mould began almost immediately to crack. Summoning his resolution, he prepared to rush forward and snatch it from the fire. The figures around held up their hands in threatening attitude, the owls arose and glided round uttering discordant cries, and the dry skulls seemed instinct with life, and to grin with ghastly derision. The mould split with a loud noise, and dashing desperately past the opposing figures, he snatched it from the fire. The figures vanished—the owls, throwing the skulls into a confused heap, fled,—the smoke rolled upwards and disappeared—and the fire sank rapidly into a mass of glowing embers. Hastily gathering up his implements, the Adept retreated, and reached his home safe and uninterrupted. When he had calmed his fluttered spirits, he took from the wallet the produce of his labours—a small golden image in the form of a winged man.

He now, then, possessed a talisman, the material of which, prepared under the proper planetary influences, wrought into the astral form, and fashioned with word and spell, would reveal all secret treasure. He took it into an inner chamber, when the image instantly leaped from his grasp and fixed itself firmly on the floor. No effort of his could remove it; but as he guessed rightly of the true nature of the attractive influence, he dug up the pavement, under which he discovered an earthen vessel full of coin, which had been concealed by some former owner of the house. What now were his sensations! He had been pining in poverty, yet treading above gold. Want had urged him to commit a horrible crime, yet wealth had been continually beside him, unguessed and unknown. He groaned in anguish as he thought of what might have been spared him, and, glancing at the image, fancied he beheld a smile of diabolical mockery upon its visage, but a second look did not support the truth of his supposition. A fear and hatred of the talisman now came over him, but had paid too dearly to part with it lightly. All his care was now to transport himself as speedily as possible from a neighbourhood which called up so many harassing associations. Taking a passage in a vessel that was about to sail for the Low Countries, he secured the gold about his person, and by the application of a chemical preparation caused the image to assume the appearance of lead, hoping thereby to evade all discovery of its value.

The morning was bright and cheerful, as the Adept entered the boat that was to convey him to the ship; and when he had arrived, and was pacing her deck as a favourable wind sent her snoring through the curling waves, a sense of greater security came over him than he had known for many months. Several of the crew were Catholics, and as they took the talisman to be an image of some saint or angel, the Adept saw no surer means of its preservation than placing it upon the deck, and trusting to their superstition for its safety.

The ship was now ploughing its path across a lovely bay, its shores were high and precipitous, and on either side of the blue expanse shot forth lofty promontories, which seemed almost to lock in the water they were traversing. The dancing waves flashed back the sunbeams with almost intolerable brilliancy, the cormorants sat motionless upon the rocks or dived and sported in the water, while the sea-gulls, borne upon their snowy wings, hovered gracefully around, ever and anon darting swiftly downwards, as they desecrated their prey beneath them; all nature seemed breathing gladness, and the spirit of the Adept was soothed; but he was immediately and terribly startled. An old seaman came up and entered into conversation, and amongst other things told him how the waters they were then cutting had once been a fertile valley, covered with villages and corn fields; and he told, that in the midst of this valley there stood a castle, whose owners had their only pleasure and employment in blood and rapine, and they were at the same time bold men and hardened in iniquity, who set God and man alike at defiance, and boasted that neither man nor devil could ever storm their stronghold. But one night the sea broke in upon them and swallowed up the valley, and all life in it perished, and the next morning the waves were rolling over the valley, and as they were, so they remained. "And there," said the old seaman, pointing to a spot, seemingly of unfathomable depth, which lay right in their course—"there is the very place beneath which the old castle once stood; great treasure, they say, is concealed

in it, and none save the fishes to use them." In the tones of the old man the Adept recognised the mocking accents of the stranger who had met him in the church-yard, and in his eyes he saw the same cold and stony light which had before petrified him with horror. Desperately he grasped the talisman—it was too late—the ship sailed directly over the spot where lay, a hundred fathoms deep, the concealed treasure; the talisman obeyed its call: it sprang from the hands of its wretched owner, and was lost for ever beneath the waves. A diabolical smile came over the seaman's countenance, the Adept staggered back in horror, an irresistible influence was upon him, and with a despairing scream, he sprang desperately over the side of the vessel, and sank immediately beneath the water.

The ship pursued her course, the sea birds hovered quietly around, the sunbeams fell brightly upon the waves, a ripple and a few bubbles arose to the surface of the water, broke, and all was still.

SIGIL.

The following passage is a translation of one of the many very fine bursts of poetry and devotion in the Heroic Poem of Kalidasa—the *Raghuvansa*. We recommend our readers to the perusal of the original for the more complete conception of the striking beauties, which the accompanying translation, and indeed the English language, can but so imperfectly supply.

HE sat—that awful Deity—in state,  
His throne encircling heavenly armies wait—  
Around his head celestial rays were shed—  
Beneath his feet his conquer'd foes were spread.  
To him the trembling Gods their homage brought,  
—Incomprehensible in word or thought.  
“O thou! whom threefold might and splendour veil,  
“\*Maker—Preserver—and Destroyer—Hail!  
“Thy gaze surveys this world from clime to clime,  
“Thyself immeasurable in space or time:  
“To no corrupt desires, no passions prone;  
“Unconquered Conqueror—infinite—unknown:—  
“Though in one form thou veil'st thy might divine,  
“Still at thy pleasure every form is thine:  
“Pure crystals thus prismatic hues assume  
“As varying lights, and varying tints illumine.  
“Men think thee absent—thou art ever near,  
“Pitying those sorrows, which thou ne'er canst fear:—  
“Unsordid penance thou alone canst pay—  
“Unchanged—unchanging—old without decay:—  
“Thou knowest all things—who thy praise can state?  
“Createdst all things—thyself uncreate;  
“The world obeys thy uncontroulled behest,  
“In whatsoever form thou stand'st confest;  
“Though human wisdom many roads foresee,  
“That lead to happiness—all verge in thee:—  
“So Gunga's waves from many a wandering tide  
“Unite, and to one mighty ocean glide.  
“They who on thee have fix'd their steadfast mind,  
“And to thy power themselves, their all, consign'd.  
“Free from desire, thou lead'st them to that bourne,  
“Where all must go, whence none can e'er return:  
“Though of thy might before man's wondering eyes  
“The Earth—the Universe in witness rise,  
“Still by no human skill—no mortal mind  
“Can thy infinity be e'er defined.  
“As the bright pearls surpass their ocean bed—  
“The Sun the light by wandering planets shed,  
“So far thy real form's celestial ray  
“Exceeds the homage which weak mortals pay:  
“And if to bid thy awful grandeur hail  
“Our feeble voices in their tribute fail—  
“'Tis not the number of thy praises cease,  
“But that our power, alas! knows no increase.”

Ω.

\* The Hindoo Triad consisted of Brahma, the Creator; Vishnu, the Preserver; and Shiva, the Destroyer.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS ON LANDING IN INDIA.

We could not prevail upon ourselves to deprive our readers of the pleasure which they will not fail to derive from the perusal of this most interesting work. Owing to its great length and the questionableness of some of its communications, we have been unavoidably compelled to cross out some of the pages of our kind friend's Diary, and to lay before the eyes of the eager public only such as would at once conduce both to their amusement and their edification—bearing in remembrance the precept instilled so frequently into our minds by a brother Editor—(now, alas! torn from his afflicted colleagues)—that while we tickle the cachinnatory propensities of our fellow-students, we should strive at the same time to awaken their sensibilities and enlist their sympathies: and that when we give out what may prove food for their amusement, we should never neglect to serve “commons” for their understanding. Accordingly, with many thanks to our kind correspondent, we have purposely chosen those parts of his Diary which seem the most natural, and written in the language of the heart—too well knowing that the similarity of what was but lately his, and what will ere long be their, condition, must cause them to heave the sigh, if not to drop the tear, on “Extracts from the Diary of a young Writer.”

April 1st—Left England at half-past six in the evening—took Byron on deck, and read his farewell in Childe Harold—walked up and down repeating “My native land! good night!”—fell into a reverie and over a rope—steward came to call me to tea—went down—introduced to company, &c. &c. &c.

(The Diary on board a ship being, to say the least, rather monotonous, we shall only give one or two more extracts, and then proceed to the first impressions on landing.)

May 23rd—Went on deck at 6 A. M.—saw a little thing floating on the water—told it was a nautilus—ran down to write an ode to it—interrupted by a great hallooing—rushed on deck, found the seamen had caught a shark—shot an albatross, and spent the remainder of the day in reading the “Ancient Mariner”—wondered if I should become like him—grew desponding and melancholy—turned in early.

July 28th—Neared Calcutta—wondered if I should find porters or watermen like I had heard from my brother, were ready always at the Tower-stairs—got on shore somehow—found an uncle in waiting—went home—first land touched since I left England.

July 29th—Woke at four by a black servant—thought I was at College, and called out “Tom.” Got up and rode—saw two men in white jackets and straw hats galloping about—took them for English grooms exercising hunters: told they were the Governor-General and one of the judges of the Supreme Court—back to breakfast—pilaus and curries—thought of Haileybury and curried soles. Walked to the College after breakfast and heard I was to read with a “Munshi.”

July 30th—Got up and rode as usual—back to breakfast—remembered the Munshi was to come—wondered what he would be like—If like the Professors at College, whom would he most resemble? “Munshi” came—addressed him as “Mr. Munshi,” after the fashion of the Hindustani dialogues in “Shakespeare's Selections.” Told me what I was to read.

July 31st—Munshi came—had learnt up some of the dialogues to treat him to—forgot them all when it came to the point—told I knew very little Hindustani—wondered at that, as I had taken up twelve pages extra my last term, besides knowing accurately the first eleven of any test—read for three hours—made progress or proficiency.

We had just come to this, by far the most important part of our kind friend's Diary, when an unforeseen accident occurred, which has deprived us of the fruit of our editorial labours, and our fellow-students of what would have proved a most gratifying account—we had selected sundry extracts, referring to the nature of the examination to be passed in India, and hoped that the communication would have been such as to clear away every mist, and dispel every doubt, as to how things are really managed out there—but, unfortunately, the manuscript, with the passages marked for selection, had been committed to Mr. Austin's coat pocket; who on arriving, wet and late in the evening, at Hertford, felt in that receptacle for materials to light a candle, and unhappily, lighted on the all-important document—ibi omnis—effusus labor. The candle was lighted, and its first ray of light, alas, darted on the shrivelled remnants of a composition, which would at once have done honour to the head, and credit to the heart, of its author. We conceive this will prove a sufficient apology—if not “à qui la faute!”

SICCUM JECUR.



## THE STEAM PEN.

A FRESHMAN once to the College came,  
 Resolv'd to earn a brilliant fame,  
     As a star of the very first water;  
 But how to obtain this high renown,  
 Was a point that, despite her Druidical crown,  
     Would have posed Oroveso's daughter.

Now this youth's endowments were far from few,  
 How to pull a good oar full well he knew,  
     Or to bowl a man out at cricket;  
 His musical skill was beyond a doubt,  
 With a pencil or brush he was "out and out,"  
     He could sketch river, mountain, or thicket.

His science at football none could excel;  
 He handled a singlestick featly and well;  
     An adept in the art pugilistic;  
 He could strive with his fellows for prize and for place;  
 He could run his competitors hard in a race,  
     In Hindoo mythology mystic.

Personified grace was his ball-room smile,  
 As with favoured ladies he chatted awhile,  
     No spark could be possibly brighter;  
 For this clever young man to lie by on the shelf,  
 Without having a word to speak out for himself,  
     Was a "res propè inaudita."

Yet not by his science with bat or with oar,  
 Not by his talents, his learning, and lore,  
     Not by all his diversified knowledge;  
 Not by polish of manner, nor flow of soul,  
 Could this Crichtoun attain his ambition's goal,  
     Viz.—a high reputation at College.

He appealed to Fame, and begged she'd state,  
 Why she cut his connexion, nor pitied his fate?  
     She replied, that to fairly deserve her,  
 She really could hit but on one device,  
 To desert bat and wicket, and oar in a trice,  
     And to grace with his pen the "OBSERVER."

Now our friend had expected some other reply,  
 So when she had done, he said merely "my eye;"  
     And then, "don't you wish you may get it."  
 Madam Fame bridled up at this open affront;  
 He, observing her wrath, feeling sorry he'd done 't,  
     Humbly said "he began to regret it."

She replied, "I resent this impertinent act;  
 "So unless you in writing most fully retract,  
     "I'm bless'd if I ever acknowledge ye."  
 Now ambition burst forth like a flood on his soul,  
 Which he felt quite unable to stay or control,  
     So he sent in a "written apology."

Madam Fame by this act was entirely appeased,  
 For the simple old lady was easily pleased;  
     And, quoth she, "As you don't seem so stupid,  
 "I'll give you a note you may take in your hand  
 "To the muse, Euterpe, she lives in the Strand,  
     "The next door but two to young Cupid.

"If you once gain admittance the day is your own,  
 "She'll be won by a knack for which you're well known,  
     "By phrases of honied construction;"

So she scribbled at once a note to the Muse,  
 Recommending the youth, and explaining his views,  
     In a letter of introduction.

The Muse was at home with a wretched sore throat,  
 But received him with kindness and read thro' the note,  
     Was pleased with his conversation ;  
 She begged him to come to tea that same night,  
 And honoured our friend to his utmost delight,  
     With a general invitation.

He stood at her door just before nine o'clock,  
 In an exquisite coat and superfine stock,  
     With some bulky affair under cover ;  
 For, determined to give her a musical pill,  
 In case such should be her divinity's will,  
     He had "just brought his instrument over."

With music and chat the night had just pass'd,  
 'Till our hero thought proper to hint at the last,  
     That she'd promised assistance plenary.  
 Quoth she, "My promise I'll soon redeem,  
 "I'll present you at once, as a mark of esteem,  
     "With a pen that works by machinery."

With such kindness of manner the old lady spake,  
 That the youth almost doubted his being awake,  
     But quickly tow'rd's home did he scamper ;  
 By excess of good luck his head was turned quite,  
 He scarcely believed that his bearing was right,  
     Till the Steam Pen arrived in a hamper.

He unpacked the parcel with scrupulous care,  
 Minutely inspected the curious affair,  
     The engine was built by Rennie ;  
 With patent ink was the boiler fed,  
 The pen's shaft served in a chimney's stead,  
     With similar fixtures many.

The more he inspected, the more he admired,  
 Its strength was unceasing, it never grew tired,  
     It would traverse (on paper) an ocean ;  
 He proved its speed in a trial race,  
 Once off, it went on at "no end" of a pace,  
     And 'twas easy to set it in motion.

He burst with desire to display his might  
 On a subject, he wasn't decided quite,  
     But he spent little time in exploring ;  
 The pen was ready—got up its steam,  
 —Set off on a grand metaphysical dream,  
     And was soon very soundly snoring.

—The pen awoke, and the dream was o'er ;  
 The article printed, and students swore  
     That the piece was a clever though ram thing ;  
 The youth elated prepared again,  
 To direct his unwearied mechanical pen  
     On a new and ideal something.

By choice of a subject once more perplex'd,  
 By doubt and excitement intensely vex'd,  
     His incipient whiskers bristle ;  
 He pitches on music—the Steam Pen starts,  
 And now with a mild fantasia departs  
     On its own harmonic steam-whistle.

The strain was received with unequalled applause,  
 In his rapid career he disdains to pause,  
     For repose or contemplation ;  
 His writings discussed he often hears,  
 And fame ever murmurs close in his ears,  
     "This is really reputation."

Long may the Steam Pen run out its course ;  
 May it whistle for ever and never grow hoarse ;  
     May it travel with sound discretion :  
 Long may it dream, and loud may it snore,  
 May it squeak fantasias and rondos "galore,"  
     And leave a most lasting impression.

Ομικρον.

Nam pro pudore, pro abstinentiâ, pro virtute, audaciâ, largitiô, vigeant.

SALLUST CAT.

It is a prevalent idea amongst parents and other elderly persons interested in this College, that eligibility for admission into it depends in a great measure on an extended intimacy with classic authors of Greece and Rome, a complete familiarity with the pages of the "Ready Reckoner," cultivated knowledge as a citizen of the world, and a close acquaintance with the leading features of the duties and responsibilities of man. This is quite an erroneous notion. A man with the average proportion of brains may, by a week's judicious exertion, easily make sufficient proficiency in every one of these departments to pass even the rigid tribunal of the Minos, Æacus and Rhadamanthus, who preside over the dark realms of the India House Erebus.

The true qualification for an auspicious entrance into this happy abode of Muses—Minerva and the rest of the set—will be found to consist in the possession of sundry elegant, (with a few useful) articles of furniture, a wide connexion among Cambridge men (Oxford won't go down here), a liberal supply of ready money, with a good face and respectable name to obtain credit with tradesmen. With such a stock as this a man *must* make a brilliant entrance into this seat of learning.

Here again, then, parents and all the respectable elderly class are under a delusion ; they conceive that a distinguished career through College (when once the three-headed Cerberus, that guards the entrance, is passed) will be secured by a severe attention to Oriental abstrusities, and by a scrupulous and diligent obedience to statutes enacted by the united wisdom of the Legislature of Great Britain and Ireland for the regulation of students ;—this impression is equally false with their first idea. Monthly reports are worthless as indicators of respectability ; prizes and medals are things of nought ; and the recorded judgments of the grave professors in College Council assembled, though they be transmitted carefully to India for the perusal of the Governor-General, give no real estimate of a youthful aspirant's character. No ! The additional requisites for a pleasant transit through the purgatory of Haileybury to the Elysium beyond are pretty nearly as follows :—grace in the management of a pipe, whose cherry-stick stem ought to be rather longer than the person of the smoker,—science in the management of a single-stick (this is also useful, as the reputation will preserve one from quarrels),—a talent for saying witty things at the expense of one's neighbours, a practice which is sure to convulse a Haileybury audience,—and adroitness and success in the management of intrigues ;—to these may be added, as a useful auxiliary, a loud voice and hardy nerves to chaunt forth a jovial stave, and occasionally to sigh out a sentimental ditty. In the third and fourth terms it is expedient to be now and then tipsy—to be skilful in the composition and execution of extraordinary ululations,—and on the occasion of a 5th of November it is absolutely necessary that the student should take a prominent part in the exhibitions of pyrotechnic ability. As a variety, upsetting of the college functionaries is advisable, and perhaps a rustication, though the latter is inconvenient and expensive. All this time the student must never attend chapel (this is essential), and he should patronize but a small proportion of the lectures, and even when he does appear, he should be afflicted by an unfortunate tendency of blood to the nose, though I have to my astonishment seen this last ailment (which decidedly is an ailment, and no manoeuvre) publicly denounced in an elaborate treatise.

The last and most fatal error of the deluded parents is, that they seem to consider it advisable that their sons should quit College in a first class, with the character of Exemplary and Highly Distinguished. Now, the fact is, that a first class is decidedly plebeian : the mark Exemplary, equivalent to a brand of disgrace ; and the appellation of Highly Distinguished, an indication of most disreputable character.

It is to be seriously wished that this exposition may meet the eyes and undeceive the minds of mistaken relatives, and that the hints herein contained may prove

beneficial to succeeding generations of students; at least I feel confident that they, if they make proper use of this advice, and act accordingly, will assuredly meet with their deserts in that delightful country whither they are destined—at that bourne from which no traveller returns—without a considerable enlargement of both purse and liver.

T.

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### THE WHITE ROSE.

A soldier descended the mountain track  
 To his village-home from the wars come back,  
 And he saw as he sped o'er the purple heath  
 The grey church tower in the vale beneath,  
 And oh, said he, does my true love bide  
 My long lost step by the streamlet's side,  
 And watches she still with affectionate care  
 My love's first off'ring, the white rose fair?  
 He came to the streamlet, she was not there,  
 And their trysting tree was withered and bare;  
 On to her home he hastened straight,  
 And it was forsaken, and desolate;  
 A gust, as he gazed, came sweeping by,  
 And gave a sound like a dying sigh—  
 Like life's last painful breath—and he  
 Went to the churchyard heavily,  
 And a new-made grave beheld he there,  
 And a white rose upon it was blooming fair,  
 Bright bloomed the flower, not a leaf was cast,  
 He knelt him down, and his tears fell fast,  
 "Dead thou art, and thou can'st not leap  
 "At the sound of my voice from thy breathless sleep;  
 "But oh, like the white rose, thy purity  
 "Blooms fresh as ever and fair to see:"  
 Over the grave he bow'd his head,  
 And bitter and salt were the tears he shed—  
 A lark sprang up from the green-sward by  
 With a rapturous gushing of melody,  
 And poised like a speck the clouds among,  
 Over the valley its sweet notes rung,  
 She's fled from the earth, thought he, to the throng  
 That hymn for ever the joyful song.

VESPER.

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### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Falkenstein" wants originality.

*The Author of "Claude Margot" should turn the talents which he possesses to some subject more worthy of his pen than that very Paul-de-Kock-like production.*

"Bull Head" seems fitter to grin through a horse collar at a fair, than to write for the "Observer."

*On mature deliberation we reject "Pope"—"Go-to-Bed" and the "Indignant Freshman" are reserved for our next Number.*

*In consequence of the approaching festivities of the Easter Examination, we release our kind friends from their literary labours, for the space of a few weeks. We hope for a continuance of their favours after the Recess.*

*It is requested that all Contributions may be sent in on the Friday previous to the day of publication.*

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HERTFORD:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ST. AUSTIN & SON, BOOKSELLERS  
 TO THE EAST INDIA COLLEGE.

# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

## PART V.

Liberius si  
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniã dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.*

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No. 4.] WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1842. [PRICE 6D.

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Regardless of the *Knave of Spades*,  
The Sexton and his Subs;  
Our wives on *Diamonds* set their *Hearts*,  
And we our *Hearts* on "*Clubs*."

AMONG the many ridiculous rages which take people at different times, none, perhaps, is more absurd in theory and practice than the Club-mania, displaying itself under different forms, and with different objects in view. At one time we see a set of bald-pated, respectable "How-d'ye-do" old gentlemen meeting together to talk politics, cry down the present days, and croak upon the past. What do they call themselves?—a Club. Again, a party of beef-faced, large-boned, and straw-hatted youngsters, to knock about a poor thing of a ball, and weary poor devils of fags, with no earthly purpose in view, but the propagation of the noble art of cricket—what do they call themselves?—a Club. Again, a clanjandrums of aspiring young orators meet together to talk absurdities, and spout nonsense, under the idea that they are practising their powers of eloquence, and amusing themselves rationally—what are they?—a Club. But the rage does not stop here, but extends over all classes, down to the poorest labourer, who sports his club, where, with a choice set of confederate spirits he swills weak ale, smokes tobacco, and wishes himself richer till he becomes actually tipsy.

But on no subject do people run more Club-insane, than upon anything relating, however distantly, to aquatic sports, connected, however, more or less closely with drinking and smoking. At Cambridge there's Johnson's Club, and Thompson's Club. At Oxford there are some who will only pull under Stiggins, some under Higgins; others unite themselves into lunatic confederations, and, in obedience to the dictatorial, and, to say the least, eccentric, statutes of their society, prefer the hour of midnight for their aquatic sports. Even this little wretched, obscure abode of condemned spirits—condemned, perhaps, for some sins committed in a former existence, or, no doubt, to be committed in the course of the present one;—this mania has found a place.

People seem to object to act as individuals, but prefer leaguering themselves into bodies, and working hand in hand. It was not sufficient for the whole College to be scandalized by the somewhat abrupt termination of a Society for the Promotion of Eloquence in Dunderheads, but a certain set of aspirants must needs persecute the Editors of the "*Haileybury Observer*," with weekly prose and poetical recommendations for its re-establishment. Scarcely had a modest and tolerably judicious code of laws issued from a boat club, when a rival press is hastily set to work and print, and a rival set of brains to frame, a code of laws for cricket, enacting regulations never to be kept, and threatening penalties never to be enforced. Nor was this enough; the offended Deity presiding over the classic game of football interferes, and demands for herself the small tribute of respect in the shape of a club and a special code. Alas for the frailty of all things human! that the Club should exist but as a shadow—the rules be printed for the benefit of the trunk maker or other degrading purposes—goal posts, innocent of a single goal

having been made under their auspices, should remain unsuspected, a standing monument of the *absurdity* of their founder. It is a pity that some benignant individual had not kindly framed a code of laws to enforce a judicious smoking of segars, and a correct tying of neckcloths.

It would seem that clubs had run their course, that the feverish eruption had worked itself off. But no! the College has to hail the arrival of a new Lyncurgus, letter D. has again produced a Solon. Scarcely had the freshness of the gown and the individual wore off *from* the exterior of our present *first term*, scarcely had they become satiated with contemplating the architectural beauties of the quadrangle, or looking at themselves in full academical costume, when a new and wonderful conviction flashed upon their mind, that there was actually a river in their neighbourhood—a possibility of acquiring boats—what then? a club is formed—a secretary appointed—heavy loans are raised—buttons struck—check shirts ordered—important faces put on—grand projects broached—brilliant ideas suggested—and finally, a code of laws formed;—assuming to themselves the name of the “Lee Boat Club,”—leaving it a matter of doubt as to which of the neighbouring rivers all preceding boat clubs had made use of—there appeared, finally, in a neat fancywork frame, with the East India College Arms at the top—certain rules and regulations for the better maintenance of the “Lee Boat Club,” printed by Austin and Son, and, signed by a *secretary*.

With a view to render their club at once select and efficient, one of their first and most important regulations is the entire monopoly “to themselves” of the peculiar advantages and privileges of the society—the subscription is conducted upon a most liberal scale—the usual autocratic authority is vested in the captain, who is at once the legislator, the judge, and the executioner of the society. They must forgive us for suggesting an additional rule, which we will assume would conduce to the improvement of their prowess, and the increase of their finances.

Rule 14. Each member of the crew is required to keep stroke and feather his oar, under the penalty of a sixpence for each breach of the above rule.

We are confident that levying of this exceedingly moderate tax would have a future and a present effect of the most salutary nature, at once raising their present funds to an unequalled pitch of prosperity, and improving the future style of their pulling. Wishing them prosperity to their Club, and amelioration to their style of pulling, we bid them farewell.

“SENIORES PRIORES.”

### THE LEE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Long may'st thou live, in Richard's seat to sit,  
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!

SHAKESPEARE.

To some persons there is no more interesting study than that of the local history and traditions of their birth-place. The memory of such a spot must be ever dear; and its name, however humble, must always awake in the breast happy recollections of sunshiny days. In like manner, though in a much smaller degree, the scene in which for any period, even a few years, our residence is fixed, has its claim upon our interest and attention. In fact, an enquiry into the local history of any single county in this island, formerly called “Merrie Englande,” will much repay the labour of the study.

The number of our towns—even the most insignificant—that are devoid of some historic interest is wonderfully small. Let us, from any eminence near the spot which at present is our abode, look around and survey the different towns and villages that come within our ken;—not one of them is without its reminiscences of former days. On one hand is Hertford. Its Castle has seen far better days, for it was built by royal hands, and, made the residence of many monarchs. The son of Alfred—well styled “The Great”—it was that laid its foundation stone; and many a time, since his day, has its court-yard resounded to the cheerful notes of the hunting horn, as the gay cavalcade of royal huntsmen issued to the chase.

On the other hand is the small town of Ware,—poor and wretched as is its appearance at this day, there was a time when Ware was the theatre of gay and joyous fêtes. Many a lance has been splintered in the lists held by our sovereigns in this little town; and the green fields in its vicinity have often been ploughed up by the knightly chargers in the tournament.

But those days are gone. Modern refinement, as it is styled, has changed the character of the people, and the face of Nature itself has undergone a revolution. The vast and noble woods that for ages crowned our hills have disappeared; and the rivers that wandered in their freedom through our valleys, have been curbed and restricted to the will of man. The Lee has not escaped. Once upon a time it was a beautiful and transparent stream; at one moment dashing boldly forward, and bounding with rippling current over the uneven and rugged course beneath its waters. At another, as if fatigued with its exertion, seeking repose beneath the tranquil surface of the miniature lake to which it has been hastening. Go look upon it now, in its degraded state;—no longer free and unconfined, but a prisoner strictly guarded, made to bear the many burdens of traffic, restrained from its natural courses, curbed and locked in on every side.

On a beautiful autumnal day, in the year 1680, an old man, with somewhat feeble steps, sauntered idly upon the banks of the river Lee. He was habited in a suit of black velvet, of an older mode than the one then adopted; and though totally devoid of every ornament, most scrupulously and exactly fashioned. In stature he was rather above the middle height; and in his face there reigned an expression of suffering, but, at the same time, of calm resignation that was pleasing to behold. His hair, which strayed in locks from beneath his broad and peculiarly-shaped bonnet, was silvered with those snowy signs which time and sorrow never fail in planting there. The whole appearance of the old man was striking to a degree; and, as he slowly advanced in his summer's walk, those that looked upon him felt sure that his was no ordinary character; and that that venerable and commanding figure had played no inconsiderable part in the drama of life.

While thus walking by the river's side, he came upon a person who, partly concealed by the trees and shrubs upon the bank, was busily employed in the then comparatively unknown sport of angling. When he reached his side, the latter did not take note of his arrival; he was, at that moment, entirely absorbed in the pleasing task of overcoming the bounding spirit of some strong and impatient tenant of the water. For some time did this chase occupy the attention of the angler, and, so much so, that until he had laid a noble trout panting upon the bank, and surveyed in triumph his speckled prize, was he conscious of the stranger's presence. At length, when he could find it in his heart to take his eyes from the pleasing object and turn them upon the old man, who, for his part, seemed also much interested in the sport, he addressed him with a cheerful and well greeting welcome.

"A good morning to you, Sir! You are well arrived to see the capturing of so fine a fish as yonder is."

"I thank you, Sir," said the stranger, "for your courtesy, and am much rejoiced to have witnessed your skill in the capturing of so fine a trout. In truth, you shewed much knowledge of the nature of your prize, to tame his impatient spirit so quietly and so certainly. I have at times heard the employment of the brothers of the angle made the subject of a laugh, as being a heavy, contemptible, and dull recreation; and they of the brotherhood pitied as patient and simple men. But, methinks, you are not so; and there seems to me much skill required in this art, as I believe you of the angle take a pride in calling your pursuit."

"Oh, Sir," replied the angler, "doubt not but that angling is an art;—is it not an art to deceive that trout with an artificial fly? A trout! that is more sharp-sighted than any hawk; and more watchful and timorous than the high-mettled Merlin is bold? Doubt not, therefore, Sir, but that angling is an art, and an art worth the learning;—the question is rather, whether you be capable of learning it? For angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so: and believe me, Sir, that having once got and practised it, then doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant, that it will prove to be like virtue, a reward to itself."

"By my faith, Sir Angler, you are eloquent in this matter, and treat your subject like an orator. Why, were it the Father and Master of Angling himself that spoke, he could not be more impressive. I have heard rehearsed the praises of angling which Master Isaak Walton has penned; but, methinks, that even he might become thy scholar, and learn more wisdom from thy lips. He is a truly good and virtuous man, that same Master Isaak. It chanced that some few days gone by, I met with and was made happy in the knowledge of a young gentleman, a pupil and dear friend of his. His name, if I remember me, is Cotton—aye, Charles Cotton; he is a poet of much taste, as also a brother of the angle. I have not met him since that day, though

I much desire his company. Pray, good Sir, has it ever been your chance to meet with Master Walton, or his pupil?"

"Marry, Sir, I will be free spoken with you, though you have caused my cheeks to redden with your words. He whom you praise—believe me, unworthily—now stands before you; and, methinks, I now may guess your name,—is it not, good Sir, Clark?—else Master Cotton has deceived me in his account."

"'Tis true, Sir, I am called Clark. But do I truly speak with the good Master Isaak Walton, whose mind all join in saying is imbued with the kindest and most honest spirit?"

"Such is, indeed, my name; though, good Sir, I cannot answer in the same manner to the latter part of your description. If by your favour I may bear you company for a few paces by the river's banks, I will bring you to a spot where we shall surely meet with Master Cotton, busy with his angle.—See, my rod and tackling are quickly put away;—and now I am prepared to walk with you to our friend."

The new acquaintances then proceeded for a short distance along the river, till a winding in the bank brought them suddenly upon the object of their search. The intimacy and strict friendship that existed between Isaak Walton and his disciple, Charles Cotton, was somewhat extraordinary. The former was of a grave and serious turn of mind; he conformed in a great degree to the religious and political feelings of the time. The latter was in heart and soul a cavalier, gay and thoughtless to a degree, and perpetually involving himself in difficulties, political and social, from which his ready wit, his many fine qualities, as well as his complete knowledge of the world, speedily released him.

In his usual gay and laughing style Cotton greeted his friend and acquaintance as they approached; he also laid aside his fishing apparatus, and joined the companions in their walk. They had now entered the old town of Waltham, and were proceeding to the adjoining village of Cheshunt. Here Walton and his friend purposed taking leave of the old man. They had to walk as far as the Thatched House, in Hoddesdon, and even then it was near the hour of sunset. But Master Clark would not suffer them to part so soon. He pressed them much to walk with him to his house, which was close by, and refresh themselves before they commenced their journey. In truth much entreaty was not necessary; the old man had completely won their hearts and excited their interest by his mild and gentle bearing. He brought them to his house, and led them through a noble hall into the small apartment which he generally occupied. This room was in itself a perfect gem. The walls and ceiling were covered with a panel and cornice of oak black as ebony, and carved in the most beautiful and wonderful manner. From the window they surveyed the river Lee, winding its course through fields rich with the glow of autumn, and the sun about to set without a cloud, completed as beautiful a picture as the eye could wish to rest upon. Around the walls were hung a few choice and exquisite paintings; among the number was a miniature of the unfortunate monarch Charles I. Before this picture of his unhappy master, the Cavalier took his stand and soon was lost in deep thought while gazing on that sorrowful and striking countenance. For a long time he continued thus transfixed, and when, at length, he raised his tearful eyes towards Heaven, as if to invoke either a blessing on his martyred Sovereign, or a curse upon his murderers' heads, his every look was arrested by an object which he beheld suspended in gloomy dignity above the royal picture, on which he had been gazing. A panel in the wall had been removed, and in its place had been inserted a full-length portrait of an armed man. A curtain of deep crimson silk, half-drawn across, partly concealed the subject of the picture, but the Cavalier saw enough to recognise in those stern features the lineaments of the man he hated most—the Protector Cromwell. His angry gesture and his exclamation of astonishment attracted the attention of his friends, who, till then, had been gazing from the window, and as his host approached, pointing to the picture, he called out in a tone of ill-suppressed indignation—

"Ha! Master Clark, methinks he must be a daring man who, in these days, when a Stuart is on the throne, allows yon traitor-regicide to disgrace his walls! By Heaven, I would do well to tear him from behind his silken curtain, and hack to pieces even the harmless wood that is accursed by his features. Pah! the traitor seems alive!"

"Yes," calmly replied the old man; "it is an admirable painting, and as such I now retain it."

"Painting!" cried the enraged Cavalier; "a curse be on the painting! a curse



lie heavy on the foul memory of yon vile man—deep curses light upon the souls of all who—”

“Hold, hold, rash man!” interrupted Master Clark, “beware of what you say; your curses may return on yourself, and cannot injure those ’gainst whom you utter them. Those whom you curse are not alike guilty—Cromwell himself was not the wretch you paint him. No, no!—even he was forced to bow before, and obey the dictates of a stern necessity. As for his family, upon whom you fain would pour forth your angry imprecations, I knew them well; and I thank God that they, at least, had no part in the death of that unhappy king.”

“What mean you, Sir, by such idle words? I know full well that they did not act the bloody part of headsmen; and, perchance, some did not look upon his execution. To this extent, it may be, they refrained, but no further; they advised his death—they prayed for his murder; and when the bloody deed was done they thanked Heaven *they* were supreme in England.”

“’Tis false!—’tis very false!” exclaimed the old man, now, in his turn, angered by the cruel words of his most unthinking guest;—“so far from doing so, they prayed, upon their bended knees, that the life of Charles might be spared. I know for true, that Richard Cromwell knelt at his father’s feet, and begged for mercy for his sovereign.”

“What, that viper, Richard—that fawning, cringing hound—that wretch, that only lacked his father’s courage to be as rank a villain? *He* beg for mercy for that martyr’d prince?—pshaw! Old man, you knew not Richard Cromwell.”

“I did—I did; I knew him well, alas, too well for my own happiness; for—O God, that I should e’er be punished thus!—I am he!”

The old man sank upon a couch, and, burying his face within his pillow, wept like a child.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was late at night when Isaak Walton and his sorrow-stricken companion took their leave of Master Clark. At parting, the old man said to them, “My friends, you have told me it was your purpose, with to-morrow’s sunrise, to travel to a distant part of England. Think of me while far away—think of Master Clark, of Theobalds—but forget that he was once a Cromwell. Fare ye well—we shall not meet again.”

When the Cavalier again returned to Theobalds, Master Clark was lying in its cold church-yard;—there at least he found the rest he never knew on earth.

C. M.

## HYMN TO THE RENEWING SPIRIT.

——“te fugiunt ventei, te nubila coeli,  
Adventumque tuum, tibi suavis dædala tellus,  
Submittit flores, tibi rident æquora ponti,  
Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine cælum.”

Lucretius.

As from its long night’s sleep, when breaks the morn,  
Roused by its mother’s kiss, a little child  
Springs laughing in its cradle; and the mild  
Eyes of the parent o’er her youngest born  
Shed love and joy; so from its winter bed  
The young year lifteth up its blooming head;  
The frozen blasts no more its senses steep,  
Burst are the ice-bonds of its death-like sleep,  
The Breath of Life moves over hill and vale,  
Broods o’er the waters, fills the balmy gale;  
And the Renewing Spirit, robed in rain,  
Crowned with bright sunbeams, hovers o’er the plain;  
Loosens the ground, unbinds the shrunken springs,  
And o’er the glad earth folds his healing wings.  
Hail to thee, Spirit, hail, the world laughs out,  
With life and mirth encompassed round about;  
Hail, Reproducer! the old year’s decay  
Strengthens the increase of the present day,

Woven from atoms that before have died,  
 Bursts to new loveliness the verdant pride ;  
 Their graceful heads the spotless snowdrops bow—  
 Pure trophies torn from Winter's sullen brow ;  
 As earth's warm breast new energies awake,  
 Like steadfast flames the crocuses outbreak ;  
 And the green blades with diamond dew are hung,  
 Like strings of gems round fairy falchions flung.  
 Spring forth, ye flowers, to bid the Spirit hail,  
 And smile in gladness forth, O Flood and Vale ;  
 Wake with your hundred voices waving Woods,  
 Ye eloquently wordless Solitudes ;  
 Swept by the spirit moving through the air,  
 Become prophetic as Dodona's were.  
 Bright hyacinths and violets arise,  
 And catch new azure from the beaming skies ;  
 Your fragrant bosoms primroses unfold,  
 Ye constellated stars of paly gold ;  
 And let those nurses of delicious dreams,  
 Reed-bordered brooks and many winding streams,  
 Wreath every ripple into sunny smiles,  
 And glide in music round their flowery isles.  
 Wild Spirit, soon will come thy promised bliss,  
 The wild rose ope her bosom to thy kiss ;  
 With scented snow the may be overcast,  
 Sweet as sweet youth, and, ah ! as quickly past ;  
 Let the loud thrush entone his mellow voice,  
 And bid the lav'rock from the cloud rejoice ;  
 Bound from the wave, ye ruby-studded trout,  
 And let the rushing streams with joy sing out ;  
 Crowned with bright clouds let every mount appear,  
 To hail the glories of the youthful year.  
 Lo, gladness girds each peak and fills each dell,  
 Its hum resounds above each honey-bell,  
 The plumed insects through the sunny air  
 Like sparks of sunbeams seek their nectar fare ;  
 A smile hangs over every budding tree,  
 And birds ring forth their ecstasy of glee,  
 And all are gladsome, save the lord of all—  
 No season sinks his brimming cup of gall.  
 O Spirit, vast and deep as Air and Night,  
 Grave on my heart thy passionless delight,  
 Let thy low whisper sink into my soul,  
 And a strong rapture through its caverns roll ;  
 Let no base thought thy sympathy destroy,  
 And chace its calmness with a vulgar joy ;  
 No common emulation, wish, or aim,  
 Make pale the brightness of its foodless flame ;  
 And though I may not cast this frame away  
 That bars the Everlasting in its clay,  
 And only gain at length the inner room,  
 By passing through the portal of the tomb ;  
 I yet may firmly chain within my breast  
 Aught that would break upon the spirit's rest,  
 And standing ever in thy light divine,  
 Serve with unfading love thy holy shrine,  
 And with a solemn conscience and serene,  
 Mark with unchanging brow this restless scene.

HERMES.

"Nullus in orbe sinus Bailis præluet amœnis."

Q.—What is Durham famous for ?

A.—Mustard, ribands, and old maids."

CHILD'S SPELLING BOOK.

ON the southern coast of England, and washed by the restless waves of the Atlantic, is a bay, blessed with a happy climate, and a spring of more than usual duration. Its hills are varied and captivating: now gently undulating in their "verdant pride:" now presenting their bold front to the storm: now waving with nodding woods and smiling bosquets: its vallies might rival those of the far-famed Tempe: the grass of its meadows could equal the luxuriance of the prairies of the west—the far-west—and its hedges hold out to the botanist, and the seeker of curiosities, many a herb and many a flower well worthy of a distinguished place in the cabinet of their rarities. Still, however much we may be admirers of nature and her gifts, it is not her paths that we at present intend to follow—the line of a talented writer:

"God made the country and man made the town"

was, in this case, verified to the life. Round the shores of this happy bay, in the good old days, were thinly scattered a few hamlets, unknown to any, save to some walking tourist, more adventurous than his brethren; whose primitive inhabitants passed their lives in the peaceful employment of agriculture, or in continual warring against the funny tribes of the deep. But, one spot there was, in this unexplored region, which seemed marked out by nature as the site of another Neapolis, and blessed with advantages but little inferior to an Italian climate. This spot we make the subject of our tale. Shut in by three hills, and fronting the south, it presented, at the time from which we date, but a few respectable houses, invitingly placed on the brow of its various hills: it boasted of but one inn, which monopolized the whole traffic of the place; it had two bathing machines, and one fiddler. They were happy days, those primitive days, and happy were they whose lives were spent in that unbroken retirement. The stock of unmarried ladies, though considerable, was neither overflowing nor alarming, and, though Paley has averaged the number of males to be, to that of females, in the proportion of nineteen to twenty, we may here be almost justified in affirming that the numbers of the respective sexes were about on a par. Adventurous students, from Oxford and Cambridge, at times sought out its retirement, and whiled away the tedium of a long vacation in the aquatic pursuits which the bay afforded, or in the society of the fair sex who dwelt among its hills; ships of war, too, often rode on its tranquil waters, or there found security from the pelting of the pitiless storm, and their officers formed no inconsiderable addition to the confined society of the place; from these two sources individuals were not wanting who could carry away some portion of the female part of the population, in other words, who could there mate themselves to their wish and pleasure. They were happy days, we repeat, those primitive days, when no foreign invasion had burst on the Aborigines of the soil, and no external builder had raised one stone or brick on the site of its undulating hills,—but still these children of the land were not without their round of amusements. Once a fortnight did the whole of the genteel population assemble at the only public room which the place could boast; dancing was started and kept up with extraordinary spirit from eight o'clock to midnight; and some self-constituted master of the ceremonies—either the bachelor beau of the spot, or the spruce lieutenant of some ship of war stationed in the bay—treated the company to innoxious refreshments and weak wine and water; introductions were here needless: all were seemingly of one family, and each man knew his neighbour. Ceremony was here at a discount, scandal unknown, gossip harmless; old maids were never owned to, or if ever any youthful damsel seemed verging into that condition, the change was but by slow degrees, and the consequence unproductive of evil,—peace and harmony reigned universal. If they did not meet out walking one day, they were sure to do so out riding the next, and, if not then, they could not fail to do so at "the room." Such was this Elysium, and such the blissful state of its inhabiting spirits.

But "a change came o'er the spirit of their dream"—audacious innovators marred the repose, and emboldened speculators broke in on the quiet of its solitudes. One by one the new houses arose, and new comers as gradually occupied them. Walks were enlarged—roads planned—streets formed—hills shorn of their wood—inns started up, as if by magic—and shops with huge glass windows ranged themselves in dazzling and

conspicuous rows. At first, the new comers were adopted, as it were, into the dwellings of the natives, looked on as intimates, and Trojan and Tyrian were held at no discrimination. But fast and furious did the new comers multiply; and changed and more changed were the spirit of their amusements. The meetings at "the room" were discontinued; the quiet tea parties died off; the whist table was silent; and the card party deserted. We willingly draw the veil over the various innovations and institutions which everywhere upreared their Hydra heads, and were propagated at every turn. Once more, however, do we raise the curtain, and what features does the last scene present to our eyes!—rows of buildings, stiff and stately; scattered villas, rural and unpretending; roads and walks; gardens and terraces;—all had risen by the enchanter's wand! But their inhabitants and pursuits, "*quantum mutata!*"—superannuated Indians, testy colonels, cheerful admirals, men whose employment and means of living it would puzzle a philosopher to define; old maids who played whist everywhere, and were never known to lose; young ones who danced everywhere, and were never tired out; ladies of doubtful age, but of importance in the commonwealth, whose fortunes and fates we shall just sketch:—they seemed filled with ubiquity—now here and there, negotiating introductions for particular friends they had never seen to houses of the highest respectability; they smoothed down difficulties between starched new comers and easy-going old dwellers of the land; they reconciled ruffled acquaintances; brought enemies of long-standing together; and were the bearers of all the scandal and gossip of events that had either occurred, or, as Dugald Mahony says, "might, could, should, would" have occurred,—they were, in fact, what the Phœnicians, we are told, were to the most remote nations of antiquity, and the means by which families were brought to the knowledge of others, of whose very existence they had formerly been unaware. As the tribes of the Baltic might, by the intervention of that seafaring nation, communicate with the Chinese, so by these indefatigable travellers many forlorn young ladies were made happy for a night, and many a bachelor, if quiet and unpretending, provided for and furnished with a dinner. To say that this spot resembled either Leamington, Cheltenham, or Bath, would be greatly to libel its character. It partakes a little of the three, but is marked by peculiar characteristics of its own, which separate it widely from either. Long, then, may it flourish in undiminished vigour and unknowing of decay. Long may its scandal be as undying—its old maids as plentiful—its young maids as blooming, and its society as diversified and as captivating.

CENSOR.

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#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Rusticus" is a *clodpole*.

We are afraid "Go-to-bed" must go to sleep, as we have unfortunately lost the copy.

We decline "Pope." "Noodle and Doodle"—and "Jam."

"V. I." would be very good, if intelligible.

It is requested that all Contributions may be sent in on the Friday previous to the day of publication.

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HERTFORD:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ST. AUSTIN & SON, BOOKSELLERS  
TO THE EAST INDIA COLLEGE.

# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

## PART V.

Liberius si  
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniā dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.*

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No. 4.] WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1842. [PRICE 6D.

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### ADVANTAGES OF MATRIMONY.\*

#### GENTLE READER,

I am the most unfortunate dog in the earth. I can scarcely describe to you how provoked I am to think that this is entirely owing to my own inexcusable folly, and my giving way to that worst of all the banes of human existence—Love. To cut the matter short, you shall hear the whole circumstance and judge for yourself.

I was fortunate enough to be named to an appointment in the Civil Service, and after passing through the College, I started for India, and on my road what do you think I did? why I fell in love with a pretty little governess going out with a gentleman's family to Calcutta. Marry her I would, and I *did*; and sure enough from that wretched moment every thing has gone wrong with me. Children coming upon me every year—my salary eaten up by the constant demands upon it—my wife a cursed termagant—my expenses have grown to such an extent, that my chance of being able to scrape up enough money to return home is impossible. What a fool I have been to marry!

Now let us analyse the subject. Let us see if one single advantage can possibly accrue from it. Consider the subject in each of the following three ways—interestedly, economically, and prospectively; and in every one you will find that marrying is the very worst policy that a man can hit upon. Is there comfort? Is there economy? Does it not retard your interests; eat up your income, and destroy your prospects? In all professions marriage is bad enough; the military man either has to drag about a wife and a parcel of children after the camp, or to leave them behind at an enormous expense. The lawyer finds that, while he is making money, his wife is spending it. The doc-

#### BENIGNANT PERUSER,

Behold in me the most unhappy man in existence; and what aggravates my pains is to know that I am the author of my own misfortunes. I was fool enough to sacrifice to Plutus instead of Cupid, and prefer self to Love. But I will tell you my story, and you shall form your own opinion.

Evil destiny condemned me to an East-Indian Civil Appointment, and to India after the usual preliminaries I went. On my road I was occupied too much with visions of rupees and appointments, to think of the softer passions. Throughout my whole life I had this one view only before me; and though my money affairs prospered, I always felt something was wanting to make me entirely happy; and it never struck me that want was a wife. The want of this increased as I grew older, and as it became less probable that I should get married, I have begun more and more to regret my not doing so; and I find now what a fool I have been not to get married.

Now let us take the matter in every point of view. Not one single advantage to be derived from ridiculous celibacy. An entire absence of comfort—the reverse of economy—your interest in every way impeded—your income does every go half the way it would—and your prospects are materially diminished. Our every line of life celibacy is an inconvenience. The soldier, without a wife to soften his military austerities, degenerates into a martinet, and has no more ideas than his bear-skin. The lawyer, who neglects marrying when he is young, becomes little better than a roll of parchment. The doctor, after his return from his fatiguing vocation, would find in a

\* The idea which suggested this article is not original; but as it has been entirely transformed the author hopes the public will excuse his plagiarism.—ED. NOTE.

tor finds after having spent his day in administering to the maladies of the neighbourhood, that his wife at home is labouring under a disease which all his sedatives cannot compose, viz : termagancy and an ill temper. The parson finds he has no time to write sermons, or patience to bear his wife's remarks upon them. The country gentleman finds himself compelled to leave his rural employments to play the fool in a London dining-room, and be cheated at cards by old turbaned dowagers.

But the inconveniences suffered by members of every profession are nothing, when compared to those undergone by an East Indian ?

He leaves his country with the hope of amassing a fortune, and returning to England ; to accomplish this object, strict economy and unflinching attention, are qualities absolutely necessary to acquire the one or the other—both I should have done—both I *have* not done—because I was dolt enough to marry. My annual income of rupees is falling off ; and my annual income of children is on a steady rise. I am a most unfortunate fellow.

But mine is not a solitary instance—if it were, I should not have troubled you with this complaint—many of my friends and fellow civilians have been equally unfortunate. Look at Richard Townley ; with a good share of talents and ability he entered the E. I. College, and distinguished himself very much, giving every prospect of making a useful and intelligent servant. Now, the first thing he does, is to marry the first girl he danced with in Calcutta ; the consequences were more serious to him than to me, as some influential friends had obtained for him the appointment of private Secretary to the Governor-General—the very best appointment he could have had—of course that was entirely impossible for a married man to hold. So he had the pleasure of thanking his wife for the loss of a good situation—in addition to this she turned out a regular scold and made his life positively wretched. So much for him.

Look, again, at my lamented friend, Thomas Marsham—he landed at Calcutta under favourable auspices, but he chose to get married, and, on his first appearance in public, was grossly insulted, as well as his wife, by an old admirer of her's whom he had supplanted ; the consequence was he fought a duel and was left for dead after the first round, leaving his wife in an interesting situation, and but for the Company's Widows' Fund, in starvation. So much for marriage.

snug fire-side and a wife, charms to repay him for his arduous exertions of the day. The clergyman finds that without a wife, all his charitable and ministerial labours are inefficient. The 'squire who neglects providing himself with a spouse, takes to drinking, smoking, and other vulgar amusements ; for the want of company he encourages low associates, and in a short space of time loses every claim to be called a Christian or a gentleman.

But the members of no class of life suffer so much, or so deservedly, from the want of a wife, as a Civilian.

He is compelled *volens volens* to leave his friends and relations—what then seems more rational than to take with him a partner of his journey, to be his friend and companion in a foreign clime ? What use is increase of salary, if you have nobody but yourself to spend it on, what use of money if you have no children to leave it to ? I speak from cruel and bitter experience—I am indeed a most unlucky individual.

If I were the only fool of my day, and had no companions in affliction, I should have kept my miseries to myself. But I see many of my friends have been as ridiculously foolish as myself. Look at William Mount Morris, he was neither deficient in capabilities nor interest ; and he gained no slight honours in the preparatory examinations, succeeded immediately to a good appointment, but, unfortunately, a false worldly wisdom, and love of gain seized him, which prevented him marrying a young girl, whom he had good reason to believe was favourably inclined towards him. In the course of ten years an influential friend who had lately married, offered him a valuable situation under himself, but when it appeared that Mount Morris was a single man, his friend backed out on the plea of it being impossible for him in his circumstances to allow a single man to be a constant visitor at his house.

Look again at John Rogers, with a good appearance and manners, he might have married any girl for asking ; but he chose, under an idea of independence, to remain a bachelor ; the consequences were, he got involved into a scrape which he had, doubtless, kept clear of, had he only had a judicious wife to regulate his motions ; his offence was thought so bad by the government, that he was dismissed the service, and is now a melancholy wretch, without a soul to care for him. So much for celibacy.

One more instance and I have done—Edward Murray was as fine a young fellow as you could wish to see, he got an appointment, but was unfortunately involved in a wretched *affaire de cœur*; his thoughts were upon his lady instead of Persian, and married bliss instead of half-yearly examinations. The consequence was, he was plucked—compelled to exchange his writership for a paltry cadetship—and has the satisfaction of exposing his wife, and half-a-dozen children, to the comforts of camp-following under an Indian climate. In addition to this the promotion in his regiment is so very slow that his term of service is scarcely half expired, when his college friends are returning home. So much for early engagements.

Let us reverse the picture. The young civilian enters upon his duty, unincumbered, he holds high appointments, which he obtains by putting his shoulder strenuously and determinedly to the work—he lays by money, returns to see his friends on his furlough—and finally leaves India with the satisfaction, that a well lined purse, and a contented conscience will always bring with it. He is then too old and wise to think of marrying; he takes a snug house in town, puts his name down for a Club, where he can always find a dinner and pleasant society. He never finds a single opportunity for regretting the choice he had fixed upon—and he trembles at the idea of what might have happened, had he been fool enough when he was young. He is able to subscribe to all the charities, and has money to spare to assist those who have been less successful in life than himself; he is adored by his nephews and nieces, who would go through fire and water in their disinterested attachment to him,—in fact, he is the jolliest old fellow in existence, and has no want which money and good temper can supply.

And to what does he owe all these good things, but abstinence from marriage? And I, poor wretch, am left, tied by the leg, in India; my debts hang round me like a mill-stone, my children torment me with their noise, my wife with her scolding, and whole ships would not carry me home, even if my creditors at Calcutta would let me slip, and I had money enough to pay the passage. So here I am, paying bitterly for my youthful folly. Take example, young civilians, and in the name of Fortune do

NOT MARRY.

I will give you one more example, and be silent—George Bruce had scarcely received his appointment when a rich young widow fell in love with him, and wanted sadly to marry him; however, George wished to see the world, and would not hear of being tied by the leg for life. To India he would go, and poor fool! he went; in the course of his first year he exposed himself so much to the climate that he fell ill and died of a jungle fever, with the satisfaction of knowing, that if he had been content to stay at home, he might have been living in a snug house, with an affectionate wife, and, by that time, a couple of children at least to amuse him. So much for refusing to marry.

Just look at the other side of the case—a young man is about to leave his country, what can he do wiser than take a wife, to soften the pangs of parting, and support him in his exertions; she gives him a new stimulus to exertion, she takes care of his money, and his health; at the close of his period of service he returns to England with a competency, not to find all his friends dead and buried, as he brings his best friend with him; he settles down with a comfortable establishment, in town or in the country, as it may be. His means always permit him to entertain a friend, he has always a snug fireside, and a cheerful welcome to greet him from his wife and children. He still has money to spare for those less well off, owing to the careful economy of his wife; he has no nephews or nieces looking anxiously for his death, in order that they may divide the spoil of their old *curmudgeon uncle*, for whom they feel no affection. Our married friend is always contented, and has everything about him which a competency, a wife and family, can produce.

Whence do all these comforts spring? Doubtless from a judicious and early marriage. Here am I, poor wretch, condemned to wretched celibacy, wandering about town, from Club to Club, not a soul to care for me, not a child to ask after me, tormented by my nephews and nieces, who would willingly kill me to get at my money; I am buying my experience bitterly, and ruining my cursed insanity. Remember what happened to me, young Writers, and in the name of Cupid make haste and

MARRY.

## THE EASTERN POETS.

IN that dark season when the autumn breeze,  
 With plaintive moaning sweeps the wither'd trees,—  
 When sadd'ning showers seem to drop the tear,  
 And sing their dirges for the fading year ;  
 As slumber's dead'ning spell had bound my soul,  
 And sweet oblivion o'er my senses stole,  
 I saw, methought, night's shadowy trains arise,  
 And all her phantoms don their mystic guise.  
 Back flew the gates of space.—I saw unfurl'd  
 The long drear ages of the hidden world :  
 I saw Time's vista all its dead unfold,  
 And thrice a thousand years before me rolled.  
 I saw the East her gorgeous dreams display,  
 Dispel Oblivion's clouds, roll Envy's mists away,—  
 Show all that after ages might adore,  
 The Brahmin's varied rites and deep-drawn lore.

First to my sight an aged sage appear'd,  
 In holy vestments and a hoary beard ;  
 His broad expanded brow, his eye of fire  
 Nor years can change, nor toils ascetic tire :  
 Those calm, cold, features and those wreaths proclaim  
 The lasting honours of Valmices' name.  
 Hark ! on my ears from 'midst th' attendant throng,  
 Bursts in full force the tide of living song ;  
 Ere this no eager bard had dared display  
 The martial numbers, or the tuneful lay ;  
 No poet roused the spirit of the deep,  
 Or waked the Muse of Poesy from sleep ;  
 Unsung, untold, unheeded ages past,  
 And kings had bled, and heroes breathed their last.  
 Then did Valmices rend the icy chain,  
 And lively Sorrow\* broke dull Torpor's reign,  
 Th' eternal verse from small beginnings grows,  
 New vigour gains, and lengthens as it goes :  
 Swift and more swift th' undying numbers roll,  
 And the broad river flows without control :  
 To paint in Heaven-born strains, in numbers free,  
 All that the hero and the son should be.

The song was hush'd ; I turn'd around to view ;  
 But as I look'd, the dazzling wonders grew.  
 There Calidasa's varied muse was seen,  
 His looks still fresh, his years for ever green.  
 To him is given to roam art's wide-spread field,  
 Try what th' Heroic, what the Drama yield ;  
 Draw Raghu's line, and all the kingly race,  
 Or walk the stage, and changing passions trace ;  
 Soft when Love moves, with sterner spirit cold,  
 Impassioned, tender—roused by war-notes, bold ;  
 Form'd by his Muse on mystic deeds to dwell,  
 Or paint each passing shade, each moving picture tell.

Next, a still form, in whose grey locks appears  
 The deep set traces of a hundred years ;  
 I kneel—'tis he ! whom sacred tones inspire,  
 To kindle flames of more than mortal fire ;  
 Attendant sprites the holy Vedes rehearse,  
 The mystic sign, the ever-hallow'd verse,  
 The pious gift, the ceremonial rite,  
 Dread Superstition's first faint glimmering light—  
 The lasting bonds, which still their sway maintain,  
 And hold o'er minds an undisputed reign.

Lo ! softer sounds attract my listening ear,  
 And woven chaplets, blushing wreaths appear ;



In minstrel guise, his lyre around him hung,  
 Quick o'er the strings his fingers Hafiz flung;  
 Not these the notes which e'en the coward impel,  
 Which share the triumph, or which hymn the knell;  
 Not his to sing of noble deeds in arms;  
 His every strain he gives to Leila's charms—  
 Leila, whose name his only joy to praise,—  
 The oft-told theme of all the lover's lays.  
 Not Sappho's burning fire, nor Flaccus' flame,  
 Can show a purer or a nobler aim,—  
 Luxurious Ovid pour a sweeter song,  
 Or gay Tibullus gentler tones prolong.

Next bolder accents love's soft dreams displace,  
 And warriors' armour Beauty's roses chase;  
 Firdusi comes—he once again renews  
 The Eastern scenes in all their varied hues;  
 He sheds the pearl, the ruby makes to shine,  
 And rifles gems from dark Golconda's mine:  
 Now simply grand, now swelling volumes pours,  
 Now fires in boldness, now majestic soars.  
 But all is hush'd;—no spirit can resume  
 The voice which wraps the silence of the tomb—  
 No pow'r recall the song which once has ceased,  
 Or wake again the Homer of the East.

O! could the slave whom deadening evils sway,  
 To fawn on vice, and lawless power obey;  
 Could he but but feel the Spirit of the free,  
 The pure, immortal soul of chivalry,  
 The magic spell, the talisman that fires  
 The rising youth to emulate their sires—  
 That guides the poet's pen, the warrior's steel;  
 Impels the free to dare, the serf to feel;  
 Acts on the peasant, animates the king,  
 Gives zest to life, and takes from death its sting.  
 Then, from where Cashmir spreads her flow'ry vales,  
 Or far Ceylon sends forth her spicy gales;  
 Where Jamna glides, where sacred Ganga flows,  
 There in her might had Asia met her foes;  
 Stripp'd of those arts whose fetters clog the mind,  
 Then had her sons to nobler aims combin'd,  
 Then other names had graced the giant scroll,  
 And other deeds had blazed in glory's roll.  
 Another race had fought in freedom's fight,  
 Another Marathon had proved the right;  
 And thence each patriot heart had felt the flame,  
 Whose first light kindled at the Grecian name.

CENSOR.

\* The origin of the Sanskrit verse, and the equivocal of the words "shloka, grief," and "shloka, a distich," must be familiar to every reader of the Ramayana.

† Krishna Dwaipayana; the "Vyasa," or arranger of the Vedes, and of the Maha Bharata.

"Ternarias etiam fauces, alta ostia Ditis,  
 "Ingressus."

VIRGILIUS.

INHERENT with the idea of an existence after death has been in every people the belief in a state of future pain or happiness. The rude and dissonant fantasies of heathen nations upon the place and manner of future punishment will be found to coincide with, and throw light upon, the customs, character, and climate of each particular race. A slight sketch of the principal heathen Hells, whether of antiquity or the present day, will here be given—and to commence with our forefathers. The same gloom and horror which characterise the legends and superstitions of the modern Germans, were no less eminently displayed in the old Gothic religion with its stern and relentless deities. Before we touch upon their terrible Hells, one remarkable

fact claims our attention. They believed that not only the earth and its inhabitants were doomed in fullness of time to be destroyed and pass away, but also that the heavens and the gods themselves were destined to share the same fate, and to be replaced by a new and all-powerful Deity, who had nothing in common with Odin or his race; a new and more beautiful earth and inhabitants was also to appear. The Stoics\* seem to have entertained a similar opinion, probably derived from the Scythians. The Hell that existed *before* this consummation was termed Niflheim (the home of the evil). This was a place consisting of nine worlds, reserved for those that died of disease or old age. Hela, or Death, there exercised her despotic power: her palace was Anguish; her table Famine; her attendants were Expectation and Delay; the threshold of her door was Precipice; her bed Leanness; she was livid and ghastly pale, and her very looks inspired horror. From this description, we cannot wonder that the Scandinavians should make war their only business; since, in addition to the ignominy of a peaceful exit from life, such was the receptacle for all who perished by any other than a violent death.† The second Hell, destined for the new world, was called Nastrond (the shore of the dead), which is thus described:—"There is," says the Edda, "an abode remote from the sun, the gates of which face the north, poison rains there through a thousand openings. This place is all composed of the carcases of serpents. There run black torrents, in which are plunged the perjurers, assassins, and adulterers. A black-winged dragon flies incessantly around, and devours the bodies of the wretched who are there imprisoned."

The situation of this place of punishment indicates the frozen country of its believers, and there seems something prophetic in the description, as from the nature of the crimes specified, it is adapted for a more advanced state of society than that for which the more ancient Hell was prepared.

It is necessary to bear in mind that in origin, language, customs, and especially in religion, the Gothic and Celtic nations were widely different; the foregoing descriptions apply entirely to the Gothic tribes, but the creed of the Celtic nations who inhabited Britain and Gaul was Druidical, and wholly unlike. The Druids taught, and the Celtic nations believed the metempsychosis or transmigration of souls from one body into another. This is positively affirmed by Cæsar. (Lib. vi. c. 14., vid. Diodor. Sicul. lib. v. c. 2, Val. Max. lib. ii. c. 6.) There can be little doubt that the Gauls derived this doctrine from Pythagoras, as they all concurred in avowing their teacher to have been called Samotes, a name evidently traceable to the Sage of Samos. Not one of the four grand sects of Theistic philosophy, the Pythagoreans, the Platonists, the Peripatetics, and the Stoics, believed in the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments; it follows, therefore, that neither did the Druids. In numberless other particulars the Celtic religion was opposed to the Gothic. The latter seldom sacrificed human victims; the former, as is well known, did frequently, and in large numbers together. The Druids venerated the Oak and Mistletoe; but in the Gothic mythology, if any tree seems to have received particular attention, it is the Ash; and as for the Mistletoe, it is represented in the Edda rather as a contemptible and mischievous shrub. The Druids concealed their doctrines with a remarkable air of mystery, forbidding that they should ever be committed to writing; and upon that account, not having so much as an alphabet of their own, they used the Greek alphabet (Cæsar, vi. 14.) In this the institutions of Odin and the Gothic Scalds were the very reverse. No barbarous people were so much addicted to writing, or ever held letters in higher reverence, and their mythology is constantly displayed in all the songs of their Scalds, just as that of

\* See Seneca, in the passage where he describes the conflagration of the Universe; declaring, that not only shall the Sun fall from Heaven, and the Northern and Southern Poles crush all that lie beneath them, but proceeding to say,

"Cœli regia concidens,  
Ortus atque oblitus trahet;  
Atque omnes pariter Deos  
Perdet mors aliqua, et Chaos  
Et mors, et fata novissima  
In se constituet sibi,  
Quis mundum capiet locus?"

† So remarkable and noted was the bravery of the ancient Scandinavians, that Bartholine wrote a very curious treatise, still extant, entitled "De mortis contemptis inter Danos causis."

the Greeks and Romans is in the odes of Horace and Pindar. There never existed any institution in which there appears less of reserve and mystery than in that of the Gothic and Scandinavian people. From a single passage in an ancient ode it appears that the Metempsychosis was not utterly unknown to the Scandinavians, but was held by them to be fabulous; "*Credebatur antiquitus homines iterum nasci, illud vero nunc pro anili errore habetur.*" In this one instance they probably copied the doctrine of the Druids. The Welsh doctrines, which were the same as those of the Druids, may be seen in the Triads of Bardism, 12, *et seq.*

The Tartarus and Hades of the classic nations are too well known to need particular descriptions. Homer, in the *Odyssey*; and Virgil, give ample details; the latter evidently distinguishes between Purgatory and Tartarus. But a full explication of the meaning of the Classic Hells is given in Warburton's *Divine Legation of Moses*, book ii. sect. 4, in which it is clearly shown that the descent of Æneas into Hell, as related by Virgil, is only an initiation into, and representation of, the shews of the mysteries. The same author, book v. sect. 6, also proves, "that the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments is not to be found in, nor did make part of, the Mosaic Dispensation."\*

The places of reward and punishment, amongst the American Indians, were many and various; each tribe had its own peculiar Hell. The Indians ascribe, as the reason of this diversity (for all the tribes believe in the same Supreme Deity), the implacable hostility of their different nations, which would neither suffer them to inhabit the same Hell nor the same Paradise. The Happy Country of the Dahcotahs is crossed by a very high rock, the edge of which is as sharp as the sharpest knife, the good cross it safely, but the wicked fall down to the Evil Spirit who awaits them below; here is a remarkable resemblance to the Mahomedan *Al-Sirat*—their punishments consist in being compelled to carry heavy burthens, and other menial offices—cowards are doomed to eternal warfare, with the shades of the enemies from whom they fled—the disobedient to their parents are chained to an ever-whirling wheel, exactly resembling that of Ixion.

The Delaware Heaven was termed the City of Souls, and the punishment of the wicked consisted in hovering, for ever, around its walls, and beholding the joys they were never to participate in.

The creed of the Blackfoots was very peculiar; the souls of both good and bad inhabit the same Paradise, but the wicked are continually haunted by the phantoms of the persons or things they have injured. If a man has destroyed his neighbour's canoe, or his gun, or his bow and arrows, the phantoms of the wrecks of this property obstruct his passage, wherever he goes; he sees, every where, the bow, self-drawn, ready to impel an arrow pointed at his breast; the gun, ready poised; the canoe, sinking beneath him; if he has been cruel to his horses and dogs, they are permitted to torment and hunt him down; he sees a gun before him, and the shade of a stag nipping a phantom shrub; he attempts to fire, and the gun has changed its position—the muzzle is pointed towards his own breast—he thus passes an existence of continual misery and disappointment.

The Happy Country of the Chepewyans is the Island of Souls, lying in the Lake of the Waters of Judgment; each soul arriving upon its banks finds a canoe of white stone, fastened by a rope of sand. On pushing off, in proportion to the crimes of the voyager so much does the canoe sink and remain immoveable; the good reach the island in safety, but the evil remain immersed to the chin, and without being able to advance, are fated to gaze for ever upon the delights of the good—condemned to struggle, till the stars shall cease to shine, in unavailing efforts to reach the blissful island. The Chepewyans have also some faint notion of the transmigration of the

\* The Rabbins (see Sale's *Koran*, page 72) afterwards taught that there were seven distinct apartments in hell, with an angel acting as warden over each. They also taught that the wicked will suffer a diversity of punishments, and that by intolerable cold as well as heat, and that their faces shall become black, and that they will be delivered thence when sufficiently purged by Abraham or some other of the prophets. The creed of the Magians resembled that of the Jews; but they only allow one angel, whom they name Vanâud Vezâd, to preside over all seven. They believe the punishments to be proportioned to the crimes, and that it is inflicted by extreme cold, stinging serpents, wild beasts, tormenting of devils, and the like; for they do not admit fire, through their veneration of that element. The Sabæans believed that the souls of wicked men will be punished for 9000 ages, but will afterwards be received into mercy.

soul; if a child be born with teeth, they imagine it to be some person who had lived to an advanced age, and then assumed a renovated life; they also believe that departed souls can enter the bodies of birds, &c.

The Knisteneaux say that a vast river bars the entrance to the Land of Souls, and that upon the hither edge lies a dog of immense proportions, which attacks, indiscriminately, all who attempt to cross; the good are assisted by the Great Spirit to overcome the dog; but the bad, conquered by him in the conflict, are incessantly worried by him thereafter; the passage of souls is farther opposed by the shades of monstrous and horrid forms, but the fear they excite is their only power, as they are but empty shadows.

Amongst the Andirondacks the souls of those who proved cowards in battle were said to assume the shape of eagles, which were condemned to dwell for ever upon a small island, immediately below the Falls of St. Anthony, and their sense of hearing was so exquisitely refined, that the shaking of the bat's wings was louder to them than thunder to an ordinary man; what, then, must be the ceaseless roar of that mighty cataract, "which flies upwards in foam and spray, farther than an arrow impelled by the toughest bow, and bent by the strongest arm?"

The ancient Mexicans, who (as the Indians are believed by some to be the lost tribes), are reputed to be the expelled Canaanites, believed in a peculiarly pleasing Paradise, whose principal characteristic consisted in its exceeding glory and radiance; they also held that the souls of their chiefs and warriors became bright clouds and birds of sweet song, the very essence of whose enjoyment was light and sunshine; their Hell therefore was the reverse of all this; it was called Mictlan, "which they conceived to be a place of utter darkness, in which reigned a god called Mictlanteneth, Lord of Hell, and a goddess named Mictlancihuatl. I am of opinion that they believed Hell to be a place in the centre of the earth, but they did not imagine that the souls underwent any other punishment than what they suffered from the darkness of their abode. Sigienza thought the Mexicans placed Hell in the northern part of the earth, as the word Mictlampa signified towards both."—*Clavigero*.

(To be Continued).

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*The Reports of the "Debating Society" are respectfully declined.*

*The Adventures of "Adam Skinton" are too personal; "As you were," Tom Dorset, The "Freshman" ought to think twice before they put pen to paper.*

*The next Number will be the last of the Term. The Editors trust that the number and length of Contributions will enable them to make it a double one.*

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TO THE EAST INDIA COLLEGE.

# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

## PART V.

Liberius si  
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniã dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.*

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No. 6.] WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1842. [PRICE 6D.

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“VALE.”

OVID.

THE modern Aristophanes of our day, the talented and humorous author of *Pickwick*, has shewn his intimate knowledge of human nature in many of his characters; in their sayings and their various traits; but in no one point has he displayed this knowledge to greater effect than where he makes the debtor of some fifteen or twenty years standing in the Fleet, so violently afraid at the turnkey's threat of excluding him from what had been his home and his fireside so long, as to confine himself entirely to the precincts of the prison, and never to be seen outside its walls again. And although we cannot boast any such remarkable affection for what has been our prison and our Fleet for the last two years, still we confess that the thoughts of departure now so near, have induced something like a qualm over our conscience; that some shade of regret has flitted across our mind; that, like the debtor, we almost shudder at the period when the great gates of the college shall be slammed on us for good, and their hinges creak on us for the last time. But amidst the various feelings which are crowding upon our recollection without an effort of memory, none perhaps holds a greater share, and more deservedly, than the Magazine, of which the present is our final number. To this we look back with feelings of unmixed delight and unalloyed pleasure: through it we have held communication with our fellow-students from the tranquil silence of the closet; we have participated in invisible conversations; bestowed advice unseen; and maintained a hidden intercourse. We have stood by and chuckled whilst the voice of censure was being raised high against ourselves, and the arrows of sarcasm directed at our latest efforts. We have no less had our ears tickled with unconscious praise, and listened to the words of spontaneous approbation; in a word, whilst engaged in the mazy toils of oriental literature, in the fascinating problems of mathematics, or the garbled and knotty trials of the law, it has ever been our relaxation and refreshment to turn to the pages of the *Observer*, and there forget, for one minute at least, our trials and our anxieties. We should not by any means have intruded our private (and therefore uninteresting) sentiments on this subject to the notice of the community, were we not confident that we were but re-echoing the feelings of a great part of our fellow students, and that be their delight on ending their college career ever so unfeigned, be their satisfaction and success as complete as their hopes, still surely these must be tempered by the thought, that they have met together for the last time, that the body of which they have formed a part, must soon be disjoined and scattered abroad; its members dissevered never to be united again; its amusements, relaxations, all past and irrevocable; its very absurdities and hardships, the cause of so much ridicule and so much complaint, now soon to be numbered with the things that have been; and dim and unstable and broken recollections all that remain of the place where their education, so far as compulsory, is brought to a close.

PART V.

G

Distance and space may do a great deal for the ugliest picture of the painter, or the most barren landscape that nature ever produced; and thus when time's fugitive course and a period of years shall have given some indistinctness to events; when our hairs shall have grown grey by age, our faculties dimmed, and our activity and strength impaired, then perhaps we may look back on the period just passed, with eyes to which the distance lends enchantment, and remembrance with its whole tide of recollections, as pure and as warm as ever, may imbue in its hallowing colours the image of our college life. This may seem far-fetched to many whose one hope has been that they may get safe out of college with all imaginable speed; and our aspirations have of late been by no means to the contrary: but when we look forward to acting to the life all that we have ever read about leave-takings, farewells and departures, we feel assured that the place in which we have last assembled together, and where we have witnessed such chequered scenes, will not suggest feelings wholly of disgust or dislike, and that some pleasing recollection, be it ever so brief or so faint, will help to illumine the picture, and the dark side of circumstances be not the one ever present to our view. For our own part we are confident that whatever be our hopes and fears at present, such will eventually be the state of our feelings: no jarring chord intervenes when we think of the satisfaction which the Observer has afforded us: the artist who hugged his violin in his arms when the ship was on the point of sinking, as the most precious thing he possessed, could not have evinced a greater degree of affection than we acknowledge for the little volume whose numbers have grown under our eyes in such arithmetical progression; it has whiled away many a tedious hour, and served as matter for conversation on several occasions, where any other material was totally deficient. It has connected us with *two*, mention of whom is needless, but whose recollection will be associated with all that is pleasing of Haileybury; and, further, with regard to our fellow students, if for one minute we have engaged their wandering attention—if we have "made languor smile,"—engendered for an instant a more cheerful disposition, or smoothed the contracted brow and the wrinkles of anger; nay, if we have suggested one sober thought, or stayed the vagaries of fancy, then has our labour been repaid ten-fold, and we rejoice, while speaking that word, which must soon be spoken with far more earnestness—Farewell.

CENSOR.

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Some of the following lines are a translation from Kalidasa's *Sacountala*, or the *Lost Ring*: the rest are suggested by the narrative and characters introduced into that Drama.

See in the East Day's earliest herald gleams,  
 In the far West sink Cynthia's silver beams  
 Beyond those sacred hills—while kindred night  
 With the bright morn maintains unequal fight;  
 And cannot man the secret moral draw  
 To trace his varying fate in Nature's law?  
 Can he not learn that Fortune's prosperous ray  
 Will dawn at length to gild her rival's day?

The moon is gone—and on his golden throne  
 The Sun's high majesty now reigns alone:  
 All nature smiles, while 'neath the dewy shower  
 In its soft petal shrinks the tender flower,  
 Like some fair maid, whose unpropitious lot  
 Has doomed her heart to love and be forgot;  
 Who joy and happiness must all forego  
 To droop unpitied 'neath a weight of woe!

In these dark groves from step profane remote  
 Nature's wild choristers now pour the note;  
 The blossoms open to the morning dawn,  
 And from the brake starts up the timid fawn—  
 The peacocks now their golden pride display  
 To sport and flutter in the opening day;  
 And while th' ascetic chaunts his matin prayers,  
 The holy maidens ply their daily cares.

How happy is the sylvan maiden's fate !—  
 No toils of poverty—no cares of state  
 Her simple thoughts with pure devotion share,  
 Nor sear her bosom with a load of care.  
 With peaceful ease her minutes glide along,  
 In grateful labours and harmonious song.  
 'Tis her's to mark the slowly falling hours,  
 To roam the wood, and cull the fairest flowers,  
 The sacred altar with such gifts to deck,  
 Or stand attentive on her master's beck ;  
 The task performed, and grateful labours o'er,  
 To some cool shade she flies on Jumna's shore,  
 Where many a rare exotic plant entwine,  
 And those fair charms to shield from heat combine.  
 In vain the emulous Nelumbium vies  
 With the deep lustre of those lotus-eyes ;  
 In vain the Madhavi with clustering bloom,  
 In vain the Kesara with rich perfume ;  
 The lordly Amra bows its stately head,  
 And the Asoka blushes deeper red :  
 All Nature's pride, that decked her fairy bower,  
 Droops with diminished charms, and owns superior power.  
 But when the sun its burning ray recalls,  
 And the long shadow on the dial falls,  
 Exhausted Nature then her pity shares,  
 And drooping flow'rets woo her tender cares ;  
 For her through glades celestial murmurs float,  
 The Chakravaka pours its latest note—  
 For her the sylvan deities unfold  
 Their silver tendrils, and their buds of gold,  
 And all the rural shades and forest green  
 Bow to her charms—and own her for their queen.

But when Candarpa with his bee-strung bow  
 Invades that heart which knows no other foe,  
 When fancy first with rapture undefined  
 Unlocks the hidden treasures of the mind—  
 The fates transplant her from her native glen,  
 To blow still brighter 'midst the haunts of men ;  
 So the wild Padma leaves its native air  
 To deck with sweeter bloom the rich parterre :  
 Go then she must. Blow, blow, ye favouring gales,  
 To waft her footsteps from her native vales ;  
 Ye forest trees extend your sacred shade—  
 Be your last honour to your favorite paid.  
 Nymphs of this sacred grove, your sorrows own,  
 Your friend is lost—Sacotala is gone.  
 And at this moment can she rightly tell,  
 What thoughts tumultuous in her bosom swell ;  
 Can she decide—unfettered though her will ;  
 To leave those dear, or that one dearer still ?  
 And now that evening's hallowed time is nigh,  
 And Kamudeeni fills the silver sky,  
 Thrice, as the Vedes command, she bows her head,  
 Thrice round the hallowed altar she is led  
 In Kama's honour, thrice her aged sire  
 Scatters the offerings in the sacred fire ;  
 Nor does the hermit maid omit to lave  
 Her members in the sacred Jumna's wave.

But haste away—enthroned in regal pride  
 Thy lord awaits the coming of his bride—  
 On high behold th' imperial chattrah spread,  
 The gorgeous chowries wave around his head—

That circlet robbed Hímálaya's proudest mine,  
 And all Golconda in those armlets shine—  
 Concentred there all India's riches gleam  
 From Ravee's banks to Bhagarithy's stream.  
 Then haste, obey thy lord's imperious calls,  
 To reign supreme within the Harem's walls  
 In undisputed joy—from thee shall spring  
 The head of Pouru's line, and India's King.

Ω.

## MEMORIES.

Πολλὰς δ' ὁδοὺς ἔλθοντα φροντίδος πλάνοις.

SOPHOCLES.

As from their long and dreary ocean-flight,  
 Over the desolate bosom of the main,  
 Spring's winged harbingers return again ;  
 And round their former genial homes alight,  
 Hoping, as when in summer's season bright  
 They fled and left them without weather-stain  
 Or tempest-rent, that so they will remain ;  
 But with rough winter's fierce and stormy might,  
 Find but their wrecks all wither'd, crush'd, and torn,  
 So to our youthful day we oft return,  
 And find that green oasis all forlorn ;  
 And thoughts that ere-while made our bosoms burn,  
 Like wither'd skeletons 'mongst many a thorn,  
 Warn us how sad life's lessons were to learn.  
 Behold ! how desolate—before—behind—  
 And far around—Palmyra's ruined fane  
 Stands in the silence of the Theban plain—  
 A fane whose deity like a passing wind  
 Hath with its worship faded from the mind.  
 A fell hyæna and her brood retain  
 The place whence oracles once spoke—in vain—  
 Dull loathsome weeds in rank profusion twin'd  
 O'er the once holy altar cling and creep,  
 So memories that once were all-divine,  
 Within the heart's dark cavern buried deep,  
 Feel the god vanish'd from the inmost shrine,—  
 The altar choked—its worship now no more—  
 And we left lonely on the Unknown Shore.

HERMES.

"Ténarias etiam fauces, alta ostia ditis

"Ingressu."

VIRGILIUS.

(Concluded from page 37.)

It would be but an unprofitable waste of time to record *all* the rude and undigested notions concerning the future Abodes of the Wicked, which the fears, superstition, or deceit of man, have imagined or invented. A general view of them will be amply sufficient, especially as those which remain—the Hells of the Eastern nations—are already pretty extensively and generally known. A plurality of Hells seems to have been a general idea in almost all quarters of the globe, its well-spring is most likely the Hindoo creed, Odin and his Ásen, or Asiatics, no doubt brought it from Asia to the icy climates of the North ; even the monkish writers, and the wild visionaries of the middle ages had their frozen, fiery, solitary, and watery Hells, or divisions of Hell. In Africa the Caffres admit thirteen Hells and twenty-seven Paradises, where every person finds a place suited to the degree of good or evil he has done, whilst every form of material religion in Asia is eminently noted for the multitude of its habitations of pain and misery. In that strange and wonderful blending of Paganism,



Hebraism, and Christianity, which the enthusiasm and genius of a single man—a camel-driver of Mecca—spread so widely, and established so firmly; we find a complex system of punishment, the germs of which are chiefly discoverable in the Hindoo and Hebrew traditions. According to the Mohammedan belief, though part of it, in this particular, has been interpolated since Mahomet's time, the earth is supported upon the shoulders of an angel, whose size and stature are known to God alone. This angel stands upon an ox, which is again carried by a huge fish swimming in the Ocean of Eternity. These gigantic animal supporters of the world evidently point to an Hindoo origin. The descriptions of the ox and the fish are good exemplifications of the peculiar manner in which Eastern writers convey an idea of immense proportions. Jesus, say they, had heard of this fish, and entreated God that he might behold it. Upon this, God ordered Gabriel to convey Jesus to the shores of the sea, where he at first saw nothing. All at once the fish darted by, like a flash of lightning, and though the fish darted by in like manner for three whole days, yet Jesus saw not the end of it. There are also forty other worlds, angels, oxen, and fishes, each forty times larger than the other. What lies beneath the Ocean, as also the site of Hell, are both uncertain. Some say beneath the Ocean is the abyss; beneath the abyss the fire; and beneath the fire a huge serpent or dragon, who, if he were not restrained by the fear of God, would with a single motion overthrow fish, ox, angel, and world. When God created this vast serpent or dragon, he said,—open thy mouth, and I will give thee something to keep. The snake opened his mouth accordingly, and God placed Hell within him, and commanded him to keep it till the day of judgment. In the oriental tale of “Jamaasp” we find this expression, “Hell, *that vast animal*, breathes only twice in the year: once in summer and once in winter, and hence proceed the piercing cold and excessive heat.” This huge monster has some resemblance to the great Midgard-snake of the Edda, which, tail in mouth, girds and keeps up the whole created world.

Hell itself is divided into seven apartments, one below the other, with a thousand years' journey between each. The first is Jehenna, destined for wicked Mohammedans and unrepentant sinners; the second, termed Lazi, or the Whirlpool of Fire, is the abode of unbelievers; in the third Jahim, or the Boiling Cauldron, dwell Gog and Magog, or, according to others, the Christians; the fourth, Sair, or the Glowing Fire, is allotted to the Sabeans, or, as others will have it, to the devils and accomplices of Eblis; to the fifth, Sakar, or Hell, go the Magians and those who neglect prayer; to the sixth, Hajim, or the Fire Passage, the Jews and Idolaters; and all agree in allotting the seventh, Hâwyat, or Abyss, the lowest and worst of all, to the hypocrites.

Al Arâf is a kind of purgatory, or wall of separation between Paradise and Hell, and writers greatly differ as to the persons who are to be found there; some say the prophets and martyrs, others those whose good and evil works exactly counterpoise. The breadth of Al Arâf cannot be very great, as the blessed and the damned can hold conversation across it, and its inhabitants in their turn with both. The Koran is very explicit in the punishments to be endured by the wicked both before and after the judgment-day. After their inquisition by the two terrible Examiners, Monkir and Nêkir, if their answers be not satisfactory they will be beaten on the temples with red-hot maces till they roar for anguish so loud as to be heard by all, from east to west, except men and genii; they will then be gnawed and stung till the resurrection by ninety-nine dragons with seven heads each, or, as others say, their sins will take palpable and visible shapes, hideous in proportion to their enormity, and these horrible companions will chase all rest from the grave till the last day.\* During the judgment, which some say is to last no less than fifty thousand years, the wicked will be immersed in a wonderful and incredible sweat, which will reach to the knees, middle, mouth, or ears, according to their demerits; the sun, also, will be no farther removed from them than the distance of a mile, or (for the word is ambiguous) of a bodkin; so that their skulls will boil like a pot, and they will be all bathed in sweat. The good will be protected by the shade of God's throne, but the wicked will be so miserably tormented, that they will cry—Lord deliver us from this anguish, though

\* These notions were probably borrowed from the Jews, who say that the Angel of Death coming and sitting upon the grave, the soul immediately enters the body and raises it on its feet; he then examines the corpse and strikes it with a chain, half of iron and half of fire; at the first blow all its limbs are loosened, at the second all the bones are scattered, and at the third the body is reduced to dust and ashes, and returns into the grave.—*Smithius. De morib. et instit. Tucar.*

thou send us into hell-fire. This fable of the sun's heat is taken from the Jews, who affirm, that for the punishment of the wicked on the last day, that planet will be drawn forth from its sheath, in which it is now put up, lest it should destroy all things by its excessive heat.

After the examination on the Judgment Day is over, both good and bad must cross over Al Sirat, that perilous bridge, which is thinner than the thread of a famished spider, and sharper than the edge of the keenest sword; the true-believers cross swift as the wind safely into Paradise, to which it is the only access, but the wicked fall headlong into hell that yawns below. Of the nature of their hell-torments we may judge from the description of Jehenna, which is reckoned the most tolerable of all. It consists of seventy thousand mountains, each containing as many valleys, each valley contains seventy thousand towns, each town seventy thousand castles, each castle seventy thousand houses, and each house seventy thousand pains of fire. Many of the monkish fables seem to have been partly derived from the Mohammedan superstitions, and the Valley of Tophet closely resembles Jehenna. It is thus described, "I see a valley of fire and a city stately with towers, all red and glowing from the furnace-heat; a river of flame rushes through the midst, and crowds of men and women are driven to bathe in it by shapes which nature has trembled to create and left undefined; a melancholy cry comes up from that dolorous place, and upon it the angry Heavens are casting down the linked thunderbolts." In the monkish chronicles, indeed, we find very many traces of the traditions and fancies of other creeds; we even find reproduced the asphodel meadow of classic belief; also something similar to the article of Mohammedan faith, that a man's sins take an outward and hideous shape to torment him in the grave. An unvarying point in the creed of Mahomet, evidently derived from the Jews, is the balance wherein all things shall be weighed; it will be held by Gabriel, and its two scales, one of which hangs over Paradise, and the other over Hell, are capacious enough to contain both Heaven and Earth. The Persian Magi also held a similar opinion. In the vision of Thurcillus, Paul is represented as weighing souls with Satan. The Apostol has two pure gold weights, and the devil two black and sooty ones, and whenever his weights prevail he seizes the soul, and plunges it, horribly howling and cursing the day of its birth, into the pit which flames up behind him, while the angels who surround the Apostol lament and shed celestial tears. Under a purer creed the site of Hell has frequently been a source of discussion and difference; the primitive Christians conceiving the earth to be a large extended plain, and the heavens an arch drawn over the same, took hell to be a place in the earth, the farthest distant from the heavens, so that their hell was our antipodes. Tertullian, *de Animâ*, represents the Christians of his time as believing hell to be an abyss in the centre of the earth, which opinion was chiefly founded on Christ's descent into Hades, Hell. Matt. xii. 40. Whiston held the comets to be so many hells, appointed in the course of their trajectories, or orbits, alternately to carry the damned into the scorching confines of the sun, and then returning to starve them in the cold, dreary, dark regions beyond the orb of Saturn.

The Reverend and orthodox Mr. T. Swinton, in an express "Enquiry into the Nature and Place of Hell," not contented with any of the places hitherto assigned, contends for a new one. According to him the sun itself is the local hell. It is probable that he was led to this by that passage, Rev. xvi. v. 8-9, at least the hypothesis is not original, for Pythagoras places hell in a sphere of fire, and that sphere of fire in the centre of the universe. Aristotle also mentions some of the Italic School, who placed the sphere of fire in the sun, and even called it Jupiter's Prison—*De Cælo*, lib. II. Mr. Swinton undertakes to remove hell out of the centre of the earth, from these two considerations,—first, that a fund of fuel or sulphur, sufficient to maintain so furious and constant a fire, cannot be there supposed; and, secondly, that it must want the nitrous particles of the air to sustain and keep it alive; and how, says he, can such fire be eternal, when by degrees the whole substance of the earth must be consumed thereby? But Tertullian has obviated the former of these difficulties, by making a difference between *arcanus* and *publicus ignis*, secret and open fire; the nature of the first being such, as not only not to consume, but repair what it preys upon. The latter difficulty is solved by St. Augustine, who alleges that God supplies the central fire with air, by a miracle. Mr. Swinton, however, shows from Moses that the central parts of the earth are rather possessed by water, Exod. xx., Psalm xiv. v. 2, &c. As a further proof, he alleges the want of room in the earth's

centre for the infinite hosts of fallen angels and wicked men. Drexelius fixed the dimensions of hell to a German cubic mile, and the number of the damned to an hundred thousand millions—*De Damnator. Carcer.*—But Mr. Swinton will not admit of such insufferable crowding, and denies the penetration of dimensions to be good philosophy. “If it be,” says he “why should God make a prison for them, when they might all have crowded together into a baker’s oven.” His arguments for the sun’s being the local hell are, first, its capacity and heat; he is “filled with amazement to think what Pyrenæan Mountains of sulphur, how many Atlantic oceans of scalding bitumen, must go to maintain such mighty flames as those of the sun, to which our *Ætna* and *Vesuvius* are mere glow-worms.”

Secondly, its distance and opposition to the empyrean, usually looked upon as the local heaven, such opposition well answering to that opposition in the nature and office of angels and devils, of hallelujahs and cursings, of glory and honour, and the distance quadrates well with Dives seeing Lazarus *afar off, and the great gulf between them*; which he takes to be the solar vortex. Thirdly, that the empyrean is the highest, and the sun the lowest place in the creation, considering it as the centre of our system, and that the sun was the first part of the visible world created, which agrees with the notion of its being primarily intended or prepared to receive the angels; whose fall he supposes to have immediately preceded the creation. Fourthly, the early and almost universal idolatry paid to the sun, which suits well with the great subtlety of that spirit, to entice mankind to worship his throne. Beside the opinions of Aristotle on the nature of the sun, Mr. Swinton had probably never read a book, which, if true, entirely upsets his elaborate arguments: the title of the book is as follows, “*A Treatise on the Sublime Science of Heliography, satisfactorily demonstrating our great luminary the Sun, to be absolutely no other than a Body of Ice, by Charles Palmer, Gent.*” Many other imaginings on this dark subject there be, which, as they were never articles of general or popular belief, cannot be brought forward in this article. Fain would I follow the mazes of that “mystic unfathomable song,” the *Divina Commedia*, and catch sufficient strength from the strong wings of that mighty Inspiration, to give some faint reflection of that “fiery snow without wind,” which falls on them there, slow, deliberate, never-ending! and that other sublime conception, the Mountain of Purification, “a noble embodiment of a true noble thought.” Neither should the rapt and enthusiastic reveries of Jacob Behmen, and the wild visionary sublimity of Swedenborg, be unmentioned. Both profess to describe Heaven and Hell from actual observation. The New Testament represents Hell as a *lake of fire and brimstone, and a worm which dieth not*, &c. Divines reduce the hell-torments into two kinds, *pœna damni*, the loss and privation of the beatific vision; and *pœna sensus*, the horrors of darkness, with the continual pains of fire inextinguishable. Topographical descriptions of hell, fabricated to their own ideas, were once favourite researches among the zealous defenders of the popish church. There is a treatise of Cardinal Bellarmine, a jesuit, wherein he appears to possess all the knowledge of a land-measurer among the secret tracts and divisions of “the bottomless pit.” He informs us that there are beneath the earth four different places. Hell, which is the deepest; next to it, Purgatory, containing the same fires and torments as hell, the only difference consisting in their duration; next to Purgatory is the limbo of those infants who die without having received the sacrament; and the fourth place is the limbo of the Fathers, that is to say, of those *just men*, who died before the death of Christ. But since the days of the Redeemer, this last division is empty, like an apartment to let. Oldham, in his “*Satires upon the Jesuits*,” alluding to their “lying legends,” and the numerous impositions they practised on the credulous, writes thus:—

“One undertakes, by scales of miles, to tell  
 “The bounds, dimensions, and extent of hell;  
 “How many German leagues that realm contains;  
 “How many hell each year expends  
 “In coals, for roasting Huguenots and friends.  
 “Another frights the rout with useful stories  
 “Of wild chimeras, limbos, Purgatories,  
 “Where bloated souls in smoky durance hung,  
 “Like a Westphalia gammon, or neat’s tongue,  
 “To be redeem’d with masses and a song.”

A.

## CRICKET.

On the Tuesday previous to the publication of this Number, a voluminous parcel was left in Mr. Austin's shop, at Hertford : when examined, it was found to contain a Poem of exactly two thousand five hundred and sixty-eight lines in length, on "Cricket." With respect to the author, Mr. Austin would not give us the slightest information, stating that he was bound to inviolable secrecy on the subject ; we could, therefore, elicit nothing save that he was small and compact in stature, well made, and wore the regular costume of flannel inexpressibles and a straw hat. From the immense length of the contribution, all of which was in the heroic metre of Pope, it was at once obvious that any idea of admitting it as a whole, would be vain and absurd ; to select a stray passage or so was deemed fitting as a tribute to the unwearied endeavours of the author, unknown ; who, as Mr. Austin inadvertently let out, besides his straw hat, wore an eyeglass, and carried in his hand a neat ash stick. After giving the example of "Somerville's Pleasures of the Chase," as a precedent for a lengthy poem on field sports, the author thus breaks into a description of an indefatigable cricket-player.—Ed.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Keep but our reading, and let Jove incrust  
 "Bats, balls, and stumps, with an eternal rust ;  
 "And yet for books and paper 'tis a bore  
 "To leave off cricket, and to play no more :"

Thus speaks some scholar, whose uncertain will  
 'Twixt two extremes hangs undecided still,  
 To this and that he turns his eager view,  
 And knows not which to leave, or which pursue ;  
 Would fain, if possible, the two combine,  
 And sighs to think he must the one resign !  
 Not so the man whose undivided fame  
 For five long years has hung upon the game :  
 St. John, the skilful, and the strong—whose soul  
 Has bowed to cricket and its sweet control ;  
 Whose judgment ripened with his growing age—  
 Not read in books, but read in Nature's page,  
 Has scanned each feature—rang'd o'er every part ;  
 'Tried every ruse, and learnt each cunning art.  
 There see him stand in indolent repose,  
 While health's bright flush in every feature glows  
 Tranquil just now : but mark the kindling eye—  
 The heaving chest—the neatly rounded thigh—  
 The nervous sinewy frame—th' expressive face,  
 And all the gifts that should a hero grace !  
 Well chosen he the lagging youth to inspire,  
 Rouse failing strength, and lingering ardour fire,  
 To prop the fortunes of a tottering state ;  
 Great in his innings, in his fielding great :  
 Firm to withstand the first ball's thrilling shock,  
 And knowing when to hit and when to block ;  
 As skilled in practice, as in theory's law,  
 This rising ball to cut, and that to draw,  
 With eager eye to scan the well-placed field,  
 And judge the tale of runs which every hit may yield.  
 Nor less, when answering to the outward call,  
 The length to measure with the circling ball,  
 He lifts the globe, and levels with his eye—  
 His waist well girt, his person raised on high ;  
 This side or that, as quick as changing thought,  
 He drops it over, or he drops it short ;  
 In one short glance the hitter's power describes,  
 Each tempting ruse, and each manœuvre plies ;  
 Cautious and cool the downward game to view ;  
 Humour the tempers of his changing crew.

When fortune frowns, to avoid the lowering shade,  
And when she smiles, to doubt the flattering jade ;  
A stoic's mind and stoic's frame to bear,  
Untouched by joy, and unapproached by care.

O learn this lesson, and let smiling May  
These wholesome precepts to thy heart convey :  
A tempered soul by long experience wise,  
To fall unmoved, and more unmoved to rise :  
Successful, moderate—patient under ill—  
Nor heap vain pretexts for a want of skill.  
Imbibe the truth that actual life bestows  
More precious far than all which fancy knows ;  
A manly frame—a cheerful heart combined,  
Both health of body, and content of mind :  
Thus friends and foes alike thy praise shall ring,  
That noble aims from humble sources spring,  
With reading men and moralists agreed  
Some good effects from such a cause proceed.

CENSOR.

### GASTON DE FOIX.

———— Gaston mécontent de sa femme, la quitta l'année 1373. Il fait ensuite arrêter son propre fils. Charles-le-Mauvais, à qui les crimes étaient si familiers, avait remis à ce dernier un paquet de poudre, dont l'effet, disait-il, devait être de rapprocher Gaston de son épouse : cette poudre se trouva être du poison. Le jeune prince, trompé, mais non coupable, refusa toute nourriture, et mourut dans sa prison, frappé à la gorge, d'un couteau, par son père, qui lui reprochait de ne pas manger. Gaston mourut subitement au commencement d'Août de l'année suivante, comme on lui versait de l'eau sur les mains, au retour de la chasse à l'ours.—

LALLEMANT.

Gaston de Foix, the flower of chivalry,  
Why on the earth is fixed his downcast eye ?  
Why is his brow deep lined, his raven hair  
White with the snows, time hath not planted there ?  
Why heaves the sigh suppressed from his seared heart ?  
Why doth he walk in solemn gloom apart ?  
Despair undying in that breast doth dwell,  
Which vain remorse hath tortured to a hell ;  
Not Hope herself would listen, dared he pray,  
E'en Mercy from his prayer would turn away.  
No time can heal the deed which he hath done ;  
He stands on earth—the murderer of his son.  
The chase ! the chase !—aught that may leave behind  
Remorseful memories of the sleepless mind.  
The bear is roused—away ! for life  
The huntsman dares the desperate strife !  
Gaston, the bravest of his court—the first  
Upon that fearful quarry's lair hath burst.  
But when no more excitement fires his heart,  
Dark Memory's accents summon him apart.  
The chase is sped—the prey o'erthrown—  
He turns away—to be alone.

Night falls unheeded by that stricken chief  
Who in the forest's gloom to hide his grief  
Hath gone alone. Lo ! near a castle stood :  
Familiar was each spot of that wild wood,  
Even from boyhood's days : whence, then, had birth  
Those solemn walls, that, dream-like, rose from earth ?  
Red lights its casements' hollow eyes illumed,  
Glimm'ring from far, like meteors o'er a tomb.

Is it a phantom pile, or demon den,  
That silent fabric? or the haunt of men?  
No wardour hears his bugle-horn; none wait;  
No page attends him at the opened gate;  
Through lonely halls he wanders—each more bright,  
When, lo! the banquet meets his dazzled sight;  
Long tables spread, with golden cups are crowned,  
But where the guests, who should have crowded round?

He gained the dais-seat: "Ah! now," he cried,  
"Would that my son attended at my side!  
"Smiling, as once he stood, while ever nigh  
"With the bright ewer, and the welcome eye:  
"I could die happy; death itself were dear  
"If that my son—my murdered son—were here!  
"Hark!—a low sigh—an echo from the tomb—  
"A spectre now glides towards me from the gloom—  
"A lambent light round his pale brow expands,  
"His lips are livid—blood is on his hands;  
"His eyes—his sightless eyes—glare on me now,  
"My son! my son! I feel that it is thou!  
"Thou hold'st the bowl as thou wert wont; yet why  
"Dost thou transfix me with thy stony eye?  
"I plunge my hands within—ha! warm the flood—  
"It is—oh, God! it is thy reeking blood!  
"What means this horrid deed? Oh! art thou come  
"From high to tell me silently my doom?  
"Angel of mercy, sent from Heaven thou art,  
"To still the fire that preys upon my heart—  
"I feel a coldness creep throughout my veins,  
"This—this is death—and these ensanguined stains  
"Shall purify my soul, until it be,  
"At God's dread throne, atonement made for thee.  
"Dost thou depart? or is't my failing sight?  
"All round is chill and darkening into night.  
"Yet, ere thou turn'st away, one prayer fulfil—  
"Say, if thou can'st, that thou dost love me still.  
"He smiles!—he looks the love he cannot tell.  
"I die—I follow thee—my son—Farewell!"

X.

---

### THE BIRTH-NIGHT OF SHAKSPEARE.

Soft Avon, by many a turret and town  
Thy silvery waters glide peacefully down—  
By many a hallow'd and time-honour'd fane,  
Through many a far-blazon'd valley and plain.

Proud Warwick's grey battlements glass'd in thy wave,  
Recall back the ages of spear and of glaive,  
And thy stream rolling onwards thro' Evesham's rich vale,  
By Tewkesbury's field tells a blood-darken'd tale.

But never a valley, though pleasant to see,  
And never a castle, far-famed though it be;  
Hath blown forth thy glory so wide over earth,  
As Stratford, and He who from thence drew his birth.

A spell o'er thy waters hangs starlike that night,  
Thy blue curling wavelets dance on with delight,  
And a whispering murmur of joy proceeds  
From the plumed crests of the quivering reeds.

Strange shapes are seen in the silent hour  
 Haunting the nooks of each verdant bower,  
 And many a spirit of earth and air  
 Comes to weep for *his* memory there,

And the Fairy-people with dance and song,  
 In solemn pageant the banks along;  
 Honour beside *his* holy stream  
 The immortality of a Dream.

No knoll of the valley, no star-spangled wave,  
 No deep-shadow'd forest or rock-bosom'd cave,  
 But hears the low whispers of wailing and grief  
 Breath'd forth by the forms who couch under each leaf.

His worship may fade from the hearts of men.  
 It shall live 'midst the dwellers of forest and glen,  
 In *their* hymns—though mortals may pass away—  
 Shall He be remember'd for ever and aye.

T. B. M.

### " FUNERALS PERFORMED HERE."

(SHOP SIGN.)

A man liveth, and his friends are glad—a man dieth, and the world doth rejoice.  
 A king liveth, and his son panteth for royalty—the king is dead, and the son reigneth  
 in his stead.

The possessor of lands liveth: his heir saith, " One day these will be mine," and  
 pineth till that day be come. The lord of lands dieth, and his heir saith, " These are  
 mine," and is glad.

A needy man liveth: they that are his friends say, " We must needs support this  
 " man, would he were dead"—he dieth; they are freed of their burden, and rejoice.

Men die, and the furnishers of funerals count their gains. A rich man lieth on  
 the bed of death, the man of funerals chuckling saith, " Surely this man was rich, for  
 " he lived prodigally and had many friends, he must go largely attended to the tomb,  
 " many carriages, many horses, many men, will carry him to the grave."

Yet of all these that attend him will not one remain to lighten the darkness of the  
 sepulchre, or to guard his body from the worms that live on its corruption.

An honest and poor man changeth this sad world for a better, and what now saith  
 the men of sable liveries. " This man was needy and destitute, few will bear him  
 " company in his last journey, and my gains will be small."

In the house of death is darkness and mourning; and the heir, before men,  
 weareth a sad countenance, and presently stealeth away and laugheth, for the  
 inheritance is his.

And people attend the funeral of a king:—if he have been an evil one, the land  
 rejoiceth, and that joy is just—for an unrighteous sovereign is a plague-spot upon the  
 earth;—if his rule hath been without reproach, yet will men bore their heads, and  
 while they recite his virtues, will they speculate, whether his advisers shall abide in  
 office—whether the counsellors of the old king shall continue in the confidence of the  
 new one.

In the house of the dead rich man mourners will assemble, and, while they weep  
 his loss, will look anxiously for the reading of the will, and estimate his goodness by  
 the sum of the possessions he hath left. Gold moisteneth the eyes of mourners.

In a neighbouring land, whose people are justly famed for warm and sincere  
 affections, do we not find such scenes as this? The body lieth as if in state—a cry  
 filleth the air, it is the wail of the *practised* mourner, and poetry with its parent  
 music are in the sounds; the sounds have ceased, and others arisen in their place—  
 and are these sounds of woe? Judge! Hear you not the laugh, the song of mirth,  
 the clash of drinking vessels, shouts of festivity in the solemn night, a revelry that  
 mocks the dead? And there lies the corpse, and they will not think it reproacheth  
 them, though not many days have passed since the man who now is dead moved  
 among them, and discoursed with them.

But again; the body of the rich man must not lie beneath the base sod, to be  
 trodden under foot by the chance passenger. No! he must have a structure of  
 marble or stone to protect him from the cold, and the rude blasts of winter. Ha!

a marble or stone casing for that delicate body, which once spurned the richest silks, the softest cloths. And perhaps too, his narrow demesne is fenced round by an iron rail. And this for a dead man is a splendid lot. But what availeth the stately marble, the solid stone, unless there be some inscription to show in whose honour such a work hath been reared.

And to this end will some complaisant friend weary himself in producing a strain of harmonious verses; and when he hath concluded, you will find a catalogue of virtues that would do honour to the memory of one of the patriarchs of old.

And he that passes by will scoff at the inscription, or some casual acquaintance will observe, and stop and ponder whether this may be the same sinner that he used to know when living.

Perhaps, many ages after, the curious antiquary will anxiously examine the date and form of the characters, or even marvel at the quaintness of the language; but will he care to read *who* lies or did lie beneath? or, having read, will he believe what is written there, or treasure it in his memory? And these blazon a man's death—mourning that is but a solemn mockery, a profitless sepulchre, an unheeded epitaph.

I ask no meaningless funeral pomp—no prancing steeds—no mutes—no nodding plumes—no gorgeous pall—no marble sepulchre. My hearse shall be the shoulders of my friends—my monument a simple grassy mound—my memory be graven in the hearts of those who knew me well, and who survive me.

Εψιλον.

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HOR. LIB. VI. CARM. II.

Persicos odi nimium libellos;  
Mitte sectari ratione tortas  
Barbarâ voces, et inexplicandæ  
Dissona linguæ:  
Pone me siccis Orientis oris,  
Fervidum torré jecur—et propinqui  
Aureo tingant faciem colore  
Lumina solis:  
Ne tamen sedes precor has reductum,  
Me sopor rursus male dormientem  
Cogat ægrota medicos nefandæ  
Fallere voce:—  
Te voco, cui fata dedere functos  
Horridâ Manes cohibere virgâ,  
Indicum tu nos grege luctuosâ  
Ducis ad Orcum:  
Tu potes palmam dare—tu catenas  
Rumpis, ambagesque, et operta Juris;  
Te sage demissa vocat patenti  
Nostra juvenus:—  
Gratiam tantos, Deus, ob favores  
Rite perpendens Ego non litabo  
Farra, nec conspersa molâ juvenca  
Stabit ad aras:  
Has tamen chartas, manibusque linguæ  
Vix satis tritum voveo libellum  
Persicæ—quocum valeas jocose  
“Vellere” Divos.

Ω.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*The “Goose” is too personal.*

*“The Translation from Faustus” is not original.*

*“The Anti-Regicide” has allowed his loyalty to run away with his better judgment. We are sorry to be compelled to decline “The Solitary Man.”*

*The present is the last Number, of this Term.* We beg leave to thank our Fellow-Students for the liberal and spirited manner in which they have contributed the fruits of their literary toil, in aid of our humble endeavours to amuse.

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## P R E F A C E.

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THE Editors having come to the determination of altering, in some respects, the system hitherto pursued in the publication of the *Observer*, it has been deemed advisable to form into a Second Volume, those detached numbers already published upon the original plan.

The alteration in question has not been decided upon unadvisedly or without due consideration, and the Editors feel gratified in being enabled to state that, as far as they possess any means of judging, their adoption of this new arrangement appears to have met with general approbation and encouragement.

One, and not the least important, of the objects they had in view was, in future, by the periodical issue of a Yearly Volume, to obviate somewhat of the inconvenience—as regards arrangement and facility of reference—of necessity attendant upon the publication of Half-yearly Parts.

As in the former Volume, an index of reference will be annexed, and the Second Volume of the *Observer* is issued to the Public with the hope that, though somewhat prematurely brought into existence, it may at no time be judged unworthy of a place beside its predecessor, or as having in any degree detracted from the measure of ITS established reputation.

*September, 1843.*



## **Editorial Committees.**

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*September—December, 1842.*

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**MORETON JOHN WALHOUSE.**

**WILLIAM MAPLES.**

### **PART II.**

*February—March, 1843.*

**BARROW HELBERT ELLIS.**

**GEORGE JACKSON CHRISTIAN.**

**WILLIAM STEWART BEATSON.**



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# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

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## VOL. II.—PART I.

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Liberius si

Dixero quid, si fortè jocosius, hoc mihi juris

Cum venià dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.*

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No. 1.] WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1842. [PRICE 1s.

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AMONG the various pursuits of mankind, and of youth in particular, one of the most remarkable, as well as most common, is that of killing time. No sooner has the aspiring youth cast off his boyhood, and, as a man, started on the journey of life,—no sooner has he entered the gates which open to him the gardens of the world, than he is attacked by the dragon Ennui, which lurks in the very portals, and inflicts most lingering torments. He cannot loiter among the flowers and sunny spots of life—they become clouded and dreary—he hastes forward full speed towards old age—and his sole study is how to kill time,—his only thought in what way it may the more quickly wing its flight. And various have been the means sought to accomplish this desirable object, this acme of ingenuity. Some men take to smoking, for 'tis soothing, they say, driving away evil spirits—the restlessness which the want of employment creates. Others betake themselves to music, and blest or unblest by nature with a soul for gentle sounds, produce various strange notes from instruments of every description, to the partial accomplishment of their own wishes, but to the utter misery of sober-minded persons, and the pest of the poetic dreamer, and the speculative philosopher. But *one unfailing remedy* has never yet been discovered. At no time of the year is this want felt more than at the present, and the now approaching winter. We have given up our nomad habits and become a stationary population; our wanderings by the hill and stream are over, and we are compelled to shut ourselves in during the long dark evenings—and the river, the field, and the woods, are exchanged for small rooms, curtains, and easy-chairs. But still, the two great principles of human nature, which we are told had so much influence over the ancient Nomads, driving them to wander among barren hills and dreary wastes, teaching them to feel most happy when lording it over their little kingdom of wives, children, and beasts, and rendering them unfit for a stationery population;—these two still remain, namely, the dislike to labour, and the dislike to restraint. We love not to cram our head with classics, mathematics, and orientals; we like not to be shut in. The evenings are long, they are dreary, time flies heavily, its wings are slow and sluggish; hence comes the consideration, how can we make it fly faster—how make it pass pleasantly? It is at this time that we have once again given our little periodical to the public, trusting that whatever its merits or demerits may be, it may still afford some amusement, some occupation, and lend its aid towards the accomplishment of that grand desideratum—the means of killing time:—that it may awake some interest or laughter in the readers; that it may occupy a few leisure moments of the writers, making them pass pleasantly; and to afford some motive for them to collect their transitory thoughts—the bright ideas, which if not quickly caught, pass away never to return—and which will please them hereafter to look back

upon, even at an advanced period of life, as memorials of early thought, the freshness of the youthful imagination. We do not ask any one to give up their favourite pursuits, their profitable employments; we do not ask the smoker to lay aside his pipe, but as he watches the smoke curl gently upwards, twining itself into all sorts of fantastic wreaths, may he not raise on the tobacco clouds some little fairy land, some airy structure, even as the day-dreamer forms mountains, castles, and giants, from the varied masses in the summer sky; we do not ask the worshippers of Bacchus to desert their goblet, for many a bright idea, many a flash of wit, lives in the sparkling bubbles, which rise gaily to the surface; we would recall to them the saying of Horace:—

Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,  
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potioribus.

But let them remember the ancients indulged in the poetry of drinking; they crowned their goblets with wreaths of vine leaves, and odorous flowers; they placed bright chaplets on their brows, mixing the joyous with the gay and beautiful; they quaffed, surrounded with the poetry of the creation. Can we wonder, then, that their entertainments gave rise to such beautiful ideas, as the praises of Love exhibit at the convivium of Agatho,\* where the wise, the young, and the gay, strove as they quaffed to praise most eloquently that most powerful of divinities. We would recommend this example. Let every one remember that the wells of the sweetest waters are often found by chance,—that the brightest and purest fountains are discovered by raking away a few dried leaves,—a small portion of sand; that the fall of an apple suggested to Newton his wonderful system; let them therefore search, they know not their capabilities. The varied scenes around them may suggest subjects, and a light thought will give foundation for a fair and goodly structure. Let them also remember that in after life, when the steep of ambition have been scaled, when most of those now collected within the same walls will be scattered over the broad plains of India,—when fate has placed some on the heights of success and fame,—it may recall pleasant thoughts and happy times to look back at our little "Observer," and think of him with whom we have been there connected; and the thoughts of days gone by, and of those with whom we used to mix in daily communication, will awaken feelings that may soothe pain, or sweeten pleasure, but will not fail of bringing before us our distant home, and the thoughts and dreams of youth.

Our periodical has been compared at times to a frail bark launched on the stormy sea.—We have begun a new voyage, we have weighed anchor, we have steersmen at the helm, we can direct the ship's course, but cannot fill the sails;—we invoke, therefore, favouring breezes, the assistance and good-will of our fellow-students; and if we reach port in safety, our voyage successful, we will hang up our *vestimenta potenti maris deo*—we will offer our  *votiva tabula*, containing the record of our success—our little magazine—to the public, decked in the publisher's best colours, in gratitude for our safety from the storms and tempests of the ocean of popular favor.

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### FUGITIVE PIECES.

#### CHILDHOOD.

Brightly fair and blythely gay!  
Cloudless as a summer day,  
Wreath'd with flowers of every guise,  
Crown'd with all that life can prize;  
Purest but most transient gem,  
That glitters in man's diadem,  
Where a few love jewels glow,  
'Mid the dross of pain and woe.  
Childhood! happiest hour on earth,  
Born of woe yet clad in mirth,

\* Vide Plato's Symposium.

Natal hour of all we love,  
 Emblem of our hopes above !  
 Sweet the smile whose fairy grace  
 Mantles o'er thy laughing face,  
 Lights with life the beaming eye,  
 Careless, artless infancy !  
 Fleeting hour ! how soon delight  
 Waves her golden wing in flight :  
 With her hope and fancy leave  
 All they labour'd to deceive.  
 Soon thy smiles in tears are lost,  
 And thy joy by sorrow cross'd.  
 Soon thy gladness fades away,  
 As the gleam of sinking day,  
 And, its meteor pathway o'er,  
 Gilds the waste of life no more.

X. Y. Z.

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### THE HOUSE OF CONAL.

"The raven himself is hoarse  
 That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
 Beneath my battlements."

MACBETH.

THE close of the fourteenth century is one of the most stormy periods in the turbulent history of Scotland. The distinction between the Gaelic race and their Saxon neighbours existed in full force, and the different character of the two people thus placed in the immediate vicinity of one another, their opposing interests, their military habits, and all the dark passions of hereditary hatred and treasured revenge which a long continued period of civil warfare cannot fail to engender, combined to effect the distraction and disorganization of the country.

It was on an autumn day of this period that two mountaineers were seated in one of the humble cottages which then constituted the habitation of a Highland gentleman. The elder of the two wore the usual dress of the country. His whitened hair fell unconfined on his shoulders, and his unfurrowed brow showed him a man who had past unharmed through the storms which must in those dark times have raged around him. His companion had fewer summers, but his life, though short, had been one of turmoil and danger, and his brow gave token of thoughtfulness beyond his years, until his eye lighted up with interest as he listened eagerly to the story which his host was evidently relating.

"It is with pain, stranger, that I recall these days of happiness, when I reflect how fallen are now the fortunes of the house of Conal. 'Tis much, however, to obtain even sympathy in our misfortunes. Our late chieftain left but one kinsman to protect his daughter and the honor of his house. Ian Conal, the orphan son of a distant relation, had been the playmate of the Lady Margaret in her childhood, and his generous temper, his bravery, and many other virtues, had destined him in the eyes of the chieftain for her future husband. Margaret had even regarded him with affection, but a mad ambition soon took possession of her soul, and alas ! her fiery temper could little brook guidance in either good or ill. The sway of her hereditary domains, and the unbought love of her devoted clansmen, became as nothing in her eyes,—she sighed to move among the minions of the court, and to swell her train with the plumed and mail-clad followers of the southern noble. An opportunity was not long wanting. In revenge for some foray of the clans, the Lord of Brackley led a troop of spears into the heart of our mountain territory. His eye fell on the wide domain and impregnable towers of Conal, and he found their mistress willing to exchange the wild home of a chieftain's daughter for the vicious and luxurious mansions of the Saxon court. In fine, this parasite, this menial of the king, bore away with her own consent the descendant of our ancient chieftains ; and the fealty, though not the love of her people, is now transferred to the stranger—the enemy of our race. Well—the Lady Margaret for awhile forgot alike her home and the honour of her ancestors amid the glittering splendour and hollow gaiety of her new residence, but anon the neglect of her lord and the haughty contempt of her associates revived in her breast the half dead pride of her race, and she pined for the free air of her native mountains, and the despised home of her ancestors became again the object of her love and the centre of her affections. The consent of her husband was easily obtained, and she returned to the house of her fathers, disappointed in her hopes, and stript of the illusion to which she had sacrificed all."

"But the youth, Ian," interrupted the Stranger ; "knowest thou what have been his

fortunes since the desertion of his mistress, and the loss of his inheritance?" "He loved but too truly," replied the old man, "and now could ill bear those scenes which recalled his former happiness. He fled, and has since become a wanderer and a stranger to his home. O! that he would return, but, alas! long years have elapsed, and he may ere this have perished on the Saxon spear! Our hopes, indeed, lie withered in his grave." "He lives!" exclaimed the Stranger, with eagerness, "lives to protect—aye and to revenge. Has no suspicion of the truth flashed upon your brain? Old man, I am he!"—"Ian, my son,—my chieftain," cried the hardy mountaineer, as he flung himself at the feet of his new found lord, and passionately embraced his knees, "my brain is indeed grown old, and mine eyes become dim, when I could no longer recognise thee, the star of my hope, the prop of my declining days."—"Wonder not, old man, for who could recognise in this care-worn brow the thoughtlessness of boyhood, who, in this joyless eye, the gaiety of youth and hope! Think not, however, that 'tis mine own wish which has thus recalled me. No; time and the remembrance of her perfidy have torn the veil from mine eyes, and every thought of love has long since found its grave in my now cold heart. But the vassalage of my house to the treacherous Saxon haunted my mind, and the cry of my oppressed people struck home to my heart 'midst the din of the battle—where I lifted the brand for a cause not my own—stole upon me, whispered softly in the sleeplessness of the midnight chamber, or in the lone walk smote stunningly on my ear, reverberating in the countless echoes of the mountains. I obeyed the call, and devoted all my energies to revenge. I sought the castle, and in disguise obtained an interview with its mistress. To my complaints of her treachery to her people—for of myself I spoke not,—her own degradation and that of her race she answered but with mad professions of affection, which I could no longer return, and which seemed to my heart unhallowed mockery falling from the lips of one who had become the bride of another. I remonstrated in vain; I strove to assure her that such hopes could exist no more; I urged her to quit her shameful state of dependance, to throw herself upon the unshaken attachment of her clansmen, and to devote her future life to repair those grievous wrongs which she had already inflicted on them. For a moment she spoke not, but my eye met her's, and I felt myself rooted to the spot by some strong fascination—the blood in my veins chilling with horror—as the tones of her whispered answer fell on my ear with all the awful distinctness of thunder. She suggested—what I dare not speak, scarce think of. Oh! old man, if thou wouldst avert from the house which has sheltered thee, ignominy—to which all its former disgrace were as nought—speed to execute my commands. Brackley returns to-night,—nay, has returned ere this. Hasten to collect around thee the choicest of our youth. In the confusion of their unguarded vassal we may scale the cliff. The task were then easy to penetrate into the castle, to bear away the daughter of thy chieftain from those halls now desecrated by the presence of the Saxon, and to rescue her from that to which death itself would be joy indeed. Haste thee, old man,—life or death, hope or despair, hang on thy success. Beneath Cathullin's Rock expect me, there the arched rifts of the Hero's Cave will afford us concealment. Haste—haste—farewell!" The old man had listened with breathless interest to this recital. At its conclusion he drew his plaid tightly around him, snatched his claymore from its resting place, and grasping the hand of his chieftain, without a word, hurried forth to execute his mission. Ian Conal watched for a moment his path as he descended the mountain's side, then following him passed forth into the open air.

There is something of stern and wild solemnity in the closing evening of an autumn day. The sun no longer sinks to its rest in the stately majesty of midsummer, but with reddened disk and lurid atmosphere plunges into the abyss of ocean, hurrying to its refuge like the trembling and conscience-driven soul of the guilty man. Such an evening was this, and while Ian gazed upon the broad bosom of Loch Awe, and beheld the lowering clouds which hung upon the mountains fringed with the fitful glare of the declining sun, his imagination found in the scene an emblem of the downfall of his race, and sorrow and despair shook his soul and unnerved his heart. The house of his fathers lay beneath him, rearing its battlemented walls on a jutting promontory, as if the giant genius of the lake there wore his crown seated upon his rock-bound throne. As he gazed, all became life within the castle; lights gleamed in the windows and flickered in the dark waters beneath, and the hum of voices borne towards him on the wind as the domestics hurried each to his appointed charge, showed that the Lord of Brackley had already arrived. The sight roused Ian from his musing, and he prepared to seek the place which he had appointed as the rendezvous of his friends. Every object around him now betokened a tempestuous night; the sky grew thick,—the soaring eagle made wing to his lofty eyrie—cloud upon cloud rolled in deep and darkening mass over the blackened waters. It seemed as if the good geniuses of mankind had deserted their charge, while night's fell agents roused them to deeds of horrid treachery.

(To be continued.)



## AVALON.

King Arthur sleeps in Avalon,—  
He bides the destin'd time,  
When he and all his warriors  
Shall wake as in their prime.  
Who strays alone at even-song,  
Through that enchanted vale,  
At times which hoar Tradition marks,  
In many a wond'rous tale,  
Far on before his wandering steps,  
May suddenly behold  
A castle, all of crystal clear,  
With gates of burnish'd gold.  
All crystal, radiantly bright,  
From turret-top to ground ;  
That spreads a broad effulgency,  
Most gloriously round.  
And as the sun's declining rays,  
Upon it slanting lie,  
The shafts of light are backward shot,  
And foil the mortal eye.  
Then changed, anon a milder gleam,  
Of blue or green is shed ;  
And quick again the Castle glows  
Vermilion's softest red.  
Within is seen a stately hall,  
It's roof of ocean pearl ;  
And snakes and monsters of the deep,  
Gold-fashion'd, o'er it curl.  
Enormous gems, to men unknown,  
Form their resplendent eyes,  
Whose brilliance to the Fairy Hall,  
The light of day supplies.  
The floor with graven silver wrought,  
The walls of shining stone ;  
And in the midst King Arthur sits  
Upon a golden throne.  
A gem-wrought crown upon his brow,  
A sceptre in his hand ;  
And by his side, Excalibar,  
The magic-temper'd brand.  
The twice-twelve knights before him sit,  
In charmed slumber bound ;  
The old illustrious champions,  
Who kept the Table Round.  
With helm on brow and hand on sword,  
The steel-clad warriors sleep ;  
And watch and ward around their lord,  
In knightly guise they keep.  
They wait in that spell-guarded hall,  
The ivory horn's alarm ;  
That Britain's utmost need is nigh,  
To break the seven-fold charm.  
Now as the wanderer from afar,  
Th' unearthly vision sees ;  
Eager to reach it, down the vale  
He plunges through the trees.

But when he gains the weird mount,  
Whereon it shone so fair;  
The gorgeous pile and glittering towers  
Have melted into air.

Huge hoary rocks, fantastic cliffs,  
And many a mossy stone  
Are all he sees, on every side  
In wild disorder thrown.

For crystal towers and gates of gold,  
Black rocks start everywhere;  
Which to the visionary pile,  
A shadowy likeness bear.

And thus the old chivalric soul—  
Our Isle's own earliest birth;\*  
The day-star of the olden time,  
Has faded from the earth.

Its crystal honour, diamond fame,  
And golden glory flown;  
Or but a rude resemblance left,  
In dull and heavy stone.

A fleeting and delusive glimpse,  
Scarce seen before 'tis fled;  
At times may tell, that though enchain'd,  
It's spirit is not dead.

But, whole and incorruptible,  
It lies in solemn sleep;  
As yet unborn the mortal, who  
To life may bid it leap.

VESPER.

\* "If in other countries we seek the earliest patterns of chivalry, and romance, we can trace them from nation to nation, and from one age to another, until we arrive at Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, but beyond him we cannot proceed. It will be found that every nation of Christendom acknowledges Arthur and his warriors as the first and most perfect models of knighthood,—Merlin as the greatest and most powerful of magicians, and Wales and the British Islands as the place of their birth."—It is not a little curious to observe the great reluctance of every Gothic nation to part with its heroes; they seem unwilling to admit that their wise monarch, or mighty warrior, could be subject to the common lot of ordinary mortals. Thus, to quote a writer in the *Quarterly*, "Greece revered her yet living Achilles, in the White Island; the Britons expected the awakening of Arthur entranced in Avalon; and, almost in our own days, it was thought that Sebastian, of Portugal, would one day return and claim his usurped realms. Thus, also, the three founders of the Helvetic confederacy are thought to sleep in a cavern near the lake of Lucerne. The herdsmen call them the three Tells, and say that they lie there in their antique garb, in quiet slumber, and when Switzerland is in her utmost need, they will awaken and regain the liberties of the land." Charles V., with his army, inhabits the Odenburg, in Hesse, when war is on the eve of breaking out, the mountain opens, the Emperor issues forth, sounds his bugle, and, with his host, passes over to another mountain. Rodenstein, who, in a similar manner announces war, was seen so recently as 1815, previous to the landing of Napoleon, to pass with his followers, from Schellert to his former strong-hold of Rodenstein. The cavern of Montesinos must be familiar to all. In Wales, Owen Lawgoch, or Owen of the Bloody Hand, sleeps, with 1000 warriors, beneath the old ruins of Lawgoch Castle; when Britain is at her utmost need he will awake and preserve her freedom. O'Donoghue is still seen to ride with all his former kingly pomp and grandeur over the haunted waters of Killarney; and Solomon lies asleep within a cavern in a mountain of musk which rises in the Seventh Sea; Holger Danske, the Ogier le Danois of French romance, slumbers in the vaults beneath Cronenburgh Castle: a man was once bribed to visit the half-torpid hero; Ogier muttered to his visitor, requesting him to stretch out his hand; he presented an iron crow, which Ogier grasping, indented the metal with his fingers. "It is well," quoth Ogier, who imagined he was squeezing the hand of the stranger, and thus proving his strength and fortitude, there are yet *men* in Denmark." To

conclude the list, Frederick Barbarossa sits within the Kyffhausen in the Hercynian forest; his red beard has grown through the stone table on which his right arm reclines, or, as others say, has grown round and round it. He awaits the day on which he is to hang up his shield upon a withered tree, which will immediately put forth leaves, and happier days will then begin their course. He often bestows gifts, which, however valueless in appearance—as pieces of coal—always, if kept, turn to gold. Some travelling musicians who played before him were each rewarded with a green branch; enraged at such mean wages, all but one flung away the gift, and went out of the mountain; one, however, who kept his branch, found it growing heavy in his hand, and discovered it to be composed of pure gold. His companions instantly went back to look for their branches, but they were nowhere to be found. In Danish tradition, the gifts which King Wolmar, Grœn Jette, Palna (who rides with his head under his arm), and Hackelberg (who gave up his share of Heaven for permission to hunt till doomsday, and whose tomb no one can find who goes with the express intention), bestow upon the boors they meet, turn sometimes to fire, sometimes to pebbles, and sometimes are so hot that the receiver drops them from his hand, when the gold, or what seemed to be so, sinks into the ground and disappears. In connection with this, every one will remember the fine-looking money of the old rogue in the Arabian Nights, which changed during the night into leaves.

---

Then, England's ground farewell; sweet soil adieu.

RICHARD II.

The Spring has pass'd, the Summer too is fled,  
 Its bright and lovely flowerets are dead,  
 And sad and dirge-like sounds the Autumn blast,  
 Mourning the faded beauties of the past;  
 While fallen leaves are scatter'd o'er their tomb,  
 Nature's mute sorrow for their early doom.  
 No more the south wind gently wafts its sighs,  
 Roaming from distant lands and sunny skies,  
 To woo the blossoms of the summer day,  
 Steal their bright dew-drops, and then flee away.  
 No more the insects hover round each flower,  
 And make light music in the shady bower;  
 And e'en the butterfly has flitted now,  
 Its love forgotten, and its plighted vow,  
 Of cherishing in spite of adverse fate  
 The gentle glow-worm for its only mate.\*  
 The busy bee scarce winds its mellow horn  
 Hailing the dewy freshness of the morn,—  
 The flow'ret's youth and bonied sweets are o'er,  
 And he, false lover, visits them no more,  
 For what cares he, inconstant, but to sip  
 The sweetest kisses from the freshest lip?  
 Thus when drear age cast shadows on their bloom,  
 Neglected then, they sink into the tomb.  
 And now the breezes from the icy north,  
 Break their long sleep, and eagerly rush forth,  
 And dismal clouds, that follow in their train,  
 Form a dark canopy o'er earth again,  
 Bidding defiance to the sun's bright ray,  
 Which gilding made each floweret so gay.  
 And Winter quickly mounts his gloomy throne,  
 Since Summer's beams and blossoms all are gone.

The thrush's note came sadly on the ear,  
 Bidding glad welcome to the young green year,  
 For though its note was sweet, and rich its song,  
 As Echo did the joyous strain prolong,  
 And Nature seemed to smile more happy then,  
 And young leaves bud, and blossoms in each glen;  
 Yet the sad thought, that we might ne'er again  
 Watch the first green, and hear the thrush's strain,

\* The glow-worm is supposed to show its light, to guide its spouse, the butterfly, home.

Chill'd the warm heart that felt all nature's glow,  
 And tinged the sunbeams with a shade of woe.  
 Each flower then caught a melancholy hue,  
 As young and wild luxuriant it grew,  
 And silence hung o'er each lov'd mossy dell,  
 The gloom, the sadness of a long farewell,—  
 'Tis pass'd,—they're gone, and sad we've dropp'd a tear  
 O'er the lost beauties of the faded year.

And we have look'd our last on England's spring,  
 And lovely summer with the joys they bring.  
 For long, long years :—Oh ! shall we far away  
 E'er gaze on spots like these, or fields so gay ?  
 Shall we e'er trace again except in dreams,  
 The glory of our Summer's sunny beams ?  
 Then let fond mem'ry treasure each bright scene  
 Of roses' bloom, and nature's gayest green,  
 To wake their beauty, when afar we roam,  
 The spots, and joyous days of happy boyhood's home.

ÆSTAS.

### MUCROSS ABBEY.

Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more  
 Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.—SHAKESPEARE.

THE traveller who has devoted his leisure hours to rambling through the woods and groves that encompass some of the most charming spots that nature has delighted to adorn with her many beauties, Killarney and her Lakes, cannot fail to have been struck with the surpassing loveliness that meets his gaze on every side when he looks around him, resting beneath the ivy-grown and crumbling walls of Mucross Abbey. It were useless to attempt a description of the scene,—suffice it to say, that the old tower, the cloisters, and the remains of the chapel and refectory that still attest the magnitude and importance of this seat of piety and learning stand upon a gentle eminence, within a short distance and commanding a perfect view of the most extensive and most beautiful of the lakes. In the distance is the island of Innisfallen, so famous for its monastic remains and their annals; and near at hand is Ross, with its arbutus groves and its castle,—the stronghold of the spectre chief O'Donoghue. Beneath the Abbey a belt of rocks rises precipitately from the water; and against these, in the very calmest night, the waves with a hoarse and melancholy murmur are heard to beat. A legend says that this hollow sound is the requiem of the waves for the souls of those who lie within the consecrated precincts of the Abbey. But the rugged aspect of the rocks is hidden by the arbutus and mountain ash, that unheeded and unmurdered by the hand of man spring in vast profusion from their rifted sides. The wood stretches over a wide extent, and the trees increase in size and number as they approach the Abbey; the old walls themselves are almost surrounded by a dense mass of oak and yew, beneath whose shade repose the ashes of many generations. The Abbey itself has long served as a last resting place for the highest families in the country; and the traces of the rudely-sculptured Harp and Crown point out the narrow tenements of the Tyrconnel, the O'Neil, the Mac Carthy More, with many other turbulent chieftains, who, in their day, too often convulsed their native island with the horrors of domestic warfare. There is no dwelling place for the living in the vicinity, and save by the occasional footsteps of the traveller, or the loud wailing of the funeral cry, the silence of the grave is seldom disturbed.

The sun had set at the close of a beautiful September day, in the year 1748, and the night was somewhat far advanced, when a solitary figure stood within the ruins of Mucross. The moon shone steadily and brightly upon the Abbey, and the shadows cast from the old tower and cloisters were rendered still more gloomy by their contrast to the brilliancy of those spots subjected to the silvery light. The stranger seemed to have chosen the chapel's darkest and most distant recess for his resting place; and so completely was he wrapped in gloom, that, had mortal eye been there to seek him out, it would hardly have penetrated the shadows that surrounded him. He was leaning, perhaps for repose, against the column of a Saxon archway leading to the former Chapter-house of the Monastery; his head inclined listlessly towards his breast, on which his arms were folded, and his whole appearance betokened deep and sorrowful meditation. Once only did he raise his head, and, gazing at the ruins around him, in a voice that plainly told of a crushed and broken spirit, he exclaimed, "Here! here! at least, shall I find relief for my tortured soul!" The words

re-echoed and died away in a hollow murmur through the silent arches; and he who had pronounced them again sank into a seeming unconsciousness. The night crept by, and the morning dawn found the stranger pacing with measured steps the aisles and transept where he had passed the long and dreary night.

Towards the middle of the ensuing day a crowd of people approached the Abbey. Their coming was fully known long before they appeared; for from amongst them arose the loud and bitter funeral cry, which attests so well in their poetic tongue, the heart-broken feelings of the bereaved. It was the funeral of a poor man. His widowed mother attended him to the grave, and the coffin was borne towards its narrow bed, while the large proportion of those who attended it separated in different directions, most of them to pray and weep over the graves of lately departed friends. The coffin was placed upon the ground, the poor old mother seated in silence by its side, and those who had borne it thither proceeded to hollow out the small portion of ground sufficient for its reception. The spot they selected had often served for the purpose to which it was now turned, and with every shovel-full of mould, many and frequent remains of mortality, displaced to make way for a new tenant, were scattered heedlessly around. One of the four men thus employed, while resting from his work, and leaning on his spade, was surprised to see a stranger at his side, who had approached unnoticed by the others, and was attentively observing the progress of the grave. And well may we understand the amazement depicted on his rude face, at beholding an aspect and appearance so different from any he had ever seen. He who now stood by, was a man whose grey hairs and furrowed cheeks betokened one advanced in years. But his figure was tall and commanding, and his eagle eye gave proof of the unabated vigour of mental as well as bodily powers. But that eye was now softened to a look of pity and commiseration, as it was fixed upon the wretched mother, who wept in silent agony at his side. The labourer, unobserved by the stranger, was regarding with feelings akin to superstitious wonder, the dignity and majesty of the old man's appearance. His grey hairs fell upon his shoulders, and the lower part of his face, of an almost unearthly paleness, was concealed by a long and flowing beard,—every feature was perfect in its formation,—and the whole form and appearance of the old man was so venerable and imposing, that it is not surprising the poor peasant, struck with astonishment at the sight of so unwonted an object on that spot,—was, for a time, incapable of proceeding with his work. Had he been able to judge of human nature by the countenance, he perhaps would have seen a haughty brow compressed with harrowing care, and a curling lip that told of pride and ambition most difficult to conquer. But he regarded naught save the appearance of the stranger, and with this he became so engrossed, that his companions, in no gentle voices, urged him to his labour. In a moment they perceived his abstraction, and, in their turn, paused to gaze upon its cause. The object of their astonishment was very soon sensible of the interest he created; he seemed disturbed that it should be so, and quickly turning from the Abbey, was lost to sight in the thick foliage on the banks of the Lake.

Superstition has always been deeply mixed with the national characteristics of the Irish. A century ago this feeling was not less powerful than it is at this day; we can then easily imagine, that some portion of terror was mingled with astonishment felt by these poor people at so unusual a sight. For some time the melancholy business for which they came to the Abbey was forgotten, and, as the remainder of the funeral train returned to perform the last sad duties towards the dead, the strange apparition of the old man was told and repeated, with comments and explanations suiting the character of the place and time. All agreed that supernatural agency was at hand; that some one of the many legendary spectres of the lakes had been made visible; and as such an appearance is always the forerunner of some dreadful calamity, many silent and fervent prayers were breathed, that danger and peril might be averted from their families and homes. The coffin was quickly lowered, the grave closed, each went his way, and the old Abbey was again deserted by every breathing thing, save him whom we have already seen passing the live-long night within its ruins.

As may be supposed, the report that a spectre had been seen in the Abbey soon spread like wildfire through the country. The tale was distorted to a thousand different forms, and the terrified imaginations of many supplied the materials of most unheard-of horrors. The boldest seldom ventured, after nightfall, even to the outskirts of the woods of Mucross, and the beautiful Abbey was avoided as a plague-house. Little did the unconscious origin of all this dread imagine the cause of the desertion, by all, save himself, of the ruins in which he had taken up his abode.

Following, as nearly as the thick woods permit, the frequent windings of the margin of the lake, you came, about a mile distant from the Abbey, upon the lowly cottage of a fisherman; this was the nearest habitation, and beneath it dwelt the poor old woman

whom we have seen following to his grave her only son. He had perished in the pursuit of his dangerous trade, and she was now alone in the world, to spend the few years that remained to her in solitary mourning. About a week after the events just described, and while the terror they had occasioned was at its height, the innocent cause of all the evil stood before the door of the widow's cottage. The nets, the salmon spears, the fishing tackle, and all the implements of her lost son's trade lay scattered in confusion at his feet. As he came up, a noble dog, one of the large and powerful breed, the Irish beagle, had arisen from his crouching posture, and, advancing to meet the stranger, licked his outstretched hand, and with a piteous moan, and an imploring eye, seemed to beg protection for himself and his bereaved mistress; patting the poor beast's head, the old man passed onwards and entered the cabin. On a low stool by the window which looked upon the lake, her head almost resting on her knees, and her whole person enveloped in the hood and cloak peculiar to the Irish peasantry, was seated the wretched object of his search. She rocked herself to and fro, and the low stifled sobs that escaped from her breast told that time had as yet, in no way, alleviated the anguish of her bereavement. For some moments the stranger, hoping that she would at length look up, stood by in silence; but, though she ceased to move, and otherwise seemed conscious of the presence of another, she did not change her attitude, nor abate one degree of her lamentation. The stranger approached, and, laying his hand upon her shoulder, in a voice of the greatest gentleness and sweetness, spoke words of comfort, well calculated to soothe the fiercest agony. There seemed to be a magic in his conversation, that quickly gained the fixed attention of his hearer. She raised her eyes and looked upon her comforter, and though she seemed transfixed with amazement, if not with awe, to see him there, she did not say a word to break the spell that bound her, but continued gazing with increased astonishment upon the pale and tranquil countenance of the old man that addressed her. At length he paused, and she, forgetful of all her grief, could only find words to pour blessings on the head of her consoler, and to express her wonder at his most unexpected appearance.

Her sentences were quick and hurried, and she spoke in the idiom of her country, so calculated to express the feelings of the heart. "Surely," she said, "they told me on that day when poor Dermot was laid in his cold grave—they told me that more misfortunes were sure to come upon me, for they had seen an evil spirit standing over me, by the coffin of my boy—I cannot tell who you may be, but this much I know, that there is naught of evil in your eye, nor the sound of malice in your voice; your native tongue, methinks, is not of this country, your hands are fair and smooth, and tell me that your bread has not been earned by bitter toil; you are a stranger to me and mine, and the like of you has never been seen here before; but happy those whom you shall visit, for you have healed the wounds of a breaking heart, and brought comfort to the widow's door. May He, who never allows the cup of cold water, given in mercy to the poor, to pass without its reward—may He visit you with every blessing, and when sorrow lies heavy upon your soul, may He send to you a comforter, in like manner as you have been sent to me in my affliction."

Thus she continued, undisturbed by the old man who stood before her. She told him of the reports spread through the country, dwelt upon the superstitious terror caused by his appearance, and the full conviction on the minds of all that he was not of this world, but rather a spirit sent to visit it, perhaps to give the warning of coming danger.

The stranger heard her with surprise and visible emotion, that increased as she proceeded. At length, as if no longer able to repress his feelings, he suddenly interrupted her, exclaiming, in a voice almost choked with sorrow,—“Woman! for Heaven's sake, have pity on me. Go, go quickly, and tell them that I am not what they suppose me,—that I come to do them no hurt, but am a harmless old man, who would implore their prayers, and beg their permission to spend my days of meditation and sorrow undisturbed among the sacred ruins of their Abbey, and the silence of the grave. Tell this much to those whom you may meet, and bid them carry it to their friends. If you owe me a kindness you will lose no time in doing as I entreat.”—“I will go at once,” the widow replied, “and execute your bidding. Father, you have done much to comfort me; add this one boon to your other kindness, and in your prayers in the solitude you have chosen, remember the lonely widow.”

“Woman!” cried the stranger, “you may suppose that he who struggles with his conscience unseen by mortal eye, needs rather the prayers of others in his behalf. Mine, were they a thousand times as powerful, would not suffice to wash away one speck of the many guilty stains that have defiled my soul. My prayers, then, I cannot, must not give you; but if what I now offer, is of consideration, the widow need never ask my help in vain.” He placed on the low table by his side, a small purse of gold, and quickly left the cottage.

*(To be continued.)*

## LINES TO AN EARLY FRIEND UPON PARTING.

How well I remember the sadness  
 That evening our spirits oppress'd,  
 'Twas in vain we affected a gladness,  
 Or bandied the toast and the jest.  
 E'en the song that could banish all sorrow,  
 All care in the days that were past,  
 But the more made us think on the morrow,  
 And regret that that song was thy last.  
 It were hard to have felt merry-hearted,  
 The life of our merriment flown,  
 Or to each other's bosoms imparted,  
 A joy that we lack'd in our own.  
 The meteor that's brightest and clearest,  
 But leaves greater gloom on its wane,  
 So the friend and companion that's dearest,  
 We seek but the more when he's gone.  
 Yes, I ne'er shall forget that sad parting,  
 The grief that the tongue could not tell.  
 The throb, and the truant tear starting,  
 As you falter'd your last long farewell.  
 Farewell, my best friend, and for ever,  
 For mayhap we shall ne'er meet again;  
 But I trust e'en fell time may not sever  
 Our boyish affection in twain.

GOG.

## CHARACTERISTICS OF FRESHMEN.

Yes, there are follies e'en for me to chase,  
 And yield at least amusement in the race.

BYRON.

THE SLOW FRESHMAN (*tardus homo*, Linnæus.)

He inquireth if he hath a room to himself. He papereth a downstairs front, but furnisheth it with economy. He payeth Lyne. He talketh reverentially to his bed-maker, and asketh the advice of his waiter. He prideth himself on his academicals, but his gown he weareth inside out. He escheweth shooting coats; glengarries he utterly abhorreth. He bindeth the *Haileybury Observer*. He attendeth lecture, and taketh voluminous notes. He getteth up his Sanskrit overnight. He refuseth an invitation to breakfast, fearing to be fast. He considereth the College wine superior. He taketh constitutionals with a walking stick. He buyeth "Elphinstone's India," discourseth learnedly on Afghanistan, and is severe in his strictures on Mac Naghten. In fine, he regardeth his appointment as enviable, Haileybury as delightful, and himself as no inconsiderable part thereof.

THE FAST FRESHMAN (*velox homo*, Linnæus.)

He arriveth at College with a cigar, and swaggereth across the Quad. He teareth his gown, and extracteth the contents of his cap, thereby assimilating the same to his own head. He weareth a velvetten of the out-and-out and no-mistake cut. He carrieth a whip, though he rideth not; and a whistle, though he knoweth no dog. He talketh loudly in Hall, and flingeth about bread to avoid being thought Fresh. He joineth the Boat Club, is pronounced an execrable muff, and accordingly roweth but twice, at the slight pecuniary expense of a guinea a pull. He cultivateth acquaintance with upper-term men, and entertaineth them at breakfast, to their intense amusement and the emolument of the purveyor. He learneth Lul-ler-li-e-ty, and practiseth that German melody nightly in the Quad. He tappeth often at the window of the Slow Freshman, but retireth with precipitation. He getteth drunk at Hertford, and calleth it fast. He getteth gated continually. Finally, he giveth a large lush party, and a panel being sported by another, he is rusticated next morning, to the comfort and relief of the College.

THE CONCEITED FRESHMAN (*insanus homo*, LINNÆUS.)

May be known by his eye-glass and harmless absurdities. He adorneth his room with portraits of himself and a fair lady, supposed to be enamoured of the same. He cometh late into Chapel, and walketh up the aisle with an elaborate air of self-possession, presenting a facetious mixture of shyness and presumption. He writeth poetry for the *Haileybury Observer*, and his effusion is respectfully declined; again he wooeth the Muse, and is informed that the editorial "We" can see neither wit, sense, nor meaning in his composition. He displayeth an elaborate costume, and a pair of new kids on a Sunday. He patroniseth the Slow Freshman, but behaveth with dignity to the Fast Freshman, who asketh "If his mother is aware he is out?" He affecteth to be idle, but readeth intensely. He trieth for every prize, but obtaineth none; and, ultimately, leaveth the College two terms behind his own.

X. Y. Z.

## LINES TO E. C. V.

Friendship consists not in the love  
That dwells in roseate bowers,  
And 'mongst each orange-scented grove,  
Enjoys the sunny hours.  
But 'midst the darksome vales of life,  
The love that still dwells there,  
Unwavering bears the worldling's strife,  
And soothes the bed of care;  
That ne'er forsakes the heart that's torn—  
The soul by sorrow rent—  
Represses words of wrath and scorn,  
And binds the reed that's bent,  
This, this is Friendship, seldom seen,  
Yet this is Friendship true,  
And though this rarely may have been,  
Oh may it rest on you!

C. X.

## THE DOOMED.

—I went into his cell. His pensive attitude was not disturbed by my approach; and I had a good opportunity of gazing upon his striking features. Yet a youth, brooding meditation had told so strongly on his brow, that the look of years, otherwise unsustained, had mainly perhaps induced to the unprepossessing aspect his features bore. I gazed on: and fell into a crowd of thoughts with which I strove to decide within myself the nature of that secret spring, whose rapid movements so vividly affected the expression of his keen dark eye. The earliest and most natural solution to the matter was that he stood,—his conscience tortured by a deep remorse for some black crime long past committed. But no—the humility and degradation consequent upon that state were not to be detected in his form. Traces were there of a haughtier and a more self-contented spirit, which seemed to tell that he had rather endured the ill, than transgressed the duties, imposed upon him by his fellow men. Thus my thoughts ran on, when now for the first time my presence broke in upon his musing. As he met my sympathizing gaze, I clearly saw a ray of cheerfulness gleam, meteor-like, across his front. But scarce had I called up the hope that, imparting to me his sad tale of woe, he might enable me to pour upon his wounds the balm of consolation and heartfelt pity, when all had passed away; and with one up-cast look he sank upon his knees, his face buried in his hands—it was hopeless—I withdrew.

H.

## THE NERONIAD,

AN EPICO-COMICO-LYRICO-TRAGICO NARRATIVE.

Unguentarius, ac Tuscæ turba impia vici  
Venere frequentes.

HORAT.

WINTER's the season, and the hour is night,  
The lamps are burning, but they give no light.  
This seeming paradox is fact—Alas!  
They light up here with oil instead of gas.



The scene is College, near the porter's lodge,  
 'Mid trunks and bags, a traveller's hodge-podge ;  
 The word is Scotch—but if you ever read a  
 Book on Spain, you'll find it call'd Podrida,  
 Which means the same ; however, there they were,  
 All sorts of luggage, rich as well as rare ;  
 The principal performer, that is, hero,  
 A freshman, whom for shortness we'll call Nero ;  
 I don't affirm this was his true cognomen ;  
 The gentleman was English, and not Roman,  
 And though a heathen Emperor might wear it,  
 The name is one the Court of Di's would stare at.  
 I might describe my friend from head to heel—  
 Detail his figure—sketch you his profile ;  
 Admire his foot—extol his glance of fire ;  
 Nor only that—could give you his attire—  
 Could name his tailor, quote his pattera-book ;  
 I'd even show you, in a single look,  
 His style of dressing—whether he display'd  
 The Hoby-Wellingtons, or ready-made ;  
 A seedy frock, or cut-away divine—  
 A west-end beaver, or a four-and nine.  
 Though thus I might enlarge, and farther too,  
 It might be personal, which wouldn't do.  
 At length, arrived in College safe and sound  
 On *terra firma*, though not quite dry ground,  
 Our hero promptly grasps his spare great-coat,  
 Throws wide another button'd to his throat,  
 Unwinds a shawl, whose warm capacious folds  
 Are fences, meant to keep out coughs and colds,  
 Which haunt us on a raw and chilly day,  
 Exclaims to Staples, " Now, then, what's to pay ?"  
 The bustling driver from his box comes down,  
 Cries, gaily, " If you please, sir, half-a-crown."  
 —In short, our hero to his room repairs—  
 A carpet, curtain, table, and three chairs ;  
 Three modest book-shelves bound in smart green baize,  
 Burst in full splendour on his startled gaze ;  
 He finds it rather late for contemplation,  
 So forthwith enters upon occupation :  
 He makes his tea, procures some fowl and ham,  
 Winds up with marmalade and G. G. jam.  
 Begins to think himself a little better ;  
 His optic lights on something like a letter,  
 Which in the first confusion lay unseen,  
 But, after tea, his vision grew more keen ;—  
 He marches to the mantle-piece, where lay,  
 Not one mere letter, but a whole array.  
 Letters there were, and cards in envelopes,  
 Expressing anxious tradesmen's earnest hopes,  
 That each might have the honour to supply  
 To Mr. Nero, ready cut and dry,  
 The goods they dealt in, whether clothes or books,  
 Or shoes, or perfumes to enhance his looks.  
 Which goods they stated were of every sort,—  
 And such as had ensured them the support  
 Of all the first nobility and gentry  
 That into Hertford ever made their entry,—  
 And though they must acknowledge, to their shame,  
 They were not quite familiar with the name,  
 He might have had an uncle here, if so,  
 They must have served him thirty years ago ;  
 This was conclusive, might be called a clencher,  
 His uncle had cut capers on a trencher,

Long since, among his studious co-mates here,  
 And to have served a relative so dear  
 Was on his kindness a most potent call ;  
 But, could his uncle have employed them all ?  
 For each asserted lustily that he  
 Had been old Mr. Nero's *cher ami*,  
 The question was momentous and involved,  
 'Twas now too late to have the problem solved,  
 He thought he'd wait—for hither, with the blush of morning,  
 They all were to repair, both wind and weather scorning,  
 He strips his garments, hastens into bed,  
 And on his pillow rests his weary head ;  
 Kind Morpheus juice of poppies on his eyelids pour'd,  
 Our friend fell fast asleep, and I'm afraid he snor'd,  
 Nor had he slumbered long, when to his view  
 Arose a motley and a noisy crew,  
 Exerting each his very utmost speed  
 To shoot beyond the rest and take the lead :  
 They bustled up and reach'd our hero's bed,  
 When, turning to the rest, the foremost said :—  
 " Come, it's no use, the gentleman is mine,  
 He ordered me to come to him at nine,"—  
 " For shame, for shame, how can you tell such lies ?  
 He called for me, I see it in his eyes."  
 Another stoutly urged his rival claim,  
 And thought his fellows very much to blame  
 For clam'ring thus, and wondered what they meant,  
 When 'twas for *him* the gentleman had sent.  
 Thus with contentious angry tongues they fought,  
 'Till the poor freshman was well nigh distraught,  
 When to the rescue suddenly there came  
 In at the doorway, with the speed of flame,  
 An ancient gentleman, not too much dressed,  
 In fact he seemed just risen up from rest ;  
 A dressing gown across his shoulder lay,  
 A drooping nightcap showed his hair was grey,  
 His face was yellow save one large carbuncle,  
 Which gleamed upon his nose, and this was Nero's uncle,  
 With indignation glowing in his face,  
 He bid the rascals all to quit the place ;  
 One he accosted, " Get you gone, you knave,  
 I wonder who the devil gave you *lase*  
 To bother people at this hour of night,  
 My nephew this—I'll see and set him right."  
 Obedience though they hardly dared refuse,  
 He seconds the remonstrance with his shoes,  
 They scamper'd out, the old boy shut the door,  
 Regain'd his shoes, sat down upon the floor,  
 Put on his nightcap with an old man's care,  
 And viewed his nephew with a mournful stare,  
 " Poor boy," he says, " already at their tricks  
 The rascals had you in a precious fix,  
 And so, to save you from the sordid band,  
 I've just arrived from India overland,  
 And as I must return there in a trice,  
 Can but just stay to give you this advice—  
 To cheat a tradesman is a noble trick,  
 Employ the man that gives the longest tick."  
 " Oh ! uncle," Nero cried, " you surely joke,  
 The devil's in it if———" While yet he spoke,  
 The ancient gentleman, with sudden start,  
 Leaped up, and to the doorway made a dart ;  
 He reached it soon and vanished like the wind,  
 The lock with hasty rattle closed behind,  
 The smell of brimstone almost made him cough,  
 A large sized lucifer had just gone off.

For, not to stay the narrative one minute,  
 It seems the d——I really was in it—  
 His sable majesty, as it appears,  
 Hoping from master Nero's tender years,  
 That he might easily be led astray,  
 Had come upon him in this artful way—  
 But startled by his own unlooked-for name,  
 Took flight, and cut much quicker than he came,—  
 And though he cut away with might and main,  
 I think he didn't mean to come again,  
 At any rate the noise awoke our friend,  
 And to his vision put a speedy end.  
 But real voices now assail his ear,  
 He turns half round and growls, "What have we here?"  
 He draws the curtains, and to his surprise  
 Last night's unwelcome company espies.  
 Features the same, the same contentious bustle,  
 The same abuse, the same unmanner'd hustle.  
 First with grave face, to all appearance lost in  
 Deep contemplation, comes persuasive Austin;  
 And next, the coolest hand of all the age,  
 Basket on arm, the active, bustling Page,  
 Simson's factotum, he and all the rest  
 Their rival claims to Nero's custom press'd—  
 The lot was there before him, which to choose  
 Biggin or Neal to make his boots and shoes,  
 A coat or trowsers if he would bespeak,  
 There's Barrand, and there's Twaddle, and there's Cheek,—  
 Poor Nero quietly lay back in bed  
 And listened patiently to what they said—  
 Their story told, he then dismissed them all  
 And bade them, in a day or two, to call—  
 They needs must wait 'till he has time to fix.  
 And cut, instant, their respective sticks.

(To be continued.)

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— Hinc maxima cura Sepu'chris  
 Impenditur. PRUDENTIUS.

THERE are few more interesting subjects to the scholar and scientific enquirer, than tracing and examining the many opposite modes which the various nations of earth have followed in the sepulture of their dead,—a point which seems to have gained in importance in proportion to the rudeness and simplicity of the social condition of each, and has lost none of its importance in our own times and amidst the most polished nations. To begin with our own island. The earliest modes of sepulture practised in Great Britain prior to its conquest by the Romans were:—

- 1st.—Under cairns or heaps of stones.
- 2nd.—Under cromlechs consisting of two or more upright stones, with a flat one lying across.
- 3rd.—Within circles of upright stones.
- 4th.—Under tumuli or barrows.

Cairns, the earliest and rudest form, were merely large heaps of stones, and chiefly exist in mountainous districts: the date when the first came into use is lost in antiquity.

Cromlechs (C. Briton-cromleech, a stone that inclines) have always been considered as devoted to sacrificial purposes—temples where the Druids performed their bloody ceremonies; and any accidental fissure or groove, worn by ages within their surface, has been magnified into receptacles for the blood of the victims. Recent researches in the Channel Islands where they abound, as well as in other places, have, however, proved their sepulchral purpose. They are sometimes surrounded with a circle of upright stone, which leads to the third method of burial within.

Circles, which have again been misunderstood in their uses, for whilst cromlechs have been declared to be the scene of the dark rites of Druidical superstition, these have been denominated Bardic Circles, or places where the bards recited their poetic triads. One

would think that a slight consideration of the character of the people by whom they were erected would be a sufficient contradiction, especially as they abound in some localities to an extent that would of itself refute the assertion. In Ireland the traces of sixty exist upon a single mountain, the spade, however, has sufficiently proved their sepulchral character.

The fourth method, viz. under barrows, was introduced shortly before the arrival of the Romans, and fell into general disuse during the reign of Charlemagne, who issued an edict forbidding them. We have little, or rather no certain information of the modes of sepulture current amongst the Romanized Britons. From the Welch Triads we gather that they were buried on the declivities of hills, in valleys, and on the sea shore, "where the ninth wave breaks." Upon the introduction of Christianity, the old modes fell rapidly into disuse, St. Augustine, who died while the cathedral of Canterbury was building, was, upon its completion, removed there, and he was the first who was buried within a church in England. It was not till 500 years later that the Pope gave permission for the laity to be interred in churches or church-yards, and so it has continued to the present time.

ANTIQUUS.

*'Ερως ἀνέκατε μάχαν.—SOPHOCLES.*

Eros, unsubdued in fight!  
Eros, loving to alight  
And brood above the treasure-heap,  
And on youth's soft cheek to sleep;  
Thou rovest o'er the ocean-foam,  
Art in the cotter's humble home—  
Nor God nor mortal may defy thy dart  
Fierce madness follows on its piercing smart.

LEO.

Mr. AUSTIN thanks the Editors for their kind permission to insert the following advertisement.

#### TO READING MEN.

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*We, as well as Mr. T. Fever, most deeply deplore the falling off which he laments. We also regret that so dangerous a malady as the typhus should rage in Leadenhall-street.*

*We are sorry to be obliged to decline "Beta;" we hope to hear frequently from its author. Under consideration—"Lays for the College, No. I."—and "N. N."*

*We regret that "Milton Junior" has chosen a strain so much beneath his poetic talent.*

*The "Assaut d'Armes" is amusing and well written, but wants originality.*

*The next number will be published on Wednesday, the 12th of October.*

*It is requested that all contributions may be sent in on the WEDNESDAY previous to the day of publication.*

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TO THE EAST INDIA COLLEGE.

# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

VOL. II.—PART I.

Liberius si  
Dixero quid, si fortè jocosius, hoc mihi juris  
Cum venià dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.*

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No. 2.] WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1842. [PRICE 1s.

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## MUCROSS ABBEY.

*(Continued from p. 10.)*

O, I have suffer'd  
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,  
Who had no doubt some noble creature in her,  
Dash'd all to pieces.— TEMPEST.

THE widow in a very short space of time had completed the task imposed upon her by the stranger; she went from cottage to cottage, from door to door, everywhere bearing with her the not unwelcome tidings that the unknown and mysterious apparition of the Abbey was not, in reality, the terrific being it had been described, but a peaceful old man, who sought the friendship of the poor, and the commiseration of the unhappy. With the same eagerness displayed by all, but a few days before, to believe every dark tale put into circulation, and to repeat it with the additions suggested by their own disordered fancy, the people now cast off their terror, and, strange to say, prepared to look upon the object of their former dread with kindness, and even affection; for the widow had been loud in his praise, and the remembrance of his piety and charity had not passed unheeded, as she pleaded in his behalf. They soon forgot their fears, and though mystery closely enveloped him, the presence of the Hermit of Mucross, for by this name had they learnt to call him, was no longer shunned, but, on the contrary, there were many who sought him in his retirement, desirous of beholding and conversing with him. But he avoided intercourse with all, save the very poorest of the people; to these, indeed, his hand was ever extended to relieve their wants, and when he spoke words of comfort to the wretched, he never failed to soothe even the most afflicted heart. He seldom left the vicinity of the Abbey—the widow's cottage was the furthest point to which he wandered,—and his days were mostly passed, either on the rocks that bound the lake, or in the deepest recesses of the wood. His only companion, but one, which always accompanied him, was the noble stag-hound mentioned in the last page. This poor beast, whose name was Oscar, after the loss of his late master, had attached himself to the stranger, and never left his side.

At the foot of the great tower of the Abbey, is a low and obscure doorway, from which, ascending some narrow spiral steps, you come to the remains of a vast apartment; it extends over the whole area of the tower, and judging by its size, and the few traces of richly wrought columns that are visible, must have been one of the most considerable, as well as the most beautiful apartments of the Abbey. But the groined deeply chiseled roof has disappeared, and the room is now open to the sky; many wild flowers, with long and luxuriant weeds, have usurped the place of the brightly tessellated pavement; the ivy has twined its branches round the window posts, and, uniting with a hundred different kinds of shrubs, has covered the entire surface of the walls with a verdant uncultivated foliage. There is, to this day, a deep recess in the wall of this apartment, pointed out as the spot where the Hermit, scarcely sheltered from every blast of the winter's storm, was wont to seek the slight repose he gave his wearied limbs. It is said, indeed, that he rarely laid him down to rest, but passed his nights in sleepless meditation among the cold dwelling places of the dead. Those who, at that period, either by accident or design, approached the Abbey during the still hours of night have left us reports, almost too dark and terrible to be believed. A most guilty conscience, they have said, was nightly at its work, and the loud and oft-repeated cry of agony and woe told of the fearful struggles that were pending betwixt the spirits of darkness and their

VOL. II.—PART I.

intended victim. It is true that many who, now and then, at early morning, happened to enter the Abbey, have assisted to raise, from the cold ground, the almost lifeless form of the old man, the writhing of his stricken frame, and the wild and broken sentences that escaped his lips, as sensibility slowly returned, giving some faint idea of the dreadful sufferings, the violent and terrific wrestling, which must have taken place, ere the utter prostration of a powerful mind could be so fearfully accomplished. But, with all this, he was universally revered; he was loved for the kindness and gentleness of his heart—his charity and benevolence, his mildness and humility. The good that he effected was unbounded, while much of evil was prevented by his single word. He never turned from the poor or the afflicted without extending to them his aid, and the widow and the orphan prayed long and fervently that he who had brought comfort to them in their distress might not call in vain for pity and support in the hours of bitter trial they knew him to encounter.

\* \* \* \* \*

I would now entreat my readers to pass over the interval of "four lagging winters, and four wanton springs," and after the lapse of that time, again to look with me upon the enchanted waters, and arbutus groves of Killarney. They will find the scene in nowise changed, and the same actors are busy on the stage. The Hermit is still in his retreat, in appearance almost unaltered, perhaps his form is a little more inclined, and his beard has become more whitened by the increasing snows of age; but his eye is bright and piercing, and the firmness of his step is unimpaired. The stag-hound is still his constant companion; but he, poor dog, shews the growth of years more plainly than his master. The widow is in her cottage by the lake; and time has gone by, scarce heeded in its course; for joy is found by those who had known but sorrow, and bitter poverty has become almost a stranger.

The season is the summer, and the sun has risen bright and unclouded over the deep blue waters of the lakes. It is a day of festivity and rejoicing in Killarney, and the town has poured forth its streams of people, bent on pleasure and enjoyment. The lake is thickly studded with most numerous and many shaped boats, whose rival crews bend right earnestly to their oars, and strain every nerve to gain the appointed place of rendezvous. This has been fixed in a lovely bay beneath the wide spreading shadows of the wooded heights of Glenna. Many boats have already arrived, and the crews of those that approach from every direction, when once they gain the sheltered and unruffled waters of the bay, throw their oars into the air, and the boats glide on in perfect stillness to the place allotted, by chance, for their reception. Scarce a sound is heard among that vast multitude; the silence on the water is almost that of solitude, for each one is breathlessly awaiting the first sound that shall announce some promised sport. At length the loud echoes of the surrounding woods and mountains are awakened. In one moment the full deep-toned cry of a large pack of stag-hounds gives notice that a deer has been roused, and that the chase is already hotly pursued. The so lately tranquil mountain side is now in one universal uproar, as the baying of the dogs, and the loud shouts of men point out the direction the hunt is taking. It is not long before the noise becomes fainter and more distant, for the stag has made for the mountain top; he gains it, but is encountered by a whole host of men, who, with shouts and clamour, drive him back again to seek shelter in the woods below. But little refuge does he here discover, for the hounds are once more upon him, and force him to the very lowest limits of the wood. And now is the tumult tenfold increased; the hunt is close upon the water, though hidden from view by the thick shrubs that seem to rise from the very lake itself; these in one spot are violently disturbed—a rustling is heard amongst them—suddenly they are forced asunder, and a huge red-deer bounds through the opening. He stands on a rock close upon the water; with proud and conscious look he quickly gazes round him, and throwing on high his noble antlered head, with one tremendous spring he plunges into the lake. Dog after dog in quick succession leap upon his track, and loudly giving-tongue, follow close upon him. The poor animal, by this time nearly wearied out, strives with all his might to reach the opposite side of the bay; he dashes, though somewhat feebly, through the water, gains a footing by the wished-for spot, and, with one last and violent effort, makes a spring for the rock above his head. But it is beyond his poor remains of strength; he cannot reach the point at which he aims; he falls backwards into the water, and the fangs of the foremost hound are, in a moment, fastened in his throat. The boats, in the meantime, have followed up; the horn of the huntsman calls off the dogs, and the hunt is at an end.

While the stirring scene, I have thus briefly attempted to describe, was enacting, there was observed, standing out, at some distance from the shore, though within sight of the hunt, a boat of rather different appearance from those we have already seen. It was of a larger build, and somewhat more richly, though chastely, ornamented than the others. The crew consisted of twelve men, all wearing the same colours, and in the bow of the

vessel were seated several domestics, whose rich liveries betokened the service of a wealthy master. Sheltered from the rays of the sun by the half-drawn curtains of a silken awning, there reclined on cushions in the stern of the boat two ladies, between whose ages much difference existed. The elder of the two might have counted somewhat under sixty summers, but time had passed without leaving all his usual furrows, and the traces of former beauty were still plainly visible. When first you looked upon the younger lady you would have said that about seven and twenty was the number of her years. For her complexion was very pale, which, perhaps, detracted somewhat from her beauty, and on her brow she wore an expression of settled grief, from which you might easily have told that sorrow had early pierced her heart, and that her days were clouded by the too distinct remembrance of former suffering. But she wanted some few years of the number I have named. It were useless to attempt her description; she was, indeed, most beautiful. There was something so touching in her calm pensive gaze; and when, for a moment, a smile glanced across her features and lit up her long-lashed gentle hazel-coloured eyes, they beamed forth with a kindness and sweetness that failed not to gladden those who looked upon her. Her voice was inexpressibly soft, and when she spoke to her companion, which was but seldom, it was in her native language—that of Italy.

The presence of this party upon the lake was a matter of much discussion to many spectators. None could tell, with certainty, who the ladies were, nor whence they came. It was reported, and with truth, that a lady, seemingly of high rank, with a large retinue of servants, had taken up her abode, a short time previously, in a mansion situated amid some beautiful mountain scenery, at the highest and most distant extremity of the lakes. The house had been for some years untenanted, and its new mistress was reported to have determined upon a long sojourn beneath its roof. So much was generally known; further than this had not been discovered, for her domestics seemed to shun all intercourse with the people around, and, indeed, much communication would hardly have been in their power, for all, with one exception, spoke only their lady's native tongue.

This subject furnished food for conversation in many of the boats, as they separated on their different courses. Some few parties, the hunt being finished, returned to the shore, and were seen no more upon the Lake; but the greater proportion continued to rove for hours over the calm mirror-like surface, gliding from island to island, from bay to bay—now and then awakening with the notes of the bugle the echoes that sprang when called for from almost every rock. Soft and delicious sounds were wafted on every breath of air, and floated over the tranquil waters; the spirits of mirth and joy held their revels on the bosom of the lake, and the merry happy laugh of youth and beauty pealed forth on every side in sweet and mirthful melody.

Let us inquire what, in the meantime, was going forward at Innisfallen. The vicinity of that beautiful island seemed to be respected by most of the busy tenants of the lake, for the now unoccupied boat of the Stranger Lady was seen at her moorings by its side, and the usual throng that crowded to the same landing-place, was, on this occasion, wanting. On the soft green turf, sloping to the water's edge, a repast had been served, of which, having slightly partaken, the two ladies wandered, unattended, over the island. The elder leaned for support on the arm of the younger, the elegant and graceful bearing of whose beautiful figure, fully corresponded with the exceeding loveliness of her features. Thus they quietly proceeded, wandering in every direction, now and then pausing to gaze in admiration on some more beautiful prospect, which an accidental opening in the surrounding trees discovered to their view. There is on Innisfallen, a time-worn crumbling ruin, the only remains of the famous Monastery, where were collected and for a long time preserved the annals from which is gleaned all that we know of the early history of Ireland. Leaving the ruin, the ladies ascended the gentle acclivity at its back, and standing on a moss-grown rock, the highest point around them, gazed on the wide expanse of water, glowing in the rays of the setting sun. For a long time they looked upon that beautiful scene stretched out beneath them, and their silence was almost unbroken, as they thought, perhaps, of their native country, and felt that even Italy could hardly boast of anything more enchanting. The shores and woods of Mucross were in the distance, and the ivy-covered tower of the Abbey was just perceptible in the mass of foliage from which it reared its ancient head.

"Is it not to-morrow," said the younger lady, pointing towards the Abbey, "that we are to visit yonder ruin? I confess I am very desirous to ramble through its cloisters and arches, and I hope sincerely that we may see, even for a moment, the holy old man, of whom we have heard so much. It is said he there seeks the forgetfulness of himself, or the peace of mind not to be found amid the busy noisy haunts of men. It is well for those who can do so. Happy! truly happy, they, who in the contemplation of better things, can forget as it were, themselves, and all their woes. But this is not granted to all alike."

Would to God it were! for there are some whose hearts are blighted, their feelings deadened to every sense of joy,—and where can these seek comfort on this side the grave?"

The last sentence was hardly audible; it seemed rather the passing reflection of her mind, and was spoken in a low and gentle whisper. She was silent, her head inclined upon her bosom, as if to hide from her companion the tears that were fast falling over her pale lovely face.

"Dearest Beatrice," said the elder lady, "why thus sorrowful? You know you promised me to be happy and cheerful. Why, then, give way to melancholy and sadness. Nay! dearest, dry your tears; surely a scene like this is not the one to remind you of distant sorrow!"

"It is the very spot, dear lady," she replied, "most likely to fill my eyes with tears. Forgive them, I beseech you, for they are happy soothing tears. I could not, indeed, help weeping to look upon this lake,—it reminds me so nearly of my native Como; but now I will be gay and happy, and you shall have no further reason to complain of me;—here comes old Francesco, doubtless, to call us on the water." The ladies moved towards the old servant, who, with uncovered head, was approaching. "Well, Francesco!" said his mistress, "do you come to warn us that it is time to seek our boat? Be it so; we have, indeed, tarried sufficiently, and I fear it will be dark ere we reach the heights of Aghadoc."

The servant bowed low as he replied that such was his errand. "If your Highness will forgive me," he added, "I would say that the boatmen are most anxious to be gone. They even hint at a coming storm—and I fear, with good reason, for, though the day has been most beautiful and unclouded, there was something in the frowning aspect of the sun, as he approached his resting place, which threatened approaching danger. It is said, also, that the spectre chief—the O'Donoghue, mounted on his white charger, and followed by his goblin court was seen at midnight to sweep across the haunted lake. Your Highness, perhaps, knows that a storm is sure to follow in the train of the O'Donoghue. However, let the hurricane come on with all its usual velocity, which in these mountain lakes I believe to be very great, we shall be safely lodged ere it can approach." Thus garrulous with the usual privilege of age and long service, he led the way to the boat. The party were quickly seated, and the shores of Innisfallen left behind. The boatmen were too correct in their predictions; the sun had set, and the horizon was lurid with the angry hue in which he had descended, and they made strenuous efforts to gain, with little delay, their destination. One of the sudden and resistless hurricanes of the lakes was close at hand, and though the surface of the water was yet unruffled as before, the wind, now and again, was heard moaning overhead in fitful angry gusts.

The crew were well aware of the approach of a dangerous enemy, and in silence stooped to their oars. But their efforts were to be of little avail. The boat had gained the centre of the lake, when the first sudden and fearful blast of the hurricane, with wild impetuosity, burst around it. The uprooting wind came rushing and howling from the mountains, tearing up and whirling on high every object that opposed its fury, and seizing upon the waters, dashed them in crested foaming waves high above the boat. Little could the bravest efforts of a gallant crew avail against the pitiless storm. Once did they attempt to keep their vessel headed to the gale, and in a moment a huge wave raising it on high, it plunged into the trough, and was almost swallowed up in the succeeding billow. No human power could stand against the angry elements, and the only chance of life was to wear round, and allow the boat to run before the storm. It flew over the space already traversed. Innisfallen was passed in a moment, and onwards with unabated velocity did the vessel rush towards the rocky coast of Mucross. As this was approached, all hope was at an end, for the waves were seen foaming high upon the fatal shore, and breaking in thunder on the rocks, and fearful and terrible was the approaching fate of the miserable crew.

With the speed of lightning the fated vessel rushed to its destruction; there was scarce time for one lamentation, one prayer for mercy, when a wild and piercing cry told that it had dashed upon the rocks. There were a few desperate struggles, the last vain efforts of drowning men, but the waters soon passed along, and no two planks remained to shew where the wreck had been. The boat had struck with tremendous force, and going to pieces in a moment, every living soul was hurled into the raging waves.

(To be continued.)

---

Amang the brachens, on the brae,  
Between her an' the moon,  
The dell, or else an outler quey,  
Gat up an' gae a croon.

BURNS.

Hark! hark to those sounds from yon dreary pile,  
Where the dead lie entomb'd in coffin and shroud;  
Where the moon palely gleams in its dusky aisle,  
On skeleton forms—a shadowy crowd.



'Tis the night on which, in each waning year,  
The spirits flit swiftly thro' the gloom,  
And revel till the note of the chantielear  
Thrice warns them back to their lonely tomb.

And yet, tho' increases the dancers' speed,  
And still a quicker measure they lead,  
No sounds of melody round them fall,  
But deep moans echo back from the ancient wall.

And the blue lightnings play through the vaulted arch,  
As slowly and stately they rise from the ground,  
And it lights the dead on their silent march,  
As they circle the chancel and aisle around.

When the moon's cold light has set in the west,  
The cock's shrill note floats thrice o'er the plain,—  
The spirits have vanished, and returned to their rest,  
'Till another year's course gives them freedom again.

B M.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF CAMBRIDGE.

## No. I.—DUNS.

Rough with his elders, with his equals rash,  
Civil to sharpers, prodigal of cash,  
Fooled, pillaged, dunned, he wastes his terms away,  
And unexpelled, perhaps, retires B.A. BYRON.

To present to the reader sketches from Cambridge life, without first initiating him into the habits, manners, and customs of this important branch of its population, were to offer punch without whiskey to an Irishman, ice with the chill off to a Cockney, and tea without brandy to a Total-abstinence disciple.

To use the words of Gibbon, as quoted by Paley on a different subject, the system of Dunning "is interwoven with every circumstance of business or pleasure, with all the offices and amusements of undergraduate society." In fact, so intimately are Duns connected with Gownsmen, especially in their third years, (that they may be compared to a retinue or body-guard; not, however, that we would go "the entire quadruped" with Sheridan, who has asserted that a man's respectability may be estimated from the number of his Duns, since that number must bear a certain proportion to his original credit. Be this as it may, for we cannot stop to discuss the point, with such a testimony to character we ourselves would most willingly dispense, for the personal attendance of so *creditable* a retinue, however gratifying to the vanity, is especially trying to the nerves.

For the better elucidation of the philosophy of our subject, we shall divide this useful but calumniated body of men into two classes:

## I. Duns by Profession.

## II. Duns by Necessity.

The Dun by Profession we define to be one, who for a commission on the profits, collects, or endeavours to collect, the bills of another. He is usually a tall man of cadaverous aspect, strongly relieved by a tendency to redness in the nose; his costume a rusty suit of black, the trowsers tightly strapped down over a pair of low shoes, presenting altogether the somewhat unpleasant appearance of a mildewy undertaker in a healthy district. The leading expressions of his physiognomy are cunning and incredulity; the turn of his mind misanthropical and meditative, which last we hold to be a merciful dispensation of Providence, since his mornings are usually spent in solitary blockade at some resolutely sported oak.

Reader, if you have ever seen a cat watching a mouse-hole, you may form some faint idea of the energy and pertinacity of a genuine Cambridge Professional; and richly indeed does his labour merit success, possessing as it does the three great requisites for efficiency.

I. It is continuously exerted; for day after day will he mount guard at the same devoted door.

II. It is skilfully directed; for no one knows better when and where to find a questionist off his guard.

III. It is powerfully aided; for he always carries about with him stamped receipts for immediate use, and is never at a loss for change.

But though in the end successful, their exertions are not unfrequently defeated for a time by the manœuvres of the besieged; we remember a somewhat amusing case. No

man in ——— College was so perseveringly dunned as our friend A.; the entrance to his staircase (for he had rooms on the ground-floor) resembled in the forenoon the waiting chamber of a popular minister or old Roman patrician, and how he ever got out of college was a mystery to his acquaintances. One day, A's boat was going down an hour earlier than usual, and it was consequently with no small delight that he saw his levee gradually thinning off; still one sturdy Dun remained indifferent to the damp and cold of a raw November afternoon. It wanted but five minutes of the hour, when four of his own crew appeared in the court, a telegraphic signal was made from the window, and all four bent their steps towards his rooms. The result may be guessed, the Dun was bonneted (we never could exactly ascertain by whom), and before he could extricate his head, A. was out of window, and half way across the court. The result of this piece of facetæ, as might have been expected, was a mysteriously wafered epistle strongly resembling a lawyer's letter.

Other ruses also are very much in vogue, such as jugs of cold water, turning loose Scotch terriers with biting propensities, and the like; but the only stratagem that we can recommend to the reader, as likely to prove effectual is—to pay his ticks.

Duns by necessity we define to be small tradesmen who collect their own accounts, and are usually, at Cambridge, melancholy imitations of the man with the steam leg and other popular examples of perpetual locomotion: in fact we had been always unable to understand the meaning of the city term, "a sleeping partner," till our University experience explained to us that it meant the non-dunning partner. This class presents, as compared with the last, an increase of civility but a decrease of acuteness; afraid of offending their customers *visâ voce*, they put up with the hacknied excuses of "Just going to lecture," "Pray call again," "Expecting a remittance to-morrow," and so on. Their deportment necessarily varies with the disposition of the men, the most striking subdivisions being the Dun Pathetic and the Dun Facetious.

The Dun Pathetic has always on hand a dismal tint of countenance, and a series of misfortunes told with tears in his eyes; his wholesale house has failed, he has a large payment to make up this week, he has an extensive assortment of bad debts, and so on.

The Dun Facetious, on the other hand, is an amusing, good-humoured specimen of subtle humanity, with flattery for the Freshman, a joke on the said Freshman for the second-year man, and deferential humility for the senior Soph.

We need hardly say which is the most successful, the disciple of Heraclitus or the follower of Democritus and Joe Miller.

Such are a few of the peculiarities of Cambridge Duns.

X. Y. Z.

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ἀνδρῶν ἐκίφαν' ὡς πᾶσα γῆ τάφος.

THUCYD. BOOK II.—ORAT. PERICLES.

Mark, where the proudly curling wave  
In glistening spangles breaks and dies:  
It breaks o'er many a dastard's grave,  
Beneath it many a hero lies.  
Lo! where Arabia's burning sand  
Reflects the sunny golden ray,  
This parching, wild, and barren strand  
Could many a hero's bones betray.  
And every land could warriors show,  
Whose memory history's page has kept;  
For whom the Muses' offerings glow,  
Whose sleep was for their country slept.  
What, though for these the storied tomb  
Rise, tribute of a nation's grief;  
Shall glory's garlands ever bloom?—  
And sears not time the laurel leaf?  
Yes, stone-wrought monuments decay,  
But glittering Fame the ruin gilds,  
And o'er the hero's sleeping clay  
A firm, eternal structure builds.  
Where sleeps the brave?—whate'er the land  
Can mark the spot where once he fell;  
His glory's light, by memory fanned,  
His fame, each ardent tongue shall tell.

VACUUS.

## THE CHARMED SWORD.

THERE is a tradition in Syria that Michael Scott, the magician, by the force of his spells, turned the second power on the infernal throne into a coal-black steed, and rode him across the desert till a thunderbolt struck him by the side of the Dead Sea : the magician took the metal, still glowing with the fire of Heaven, and, kindling a fire of spices in the desert, forged from it a sword, which won for Wallace the fight of Stirling Bridge, and for Bruce the battle of Bannockburn, but it was lost upon Flodden Field, and where it is now to be found, no man can say. In the following lines Michael himself is supposed to tell the tale :—

I sat upon the desert's verge,—  
That giant Sandy Sea,—  
On its immeasurable brim  
Rested the great sun's mighty rim,  
Down-dropping sullenly.  
Far spread before my aching sight,  
That grim old wilderness ;  
All wither'd, wan, and ghastly white,  
It gleam'd beneath that lurid light,  
So dead and motionless.  
On rush'd the night—her silent feet  
Fled on without a pause,—  
Bursting her cloud-girt prison-bars,  
And fill'd the space 'twixt earth and stars,  
As ink a crystal vase.  
Sudden from out the ten-fold gloom,  
Started a coal-black steed ;  
Swarthy from head to hoof was he  
As Afric's deepest ebony ;  
The saints, thought I, have heard my cry,  
And sent him in my need.  
I sprang upon him—with a snort  
He started swift away ;  
Out-speeding the rush of the stormy wave,  
Or the dart of the shark to his ocean-cave,  
Or the meteor's boding ray.  
Faster still he flew on his track,  
Till the sands beneath us seem'd flying back,—  
Two lions had seiz'd on a traveller lone,—  
A minute had sever'd him bone from bone ;  
They started away at the wild steed's tread,  
And into the wilderness, howling, fled.  
A pilgrim, bound to the Holy Shrine,  
Beneath an Arab lay ;  
The robber lifted his crooked blade,—  
The pilgrim call'd on Heaven for aid,  
When the wild steed came, with the speed of  
flame ;  
But the murderer paus'd, and in his eyes  
Gleam'd the desire to slay.  
With the arrowy force of a torrent's course  
The black horse sprang with a bound ;  
And the Arab crush'd, like a bruised worm,  
Lay quivering on the ground.  
Now deeper toward the desert's heart  
We held upon our road ;  
No tongue may tell, no mind may think,  
The sights that desert show'd ;  
What grisly and blood freezing shapes  
Before my vision strode.

Dusk shadows, which from nothing came,  
Loom'd through the pallid air ;  
Or dimly seen, and indistinct,  
Stalked silent everywhere ;  
And weird sounds around us broke,  
Which lip of mortal never spoke.  
Still onward flew, with ceaseless speed,  
And lightning hoof, that tameless steed,  
When—Jesu guard us well—  
A shadowy train before us lay,  
Stretching afar in dim array,  
From which no whisper fell.  
It was a spectre-caravan,  
Which, ages long ago,  
Had perish'd, every living man,  
The drifting sands below,  
And nightly still the track they tread  
To where their mouldering bones are spread,  
Which rest may never know.  
And each turn'd up, as I fled by,  
His bloodless face and cold dead eye,  
And gave a ghastly grin ;  
Antique their garb in shape and mould—  
And priceless gems and bossy gold  
Gleam'd on their dusky skin ;  
But every stone that shone so well  
Was hot with fire from nether hell,  
Thus, old-committed sin,  
And avarice and plunder lent  
A keen and endless punishment.  
Faster and faster still we flew ;  
And from the rayless sky  
Back roll'd the gloom, the moon shone out,  
And the blue-glancing stars on high  
Went dancing in and out.  
Through a vast valley, swift as thought,  
We kept upon our way ;  
A battle there had once been fought  
On some forgotten day.  
Strange-fashion'd helms, and rusty swords,  
And bucklers many a one,  
And twenty thousand skeletons  
Lay bleaching 'neath the sun.  
The wild steed's tempest-winged hoofs,  
Struck on each wither'd skull,  
And to each blow the hollow bones  
Re-echoed dead and dull,  
As past I swept, and look'd behind,  
As in the saints I trust—  
Life seem'd to fill the fleshless bones,  
And stir the bloodless dust.

For limbs and skulls together roll'd—  
 Those dry and sapless bones  
 Upstarting, as I past did flee,  
 With eyeless sockets glar'd at me—  
 Might turn men's hearts to stones.

On wings of speed we enter'd now  
 A city vast and wide,  
 But not grey-hair'd Tradition's self  
 That city's name supplied.  
 Tall pillars cut from whitest stone,  
 And sculptur'd arches overthrown,  
 And many a tower and stately fane,  
 In ruins on the silent plain,  
 Bespoke its by-gone pride.

And where of old the Oracles  
 Mysteriously spoke,  
 And to forgotten gods had curl'd  
 The sacrificial smoke,  
 A gaunt hyæna stood and howl'd ;  
 And the still ruins round,  
 Re-echoed like a spirit's wail,  
 A melancholy sound.

Onwards we past, and now a sea  
 Came full upon my view—  
 A sea whose heavy waters wore  
 A dark and lurid hue ;  
 No waves arose, no surge was cast  
 Upon the herbless shore,

It held no fish, and never bird  
 Was o'er it seen to soar ;  
 But all around was dead and bare,  
 And blasted as with fire,  
 And manifestly bore the brand  
 Of superhuman ire ;  
 A curse o'erhung the fated spot,  
 An everlasting ban,  
 Abhor'd by beast, and wandering bird,  
 And shunn'd and fear'd by man.

The wild steed gave a neigh of joy,  
 And rush'd towards the sea,  
 Then fear fell on me, and to God  
 I pray'd in agony ;  
 When sudden down from heaven there came  
 What seem'd a ray of falling flame,  
 And shot before his feet ;  
 He rear'd, and flung me from his back,  
 And darting on his tireless track  
 Along the Dead Lake's shore,  
 Fled, than the eagle's swoop more fleet ;  
 I never saw him more.

I rose, while yet my senses reel  
 A molten mass of glowing steel  
 Beside me sparkling lay,  
 I took it, and returning back  
 Upon the Desert's faithless track,  
 Retrac'd my former way.

I pass'd along, till, white and pure as Horeb's stainless snows,  
 With all its columns stretching far in countless gleaming rows,  
 The Desert City came in view. In heaven the sun rode high,  
 Nor bird, nor cloud, nor vapour-wreath was in that speckless sky,  
 But all above was deathly still, and so was all around,  
 Upon the plain no sign of life, no stir, nor faintest sound,  
 I almost thought that I could hear the sun-beams as they glanc'd,  
 And falling on the polish'd stone, in glittering sparkles danc'd.  
 I came before a Giant Fane, pil'd at a dateless day,  
 Which like a thunder-riven rock in mighty fragments lay ;  
 Beneath a rent and ruin'd arch an ancient man I spied,  
 Sitting before a palm-branch cross, with wild figs by his side,  
 Wrapp'd in deep thought ; then drawing nigh, unto that hermit old  
 I reverently bent, and straight my wondrous story told ;  
 " O," cried he, " that I had that bolt, then would I form a brand,  
 That should be irresistible within a Christian hand.  
 Nor mortal fence nor fiend of hell could hide its deadly dint,  
 Its edge should cut the iron bar, and cleave the earth-fast flint."  
 From "neath my garb I took the bolt, delight shone in his eye,  
 And into the deserted hall, he went right joyfully ;  
 Then in the midst he lit a fire, with spice and cinnamon,  
 And fashion'd from the molten mass a falchion-blade thereon,  
 Then, kindling as it seem'd the air, he waved it left and right,  
 Till all Apollyon's ancient fane was fill'd with wondrous light.  
 With many a precious gem inlaid, the hilt was purest gold ;  
 So glorious a weapon ne'er did mortal eyes behold.  
 " And go," said he, " thou favoured one, this blessed falchion bear,  
 Fashion'd and wrought from heav'n-sent steel—temper'd in God's pure  
 The hilt of consecrated gold—the gems from Salem's shrine— [air,  
 Go with good heart, it is thine own, may peace and joy be thine."  
 Many a blow that sword has struck since that far-distant day,  
 Clove many a helm, and won the field in many a desperate fray ;  
 The last time mortal wielded it was at sad Flodden's fight,  
 When the star of Scotland's chivalry lost all its brightest light ;  
 The King of Scotland on that day the wond'rous weapon bore,  
 And whoso once he struck, I ween, molested him no more ;

Swords, flags, and helms in multitudes were won from high and low,  
 But the Scottish Monarch's charmed arms the victors ne'er could show.  
 But where that Sword may now be hid, it skills me not to say.  
 Perchance it may appear again upon some distant day.

VESPER.

### THE HOUSE OF CONAL.

(Continued from p. 3.)

This even handed justice  
 Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
 To our own lips. MACBETH.

THE storm had already reached its height when Ian and his friends, quitting the concealment of the cave, prepared to enter upon their hazardous attempt of scaling the rock upon which the castle was placed. Dangerous at any time, the ascent was rendered almost impracticable by the increased obstacles which a night so tempestuous opposed. Thick darkness obscured their path, except when it was now and then rendered visible in all its terrors by the swift flashes of the lightning. The rain poured down in torrents, and the gusts of wind must have hurled them into the gulf beneath, but for the occasional support afforded by the stems of oak and holly which clothed the steep sides of the rock. The followers of Ian Conal were, however, men accustomed to behold nature in her wilder aspects, and little likely to be deterred, by ordinary impediments, from an undertaking so gratifying to their love of revenge as that upon which they were now employed. They struggled on, therefore, successfully against all the difficulties which obstructed their advance, and had soon arrived beneath the platform, upon which rose the massive towers of the castle, now scarcely distinguishable from the dark clouds which enveloped them.

The mountaineers had scarcely gained a secure footing when a flash of lightning, nearer and more vivid, broke from the bosom of the cloud, and passed in its glancing course amidst the towers of the castle, lighting up each battlement and buttress with a blue and livid glare; then followed the deep-toned peal of thunder, and the crashing fall of a lofty turret, which, rolling down the precipitous cliff, fell with a heavy plash into the waters beneath. All was still for a moment, and then the cry of women, startled from sleep by the terrors of an uncertain danger, broke upon the ear, and the noisy tumult of the scared domestics, and the heavy martial tramp of the steel-clad warrior. Anxious to profit by the confusion of the moment Ian Conal led his followers over the now undefended rampart, and entering the castle on the opposite side from that which had been struck by the lightning, passed quickly into the hall. He found it empty. The remnants of the wassail appeared around, and the goblets which had been lately drained in the pledge, or brandished in the hand of the reveller keeping time to the drunken shout, were now tossed in careless confusion on the wine-stained floor. Without heeding these signs of revelry Ian hurried on, anxious to reach the apartment of the Lady Margaret before the alarm should be given, and the return of the followers of Brackley preclude escape.

He had not advanced far when Margaret Conal herself appeared before him, her face ghastly and pale,—save where it was tinged with the hectic flush of passion,—and her dress betokening that the hour of midnight had found her still holding a sleepless watch. Without uttering a word she grasped the passive hand of Ian, and, raising the lamp which she carried in her hand, prepared to lead him towards the further end of the gallery in which they were standing. The wildness of her manner, and the unwonted energy which flashed from her dark eye, seemed to confirm the fears which had haunted Ian's breast since their last interview, and as he followed her footsteps his heart sickened, and his brain reeled in the conflict of suspense and terror. After advancing a few steps she turned, and entered an ante-room which led to the chamber of her husband. Within, reclined upon a couch, on which he seemed to have thrown himself fatigued by the revels of the banquet, lay the Lord of Brackley, unarmed, and arrayed in festive dress,—his sleep unbroken amidst the raging of the storm, and the awful roaring of the thunder. Ian gazed upon him for a moment, then springing to his bed-side strove to raise him from the couch; but his hand was cold, and his eye fixed and glassy, and his nerveless frame fell back heavily upon the pillow. He was dead. Ian's worst fears had been but too fatally realized. Brackley had perished by the treacherous hand of his wife; and the cup which should have held the draught of welcome, had concealed the deadly poison.

The conflicting emotions of hope and terror which had before agitated the mind of Ian had now given place to the unnatural calmness, and stunning vacuity of despair. He remained fixed and motionless, and though his eye gazed upon the scene, his mind seemed unconscious of all that lay before him. Bending over the pallid corse of her murdered

husband stood Margaret Conal, her form and features thrown out in broad relief from the surrounding darkness, by the light of the silver lamp which she bore in her hand. Her countenance expressed the workings of passion which convulsed her heart, and the wild smile of triumph, which had at first spread over her features, was already melting away as the stern whisper of relentless conscience forced itself upon her soul. An interval of calm had succeeded to the late raging of the storm, and all within remained for a moment as still and motionless as if the deepest sleep had fallen upon the inmates of the castle. Soon, however, the tread of approaching footsteps announced the return of the Baron's followers,—now released from their labours at the ruin,—and the noise and tumult as they poured into the hall, showed that they were already placed in the presence of their enemy. And now the maddening cry of the combatants burst fearfully upon the ear, and the clash of arms, and the sharp swift volley re-echoing through the lofty hall, and the groan of the dying man, and the triumphant shout of his destroyer. "Haste thee, Ian, let us away," cried Margaret with frantic earnestness, "my own followers guard the wicket door which leads upon the drawbridge—they will assist our escape. Haste thee, let us fly together, while safety is yet our own!" "Safety with thee, abhorred traitress," exclaimed Ian, "thee whose unnatural deed man's endless execration must pursue! Say rather whither from the pollution of thy presence can I escape, what distant land can save me from the ignominy of thy crime! Alas! what hope can now exist, what refuge from despair can now remain for the unhappy race of Conal! Thy guilt it is that has brought ruin on thy house, thine accursed hand that has affixed the eternal blazon of disgrace upon a line of heroes. Darest thou believe that I, too, can forsake my people? No!—to their cause I have devoted this now unvalued life,—too small return for years of matchless fidelity! As for thee—the plagues of conscience light on thee, the terrors of remorse harrow thine inmost soul! May'st thou live to behold the extinction of thy race, lingering on through a life of despair,—a friendless outcast,—until the bitter tears of repentance scald thine aged eyes, and thou sinkest alone, and trembling, into an unhallowed grave!" 'Ere he ceased to speak Margaret had thrown herself imploringly at his feet, but he spurned her from him, and, turning away, hurried anxiously to the assistance of his friends.

The impetuous courage of the mountaineers had already more than counterbalanced the superiority which their foes possessed in discipline, and in the weight of armour. When, however, Ian appeared upon the scene of conflict, their former ardour became enthusiasm; and, as he cheered them on to renew the fight, and with flashing claymore hewed his way through the thickest of the enemy, dismay fell upon the boldest Saxons and they scattered backwards, and fled from his destructive path. The absence of their own leader had dispirited them, and now with murmuring enquiry they sought unavailingly his return. Flushed with their success, the mountaineers again rushed on, and with frantic yell renewed the charge. Again arose the din of arms, and the cry of agony, drowned in the victorious shout, and again the sable wreaths of smoke ascended to the rafters as the murderous volley rang through the hall. The followers of Brackley had suffered severely in this onset, but they had also gained a deep revenge; for, when the combatants had broken from each other, and the smoke of the musketry cleared away, Ian Conal appeared in the mid space leaning upon his sword, while the blood poured profusely from his wounded shoulder. His friends hastened to his assistance, but before they could reach him he had reeled and fallen to the ground. His fall was the signal for a cessation of the contest; and the Saxons, thinned in numbers, and fearing to provoke the revenge of their enemy, at once laid down their arms. The wound which Ian Conal had received proved to be mortal; and, though his friends had applied themselves earnestly to staunch the blood which flowed from his side, his life could be protracted but for a few moments. His last words conveyed his order for the protection and release of the vanquished Saxons. He strove again to speak, but without avail, then fell back in the arms of one of his clansmen and expired.

During the events which have been described, the unhappy Margaret Conal had remained unconscious of all that was passing around her. From him to whom she had looked for support and affection she had experienced only abhorrence; and her crime appeared the more hideous in its deformity now that she beheld the futility of those hopes which had lured her to its perpetration. The conflicting emotions which struggled within her frame had overcome her senses, and she sank in death-like stupor on the ground.

So complete had been the prostration of her faculties, that some hours elapsed before she recovered from the swoon into which she had fallen. Meanwhile, the tempest had died away, and in the deep calm which had succeeded no trace could be found of its fury, save the low moaning of the wind, and the sullen swell which still agitated the dark billows of the lake. The stillness and gloom which reigned around her could suggest nothing which recalled her misery. Soon, however, the moon emerging from behind the shelter

of a cloud diffused its wan reflection through the sky, then each tower and battlement glimmered in its rays, and its pale light, stealing into the chamber through the whitened casement, shone upon the stiffening corse that lay extended on the couch before her. To her heated imagination the features of her murdered husband seemed to assume a bitter expression of scorn and hatred, and she remained rooted to the spot, her eyes fixed immoveably on those of the corpse, while the rapid heaving of her bosom showed the agony of terror which convulsed her frame. At last, collecting all her energies into one desperate effort, she tore herself from the spot, then traversing the gallery with noiseless tread rushed forth, and strove to make her way towards the borders of the lake. Rapidly she passed by each rock and greenwood copse, and struggled onwards in the direction of a lofty cliff of pale grey stone, against whose base the swelling surges of the waters heaved with plashing sound. Still she paused oft, and trembled whenever a breath of wind stirred the leafy shade, or when the ivy rustled as she descended lower and lower through the bending brushwood. The eye of the murdered man seemed still to glare upon her; she saw no object, save his dilated form; she heard not the moanings of the wind, for the spectre of her fancy threatened her with angry voice; and spirits of ill whispered mockingly in her ear, reminded her of the days of happiness when she walked in youthful innocence by the margin of the waters, and claimed her triumphantly for their prey, denouncing the guilty murderess steeped in the deepest dye of treachery and blood. Maddened and almost suffocated by the violence of her terror, on she rushed, in frantic course, struggling with the power of desperation through the thick underwood, until at last she gained the level summit of the cliff,—then casting aloft her hands, and uttering one long shriek of agony,—echoed through the mountains as if demons yelled around,—she threw herself from the rock, fluttered in the mid air, and sank beneath the waters, which, bubbling for a moment where she fell, swept onwards in their eddying course, and left her to an undistinguishable grave.

The dull and sulphurous clouds which had long obscured the horizon already began to give way, and soon night descended from his tower of mist, and the grey light of dawn diffused itself over the sky. The bosom of the lake, lately swelling with darkened billows, became now calm and placid as a silver mirror, and in it you might trace the purple and gold-fringed circles which precede the rising of the sun, and soon the gorgeous king of day himself appeared, speeding in silent motion to his noontide throne, and in his train came light, and joy, and youthful hope. The heron rose from his nest, the waterfowl soared in serried phalanx into the air, the sheep-bell tinkled on the hills, and the shepherd's pipe murmured its tuneful sonnets to the mountain echoes. Nature arose from her slumber and decked herself in the wild freshness of morning. Men awoke, and they gave a passing thought to the wild night, but the fury of the tempest had harmed them not, and they turned away, and became engrossed in the cares of the present. But there are other storms more furious than those of the elements, other destroyers more deadly than the lightning shaft, or the bolt of thunder, and to those who have felt their power the brightness of the morning cannot return. Tower and battlement had fallen that night, and they have again risen more proudly than before, but an ancient line had found a blood-stained ending, and strangers possess their lands, and their hearth welcomes another to its shelter. The race of Conal had passed away!

A. F. M.

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#### LOVE AND JOY.

Long ago, when the earth was green and young,  
 So poets sing,  
 At Jove's command to birth there sprung,  
 On fairy wing,  
 Two children bright,  
 With spirits light,  
 Aye laughing in the sun,  
 With merry smiles tripping swift along,  
 Till day was done,  
 Charming the ear with laugh and song,  
 As they flutter'd on.  
 And o'er the green earth these children strayed,  
 Young Love and Joy,  
 And merrily ever they fondly played,  
 Man's heart their toy;  
 And still together,  
 Thro' sunny weather,  
 Or when the storm beat high,

To each the other fondly clung,  
     With beaming eye,—  
 To each the other fondly clung,  
     With beaming eye.  
 Ah! now 'tis changed,—young Love attending  
     Fair maidens' eyes,  
 Slowly beneath their proud looks bending,  
     With stifled sighs;  
     Now mournful grown,  
     Weeps all alone,  
     His sister Joy departed:  
 Whom woman's pride has sent away,  
     Half broken hearted.  
 Ah! who can tell, how, since that day,  
     Poor Love has smarted?

## Proverbial Philosophy.

### On Pea Coats.

~~Whereunto~~ shall I liken the excellency of a good pea-coat?  
 To the pallium of the Greeks—the toga of the Romans—  
 To the sheep-skin coverings of the wanderers on the mountains—  
 The boat cloak, watch cloak, travelling cloak, or benjamin?†  
 A thing unique, inimitable, both elegant and comfortable,  
 It combineth the excellencies of the articles here mentioned.‡  
 The rain falleth harmless from its wrinkleless exterior,  
 The cold wind whistles round in vain, seeking out an entrance,  
 While scatheless walketh on the no-slight-chuckling owner,  
 His both hands buried in the receptacles called pockets,  
 While the velvet collar guardeth well the tenderness of his phiz.

Ughine, they say, doth open the secrets of the heart,‡  
 Bringing the high and proud to a level with the vilest;  
 But a pea-coat concealeth the secrets of the toilet,  
 Raising the vile and vulgar to a level with the haughty.  
 For what matters it, whether beautiful and exquisite,  
 The few under garments, coat, waistcoat, and unmentionables,  
 Exist all new and spotless beneath the splash pea-coat,  
 Or threadbare worn and nearly reduced to a state of rags?  
 The Nob beneath this wrapper hideth his nobility,  
 The Snob likewise doth somewhat bury his vulgarity;  
 Thus the clerk from out his shop, the noble from his mansion,  
 May meet adorned in pea-coats on terms of an equality,  
 In the streets, the crowded race-course, the throng, or the theatre.

The flashing eye, the lofty brow, the finely chisell'd mouth,  
 The tone of voice, the step, will indicate the character;  
 But these are never read at a stray and single glance,  
 They require a little studying and adventitious circumstance,—  
 The burning thought to lighten the flashing of the eye,—  
 A something to awaken the voice's varied tones,—

\* "With his benjamin button'd around him."

*Parody on "Not a drum was heard."*

† Oh fortunatos nimium sua si bona nôrint  
 Pea-coated juvenes!

*Virgilius Redivivus.*

‡ Condita cum verax aperit præcordia liber.

*Hor. Sat.*



And times and opportunities for showing forth each attribute.  
 But a short and easy method of drawing a conclusion,  
 As to the propensities and stamp of passing people,  
 Is to merely notice their pea-coat's form and fashion.  
 For neither will the fast and larky individual,  
 Enwrap his form in coats of a quiet sombre cut,  
 Except for some deceit, when his swagger will betray him ;  
 But rather in a coat outlandish in dimensions,  
 And swing along with pipe in mouth, or cigar of choice tobacco,  
 Puffing and rolling through the streets as if none equall'd him.  
 Nor will the intellectual, the refin'd and the elegant  
 Wear vile-shaped pea coats, but choose a happy medium,  
 Neat but not gaudy, elegant yet not expensive,  
 And liken their exterior to the cut of the inner man.  
 While the slow and the sloven, in long mis-shapen articles,  
 Stalk the streets like scarecrows :—and e'en a wise philosopher  
 At times will seem more shabby, more careless than beseebeth,  
 But still in his pea-coat some point will stamp the genius.

Therefore, youth, be cautious, when you journey to your tailor,  
 Pondering of what cut the next new build shall be ;  
 Be wise, be modest, moderate,—not cover'd o'er with velvet,—  
 The cut quite quiet, elegant, withal yet somewhat spicy,  
 Unless perchance by some you should be taken for a seed ;—  
 Not buttons over many, nor small, nor over ponderous,  
 Yet somewhat rare, if possible, to prove you have some taste ;  
 The pockets as best suit you,—and then the coat's complete.  
 But then beware what way upon your back you place it,  
 What way when clothed in it, you amid the streets perambulate ;  
 For though the cut, the style, the fashion oft doth indicate  
 The owner's secret character,—yet still the mode, the manner,  
 Which shows the coat, as one leg is thrust before the other,  
 Displays, by far more accurately, the genus of the homo ;  
 As light doth show the colours, though the stuff remains the same  
 By day or night ;—once more, young man, we say, take heed,  
 For nought is more important than the choice of a new pea-coat.

GENS TOGATA.

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SONG.

Oh give me back the days of youth,  
 When hearts were mild,—  
 When reckless tongues spoke nought but truth,  
 And none beguiled.  
 Oh give me back my childhood's years,  
 When all things smiled.  
 Oh love bound then each merry heart  
 With a rose-knit chain,—  
 We joyed to meet,—we wept to part,—  
 But soon again  
 New thoughts arose, so we dried our tears  
 And laughed at pain.  
 Oh these are gone,—and never more  
 Shall we behold  
 Such glad some scenes as have past before,  
 In days of old ;  
 For the world has made, with its chilling fears,  
 Our hearts all cold.

DELTA.

*Larga quidem copia fandi.*

VIRGIL.

THERE are few things which have been more abused, and we maintain wrongly abused, than slang. Now, by slang, we beg to inform our readers we do not mean the ephemeral witticisms of the town,—the delicate irony of such phrases as, “Does your mother know you’re out?” or, “Has your mother sold her mangle?” which for short seasons ran like wildfire from street to street, convulsing little urchins with laughter, and rolling them into the gutter—raising butcher boys, and aspiring baker lads, to a perfect pitch of enthusiasm, while the unfortunate victim, some mild, smooth-faced, half-genteel, pursued his way, blushing, annoyed, yet personifying the state of “not being able to help himself.” Neither do we refer to the mysteries of the unknown language of thieves, of which we had a specimen in the late popular melody of “Nix my dolly pals.” Nor, again, by slang do we mean the what-you-may-call-’em style of dress, green coats, brass buttons, very low collars, strange-shaped unmentionables, all set off by a peculiar air and manner, indescribable to those who have never seen it, and yet combining the acme of bad taste with the perfection of swagger and swearsy impudence,—the highest state of vulgarity and pretension with the out-and-outism of ignorance. But, gentle reader, by slang we mean that which is so denominated by the refined—the expressive, yet perhaps not very accurate, the euphonious yet not always elegant, the long cherished though scouted language, or rather phraseology, of public schools and universities. And why has it been scouted, abused, ridiculed, and sought to be banished by the refined and the elegant?—because it is vulgar, because it is bad? They say so:—but no, they scout it because they don’t understand it, above all, because they won’t try to understand it, because their ideas are taught to keep the beaten road,—they allow not of wanderings among unknown paths, and they cannot comprehend and allow for the vigour and go-ahead principle of the young ideas, and fresh imagination.

Not to glance at the subject slightly and superficially, we would first enquire, what is language? Why, plainly the expression of thought, the means of conveying to others what is passing in our own minds. We are accustomed to see languages set before us in a very orderly, well regulated, and thoroughly anatomised state,—whole lists of roots, verbs, moods, tenses, derivatives, substantives, adjectives, cases, adverbs, particles, &c., placed in beautiful rows, like a body of soldiers drawn up, their bayonets fixed, and all with their right leg foremost. We have only to follow our nose as we start on the journey of acquiring a language, and by perseverance we may arrive at the goal without having wandered from the path. But what was the state originally? Language was but a set of sounds, to the intonation of which peculiar meaning was attached, and thus originally a common grunt was quite as good and expressive as any of the long-winded, polished, three-syllable-words, which roll so smoothly and glibly from the accurately articulating tongue. But not to enter into the mysteries and intricacies of the progress of language, and grammar, and the reducing to system,—we would only beg our readers to keep in mind that language and words, their object and aim is to convey thoughts, to express the curious indescribable workings of the brain, the airy paintings of the imagination, which, carried on invisibly, can only be embodied and produced for inspection by sounds, which sounds are capable of being understood, preserved, and transmitted by means of language and words. Now ideas and thoughts are caught from the outer world—things passing around us begin to occupy our brain, before we create for ourselves unreal phantoms, and even these are tinged with the same hues. Commensurate, therefore, with the progress and civilization of nations, are their thoughts and ideas—is their want of the means of expressing them; and, consequently, language and words should keep pace with the outer world, the arts, inventions, and wonders of the day. Now these are not the same as a hundred years ago; new things are constantly appearing,—centrifugal railways, whereby men go with their heads towards the earth and are none the wiser,—steam-carriages, beating, according to the Yankees, a streak of greased lightning,—industrious fleas, which fight, ride, and drive,—likenesses and views taken by nature and not by art,—these and other myriads of wonders, new, extraordinary, and at times bordering on the diabolical, are seen day after day. We would ask, then, are the same set of sounds which expressed the quiet tenour of thought and ways of our ancestors to suffice for these? For instance, can the word “travelling,” which embodied the notion of a clumsy coach, sluggish horses, bad roads, highwaymen, and a rate of two miles or less per hour, express the modern system of flying—the devouring miles in minutes,—the taking a seat in a comfortable-looking little room, and almost without knowing it, finding oneself in a short time just enough for a siesta, or building up a few castles of pleasing thought, at the other end of the kingdom? we rather imagine not; still such is the restraint on innovation in our language that we are far out-

stripping the sense of our words ; they will, ere long, have to cast their old skin, their old sense and meaning, and become, as it were, mere sounds again, and then put on their new skin, take a new power and comprehensibility.

Even the greatest admirers of the English language will allow that it is meagre ;—ideas that are expressed in other languages by one word, require often half-a-dozen, or more, of our strange harsh-sounding ones, to convey its meaning properly. The poets, whose thoughts are imaginative and comprehensive, betake themselves to compound epithets,—called vagaries and high-flown absurdities by the methodical and matter of fact. Even ladies cannot express their elegant nothings, the delicacy and sweetness of their thoughts, in our harsh uncomprehensive terms ; they must have recourse to Italian and French ; and pray is not slang, as they call it, just as good—nay, better ? It is at least depending on ourselves, and not having recourse to foreigners. In such a state of things, is not slang reasonable—nay, most useful ? But once again we protest against the denomination slang ; we would call it rather the enriching and improving of our language,—the enriching, by adding numerous new and expressive words,—the improving, by giving greater force and comprehensibility to our phrases. For instance, at one of our public schools, though not much known elsewhere, there is a word in frequent use, this word is “thoke,” either “to thoke,” or “a thoke.” We presume it is originally connected with the verb “to think ;” but it expresses an infinite deal more. It conveys the notion of longing, of looking forward to anything with intense pleasure, and the picturing beforehand its various charms, dwelling on them at the same time with a satisfaction and enjoyment reality itself too seldom fulfils,—it gives all the bright colours of anticipation, which existence frequently dissipates or dims. Such is the comprehensibility of the word “thoke.” Send a school-boy a plum-cake, he is “thoking” on it all day before he devours it, and the pleasure is greater in anticipation than the actual enjoyment ; for then he generally cannot eat enough to please himself, or else he eats too much, and the result is —. Ask a young aspirant to a day’s shooting, he “thokes” on it for weeks previously, and brings down his birds in imagination with a perfection of skill the day seldom realizes ; and so on. But we will not tire our readers, we dare say most of them can recall similar expressive terms which have grieved them much to resign, and caused them much trouble to replace, either with long rigmarole phrases, or poor shallow words, which do not convey one-half of the true meaning.

To proceed. In our system of improvement we have a set of similes, to any one of which a verb has merely to be added, to produce a forcible and efficient phrase ; and no matter what the sense of the verb may be, the simile will suit all, even those of the most opposite meanings. The object of language is not merely to express our thoughts, but to convey them accurately to others. Now all persons have not the same cast or quickness of intellect, it is therefore a great point to use terms such as will suit all, from which any person can deduce a meaning, so as to exactly accord with his own ideas. Thus, in speaking of a person, to call him “a brick,” is often abused as a most unmeaning phrase, and to talk of persons “reading like bricks,” “riding like bricks,” “as fast as a brick,” “as slow as a brick,” they say, involves a contradiction of terms, and shows a poverty of ideas. But suppose now we were to speak of a thing being as sweet as music to a person who utterly hates even the very name, pray what would his notion be of its sweetness ? If, then, instead, we had said as sweet as a brick, he might have formed some idea ; for most probably not being acquainted with the actual sweetness of a brick, there would be room for the imagination to exercise itself, and he could suit the extent of sweetness to his fancy. Abusing, therefore, the term brick, people abuse on false grounds ;—it is, they won’t dispute, a masonic term,—we contend there is freemasonry about it. In itself conveying no definite idea, so as to lead away by confining the person to one incontrovertible notion, it allows of a free scope to the imagination, and will convey to a person a meaning most appropriate, and just after his own heart. Introduce a person to a company as a regular brick, he is immediately on familiar footings with all, each one supposes him given to the same hobby as himself, and is ready to be forthwith on the most intimate terms. Speak of a man having done a thing like a brick, it means he has done it with all the good English soul and spirit ; speak of him as accustomed to do things like bricks, it conveys the notion of first-rate skill. In fine, it is a phrase of the greatest extent and use. A man has not to weigh his words slowly and deliberately to make them fit exactly, to prevent any false notions being derived from them, but in itself most expressive, it allows free play to the speaker without limiting a quick and easy flow of ideas, or cramping and hampering the imagination of the listener. There is also another species of simile, just opposite to the last, each presenting a number of striking points, from which the best suited may be selected according to the taste of the hearer or reader,—such as “going it like a house-a-fire,”—“going it like mad,” &c. We are familiar with these objects,—thus, the house-a-fire will recall the

notion of vivid flames, intense burning, fearful destruction, magnificent sight, &c., from which the person addressed may select the most suitable idea, and the meaning will be conveyed to his mind in a most forcible manner; and this, we contend, is the sole end and use of language,—the most elegant, sweetly-sounding words could do no more. Therefore let no one henceforward be deterred from using his pet phrases; from boldly maintaining their utility and comprehensibility,—let him not allow of such a term as Slang being applied to them; he is nobly doing something towards the improvement of our language. And why should the language halt when the intellect is marching? And are we not told on all sides, now a days, of the march of intellect, what strides it is taking? Let him proceed therefore boldly,—future generations will hold him their benefactor, while he passes through this as a genius and philosopher.

DRANCES.

### THE SHEPHERD'S LAMENT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.

She loved me e'en a shepherd boy,  
Nor wealth, nor kin, had I,  
She's gone, and now, methinks, 'twere time  
To lay me down and die.

Some talk of woman's faithlessness,  
And broken vows the while,  
But show me love like woman's love,  
Or smile like woman's smile.

Where once she loves she'll still love on,  
Let weal or woe betide;  
Bleak winter's cold, soft summer's sun,  
Shall find her by your side.

They forced her on another,  
Whose bride she ne'er could be,—  
They knew not of her many vows  
Of constancy to me.

They killed her—God forgive them,  
Tho' I can ne'er forget;  
I'm a lonely, friendless, wanderer,  
For my heart is bleeding yet.

She loved me e'en a shepherd boy,  
Nor wealth nor kin, had I,  
She's gone, and now, methinks, 'twere time  
To lay me down and die.

G. G.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*We are sorry, on mature consideration, to be forced to decline "N. N." and "Songs for the College, No. 1." We hope to hear again from their Authors.*

*The Parody on Horace, Ode VIII. Book I., though clever, does not possess sufficient merit to warrant its appearance in our pages.*

*The Stock-in-hand of a certain London paper, best known as "My Grandmother," will, we fear, furnish too many instances of "Irish Outrage," very similar to that forwarded by "Billy Bruff."*

*We beg to decline, with thanks, "Heigho!" and "The Hoax."*

*The Lines of "Monachus" do not lack merit, but we shall hope to receive something from their Author more worthy of his talents.*

*The next number will be published on Wednesday, the 26th of October.*

*It is requested that all contributions may be sent in on the WEDNESDAY previous to the day of publication.*

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TO THE EAST INDIA COLLEGE.

# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

VOL. II.—PART I.

Liberius ai  
Dixero quid, si fortè jocosius, hoc mihi juris  
Cum venià dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.*

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No. 3.] WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1842. [PRICE 1s.

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## MUCROSS ABBEY.

*(Continued from p. 90.)*

*Mira.* How came we ashore?  
*Prosp.* By Providence divine. TEMPER.

ALTHOUGH the scene of destruction, just described, had taken place in one of the least frequented quarters of the lakes, it had one spectator in the person of the Hermit of Mucross. With his constant companion, the stag-hound, at his side, heedless of the waters which broke around him, the old man stood upon the rocks, on which so many of his hours went by. It was on this spot, gazing over the waters, that he usually watched the decline of day, and on this occasion the sun setting in anger, the moaning of the winds, and all the indications of a coming storm, had not passed unheeded by him. He had seen the boat leaving Innisfallen, watched it with anxiety until it became a mere speck upon the water, and again beheld it driven before the furious hurricane. Unable to render any aid—for what could human power avail in such a case?—he foresaw the inevitable fate of all on board, and as the boat struck against the very rock on which, with difficulty, he held his footing, he heard the loud cry of the despairing men, high above the uproar of the storm, and continued to listen eagerly for any sound which might indicate that even one, from so many, had escaped an instant death. For some time he could perceive nothing, and was about to turn in sorrow towards the Abbey, when a low cry caught his ear, and the stag hound—crouched at his feet—with a quick sudden bark, indicating the presence of some unusual object, sprang to the very extremity of the rock, and looked intently on the water below. A projecting ledge on either side in some degree sheltered it in this spot, and the old man, bending eagerly forward, could discern something floating in the calm water beneath him. There was not sufficient light to tell him what this might be; but, in a moment, seemingly forgetful of his age and feebleness, he had thrown himself into the lake and grasped at the object which caught his view. To his joy it proved to be a human being, and the silk folds of a dress which he had seized, told him that a helpless lady was the only one, out of the number of a strong crew, likely to be saved from a watery grave. With some difficulty, for his strength was nearly exhausted, he raised her head above the water, and thus, with one hand supporting her, with the other he felt for some projection of the rock, or some branch springing from its side, to which clinging he might seek a moment's rest, before endeavouring to reach a place of safety. But the side of the rock was smooth and unbroken, and at this spot there was not a crevice in which the smallest twig could strike its root. The old man now felt the hopelessness of despair; he had drifted to some distance with the current, and his strength was quite gone; he could not make another effort for preservation, and resigned himself to the fate he had so willingly encountered. But help was nigher, at that moment, than he had hoped: once had he sunk, and the waves were again closing over him, when he felt himself dragged rapidly along, and in a very short time drawn into shallow water, close to the land. He had still clung with tightened grasp to the object of his care, and though very faint and almost powerless, he did not cease till he had placed her beyond the water's edge. In this he was aided by the preserver of both, no other than his faithful dog, who, now that his task was done, lay down panting and exhausted by the side of the inanimate being he had saved. First pausing to gain a moment's breath, the old man, quickly as he could, made for the widow's cottage, which, most fortunately, was close at hand; at the door he met with aid in a young relation of the poor woman, who,

VOL. II.—PART I.

running to the water's side, bore back in his arms to the cottage the lifeless form of the lady. She was laid upon the low bed within the second room, and every simple means of restoration in their power put into practice by the three persons who anxiously watched for any indication of returning life. Within an hour, the slow and feeble beating of her heart told them that life was not extinguished, and the breathing of her lips soon testified the return of animation.

By this time, save for the feeble glimmering afforded by the last remains of a turf fire which flickered on the hearth, the room was in total obscurity. But there had been sufficient light to enable the old man to attend to his unconscious patient, and in part to trace her features as she lay before him. She was the same beautiful creature whom, at Innisfallen, we have heard called by the name of Beatrice, and she did not, perhaps, look one degree less lovely when lying cold and marble-like on that poor bed, than she had on that day appeared in all her beauty, reclining on the mossy banks of the island.

The widow and her young relation had retired to the outer room, and the old man, seated by the bedside of the lady, holding her cold hand within his own, counted with anxiety the irregular throbbings of her pulse. The fire had burned still lower, and gave scarcely any light, when the first long deep sigh escaped from the breast of the suffering lady. She moved slightly on the bed, and uttered a single word—it was but one word, and spoken too in the unconscious wanderings of her mind—but its effect upon the old man was almost electrical. At its sound he started as if a fearful sudden pang had shot through his heart, and for an instant deprived him of thought. Recollecting himself, however, he sprang to the hearth; threw some turf upon the decaying embers, and quickly returned to the bed-side. The fire in a moment blazed, and lighted up the room, and the old man, stooping over the still unconscious lady, parted back the long black hair which lay damp and dishevelled over her brow, and gazed intently and anxiously upon her face. For a short time he seemed in uncertainty and doubt, till, with eager hands and trembling at every limb, he loosened the clasps which bound her dress around her throat, and drew forth from her bosom, by a ribbon to which it was attached, a small miniature richly set in gold and jewels. One glance upon the picture was sufficient; he let it fall from his hands, and, exclaiming in a voice husky with emotion, "Great Heaven, it is she!" staggered backwards to the wall overpowered, and thunderstruck with amazement and wonder. There he remained without sense or feeling till the entrance of the widow recalled him to himself. Before her, indeed, he betrayed no emotion, but, merely moving to the bed, threw himself upon his knees by its side and buried his face among the coverings. The poor woman in a few minutes again retired from the room, and the old man, unrestrained by her presence, gave full scope to the violence of his grief. It was as if the remembrance of some deed of horror, summoned before him in a moment, made him writhe in agony, as, bowed to the earth, he struggled against the fearful emotions of a heart-rending conscience. No word escaped his lips, but the hollow groans torn from his breast, too plainly spoke the torments he suffered. Tears at length came to his relief; and till he had wept long and passionately, calmness did not succeed to the violence of woe.

While the old man continued thus prostrate in mind and body, plainly suffering, in every way, the torments of a remorseful memory, recalled by a most strange and sudden discovery, the unconscious origin of his pain—she, who by one word, had conjured up all the demons which now assailed him—slowly returned to the life whence she had so nearly been for ever snatched. At length she raised herself upon her pillow, and gazing wildly around the room, her attention lighted on the old man kneeling at her side. He also, at the same moment, raised himself from the stooping position in which he had crouched almost to the ground, when the eyes of both met and rested on each other. For an instant he shrunk from her earnest gaze, as if he feared a recognition, but perceiving that her senses still wandered, and her memory was gone, with less difficulty he met her glance; still it was fixed on him, in a bright and searching look, and for a moment he fancied that in spite of the torpor which oppressed her mind, and the change which years and sorrow had effected in him, her memory was strong enough to recall his features, and the days in which she had last looked upon him. But he was, in great part, mistaken. It is true she gazed upon him long and searchingly, as if through every other sense and feeling had disappeared, though memory, in every other way, had lost its power, she could never forget the features she had too much reason to remember. But her recollection seemed vainly taxed, and the exertion of supporting herself was too much for her strength; muttering a few words she again sunk upon her pillow, and in a low plaintive voice, breathed some few of the many varied thoughts passing through her wandering mind. Not one of them escaped the old man, who, deeply moved by every word she uttered, wept like a child at the remembrance of the scenes she called to mind. Weak and faint she lay back upon her pillow, and for a long time pondered on what had seemed only a passing delusion.

"I thought," she said, "I saw him here—but that is not possible; poor, miserable, broken-hearted man, he is dead long ere this.—Yet why should I pity him, is it not true that he killed him?—I heard him say so—I heard him confess, too, in his agony of grief and despair, that it was my death he sought, and then I cursed him.—Oh! how bitterly I cursed him—and, God forgive me, I feel that my curses withered up his heart, and sent him remorseful and despairing to his grave.—Oh! would I could recall those words—they drove him from his home, where he might have lived to repent him of the deed which he committed—they made him a wanderer on the barren earth; and how his days of suffering have ended, it makes my blood run cold to think upon."

So she continued to pour forth sentence after sentence; at one time rational and calm, at another unconnected and seemingly without meaning. But every word she uttered went to the heart of the old man, for it was of him she often spoke, and the convulsive writhings of his frame, and the death-like clutch with which he seized the coverings of the bed, told the sufferings he endured. She spoke of days gone by, of the joyous hours of her youth, when she roamed in careless freedom through the gardens and beneath the fountains of her sunny Italy. She fancied those days had come again, and dwelt in rapture on the passing creation of her mind. But soon a wild and fearful change came over this happy picture, as she seemed to revisit a scene of suffering and woe, where sorrow was familiar, and crime was not unknown. Even here, indeed, there was that which took from her recollections much of their bitterness,—for, as she spoke of these days of sorrow, a name, on which she loved to dwell, often escaped her lips, and, as she breathed it, a happy smile gleamed across her brow; it seemed as if that alone sufficed to blot out the memory of suffering, although he, whom she named, was in every way connected with the misery she recounted. She was aware that she had been saved from an unprovided death,—a presentiment, however, of a fast approaching and final dissolution lay heavy on her heart; but she dwelt on it with joy, and regarded it without fear. Of this and other matters she spoke till sleep insensibly closed her eyelids, and she sank into a deep, though troubled, slumber.

On again awaking, her reason had resumed its sway, and her mind its powers of thought. Though, for a moment, she looked around with an enquiring gaze, expressing by her countenance a degree of awe and wonder, the truth soon fully flashed across her, and the entire recollection of the storm and its consequences reverted to her mind. She was, by this time, very calm, and excessive faintness had completely overpowered her. The old man had, during her sleep, quitted the apartment, and the widow now sat by the bed-side. From her she learned, in a few words, that she alone had been preserved from the waters of the lake,—that every one else on board the boat had perished. Increasing weakness rapidly came over her, and she had only strength to say a few words. She took the widow's hand, and looking up into her face, she said,—“Am I entirely mistaken, is it naught but the fancy of my brain, which tells me that a venerable old man was but now kneeling by my side? Ha! you seem confused.—Woman, I conjure you with my dying breath to hide nothing from me that I shall ask of you. Tell me, for the sake of mercy, was such a man, but now, here?—Answer me quickly and truly, for there is a coldness upon my heart which whispers to me I have not long to live.”

“It is true, dear lady,” the widow replied, amid her tears, “that the old man you describe was just now here; it was he who saved you from the water, and he has till this moment never left you. He passed me in the outer room, telling me that he would quickly return—and oh! there was the look of much suffering on his pale, haggard, brow, as he came from this door. What has passed I do not know, but a strange and terrible change has come over him. Lady, dear lady, the poor old man has suffered much in this world, but I doubt whether the misery of years has been equal to that of the few hours he passed by your bedside. Why I should say so I cannot tell.”

“Then, he still lives,” said the suffering lady, with a long, heavy, sigh, “and the charge of his death does not lie with me. Great God! I thank Thee, that Thou hast saved me this pang in my last hour; oh! how truly inscrutable are Thy decrees; regard him with pity, and forgive the deed committed in the blindness of passion and in the pride of his heart. ‘Tis I, and I alone, who am to blame, for had I not deserved his hate, murder had never stained his hands. Yet pity me also, for I am about to appear before Thy throne, and oh! grant that there I may find mercy.”

She was silent, her eyes had closed as if in death, and save the feeble breathing of her lips there was no sign of life remaining. At this moment the door slowly opened, and the Hermit entered with quiet tread. As he approached the bed, he saw at a glance that it was one of death, and with an exclamation of horror hastened forward and threw himself by its side. He seized the cold hand which lay before him, and wildly, in impassioned language, called the dying lady by her name. He conjured her for one moment to awake,

and look upon him; he besought her, by all that she had ever loved, to forgive him, and to recall the words of anger and imprecation, the curses she had in her despair and misery heaped upon his head, curses which had clung to him like his shadow, and racked his soul well nigh to madness.

"Beatrice!" said he, "dear and most injured lady, do not spurn the prayer of a heart-broken old man. He, perhaps, was once dear to you, and do not at this hour forget in him the father of one you loved better than your life. By his love, I conjure you to take compassion on his guilty father; as you hope for mercy at a dread tribunal, to grant your forgiveness to one, who seeks no more than it on earth."

Her eyes gently opened—the film of death was over them; her voice was hollow and almost inaudible, as she slowly and solemnly said: "Father! may God have mercy on you—may man forgive you as I have long since forgiven you." These were her last words. When she had breathed them, a happy smile lighted up her features, and in a moment she expired.

Once more the Hermit of Mucross stood within the Abbey. It was about a week after the events just described, that, at nightfall, he might have been seen kneeling over a slab of white marble, but recently placed there, and bearing on its surface the single word "Beatrice." His prayer was finished, and rising from his knees he turned from the old walls, never again to enter them.

Days went by, and those who had been so long accustomed to see the Hermit at his favourite haunts, wondered at his absence. They searched wherever they deemed it possible to find him; they went to every spot which he used to frequent; through the woods, and on the rocks on the margin of the lake—but nowhere could they find him. They climbed to the room in which was the recess where they had heard he took his rest, and here the robin and the sparrow fearlessly approached them from their places of safety amid the ivy and other shrubs that grew around; these birds knew no dread of man, for the only one they had been accustomed to, was used to protect, not to offer molestation. In this room, indeed, there was one token of the Hermit—this was his poor old stag-hound, who lay upon the ground close to the recess, and, with an enquiring look upon the intruders, seemed to ask some tidings of his absent master. The poor dog had never stirred from the spot since the departure of the Hermit, and was weak and dying with age and hunger.—They called to him as they turned away, and he followed them to the door, but there he stopped and crouched to the ground; they called to him again, he wagged his tail, and, with a piteous, melancholy, howl, drooped his head and died.

Another week elapsed, and the rain fell in torrents, and the wind beat furiously through the streets of Killarney, as, towards midnight, a solitary figure with difficulty forced his way through the storm and surrounding gloom, to a house of somewhat better appearance than those in its neighbourhood. It was situated at one extremity of the principal street, and its proximity to the chapel bespoke the residence of the clergyman. The latter was one of that class of men, unfortunately too rarely met with, at that period, in the country. He united the perfect bearing of the gentleman, with the arduous and painful duties of his sacred profession. He was the friend and companion of the poor man, whose wretched cabin was often the scene of his labours, and a happy smile always welcomed his appearance at the houses of the highest in the country. Himself the son of a nobleman, he had early in life followed up the views of his father, but he soon abandoned the world and its ambition, and devoted himself to the service of the poor in the ministry of religion. On the night in question, he had not retired to rest, every moment expecting a summons to the bed-side of a dying man, and he sat alone in his little parlour, listening to the storm that raged without. At length a low tapping at his door caught his ear, and supposing it the messenger he looked for, he proceeded to admit him. On opening the door a tall figure, closely muffled in a cloak, stepped into the room, who, upon removing his disguise, discovered to the clergyman the person of the Hermit of Mucross. He was, if anything, more pale than ever, and the traces of deep and fresh suffering were plainly visible on his haggard care-worn brow. Taking from his breast a sealed paper, he addressed the clergyman briefly, and with much emotion:—

"Father! you no doubt are much surprised to see me here, but it is for the last time; I am about to leave for ever this country, and I have one boon to beg of you before I go. My sudden disappearance will, doubtless, be much discussed; conjectures of every nature will arise as to my strange and eventful story. For my part, I care not for the opinion of man, but I feel that there is a duty which I owe not only to myself and to others, but a duty which I owe to a Higher Power in taking the part on which I have determined. Here is a paper, containing much strange, and, I confess it, dreadful matter; it is a history of crime and its effects, of blinded passion, and the pride of man. Take it,



father, and for the space of one year from this present hour, keep it unopened. At the end of that period read it attentively, and while doing so, however much the narration of crime may there appal you, do not hate my memory, but on the contrary, cease not to remember in your holy prayers the guilty wretch whose torments have already been sufficient to expiate any crime against the world, and who will soon have offered the only remaining atonement in his power, to the vengeance of an outraged God."

He placed the packet in the clergyman's hands, who heard him with astonishment and silence, and bidding him a hasty though heartfelt farewell, he threw his cloak around him, and, careless of the storm, now at its utmost pitch, he hurried from the door, and was, in a moment, lost to sight, in the impenetrable darkness of night.

(*To be continued.*)

### STANZAS.

O smile on me thy own sweet smile, I know no smile so bright,  
Though oft I've seen fond glances beam, like stars of summer night;  
And on young beauty's radiant eyes I've gaz'd, and dream'd the while;  
Yet I never felt what beauty was until I saw thee smile.

And cold and sunless lay my heart, as a dreary winter's day,  
Its fountains never sparkling 'neath a bright and sunny ray,  
Until I gaz'd upon thy smile,—then came affection's spring,  
And the lute-like chords of love awoke a gentle murmuring.

And though I may not see thee now, my heart e'er fondly beats,  
And still responsive notes of love fond memory repeats;  
Each fragrant blooming floweret—each softly-breathing strain—  
Recalls thy form, thy voice's tones, and cherish'd words again.

And when I'm roaming far away from lands I love the best,  
I'll fix upon some lovely star that glitters in the West,  
And gazing on its brightest rays, I'll think again on thee,  
And fancy will recall thy smiles, so fair, so sweet to me.

E—n.

### THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ARMADA.

"*Efflavit Deus et dissipavit.*"

#### I.

Like molten glass beneath the sun,  
Glimmer'd the summer sea;  
And the waves upon the shelly strand,  
Curl'd over pleasantly.

The long-wing'd sea-birds, white as snow,  
Glanc'd gracefully around,  
Or floated mute and motionless,  
Above the blue profound;  
It was a vast and mighty bay,  
'Midst the far Scottish Isles,  
Where the inconstant summer yields  
But short and scanty smiles.

Upon the black gigantic cliffs,  
A band of peasants stood;  
And, far before, the waters wide  
Extended many a rood.  
Sudden upon their ears arose  
A faint and sullen sound,  
First low, then waxing, still increased,  
And seem'd to gather round.

Was it the crimson-belted bee,  
Within the foxglove's bells?—  
No! deeper yet, and stronger still  
The threatening murmur swells.

Which, louder yet unto the ear,  
The rising breezes bore;  
Until each listener well might know  
'Twas cannon's distant roar.

#### II.

Anon, when 'neath the azure field,  
The great sun, like a golden shield,  
Was sinking calm and slow,—  
The purple sea and dusky shore  
Beheld a sight ne'er seen of yore,  
And such a sight as never more  
A British sea shall know.

Just where the clear sun's level beams,  
Cover'd with flame the ocean-streams,  
Came suddenly to view,  
A navy—such as ne'er to man  
Was given—e'en in dreams—to scan;  
Whilst gathering fiercely from behind,  
A strong and tempest-winged wind  
Each mighty vessel onward bore,  
Ploughing the deep's untrodden floor,  
And fleck'd with foam the blue,  
Huge were the ships—each massy deck  
Seem'd as though storm could never wreck,  
Nor ocean in his rage;

Their sides with brazen cannon gleam'd,  
From mast and sailyard banners stream'd,  
And back, with quick and blinding blaze,  
Shot in bright shafts the brilliant rays  
From polished helm and shining lance,  
And baffled o'en the eagle's glance;  
Small chance, I wot, in deadly fight  
With that proud force for mortal might  
Unaided to engage.

But ever still, as on they sped,  
The rising tempest with them fled,  
And o'er the beaming skies  
Spread an impenetrable pall,  
Till night seem'd palpably to fall  
Upon the straining eyes.

Then from the caverns of the air  
The mighty winds uprose,  
And the troubled sea beneath them heaved  
In short and sullen throes;  
And it seem'd as though the unearthly form  
Of the terrible Spirit that rules the storm,  
Was hurrying by through the murky air,  
Girt about with a gloomy glare,  
And his meteor hair as he swiftly pass'd  
Floating far on the howling blast.

### III.

And still the tempest, with ceaseless might,  
Drove the ships thro' the starless night,  
Ropes were riven, and sails were rent,  
And the towering masts like rushes bent;  
Their arms and cannon could not repress  
That irresistible whirlwind's stress,  
Nor all their warriors check the force,  
That swept them on in that headlong course.—  
There is a headland stern and high,  
Rising steeply to clouds and sky;  
Black, and rugged, and grim and bare,  
Sheerly it pierces the keen sea-air;  
And far beneath the ocean's breast,  
Mirrors its haughty and shiver'd crest;  
Around and before it, hid from view  
By the treacherous waves so clear of hue,  
Lie rocks so pointed, hard, and keen,  
That never under Heaven's sheen,  
Death so lurking bath mariner seen;  
Every ship their touch must rue,  
They would pierce the strongest thro' and thro'.

And now towards the fated spot,  
The navy held its way;  
The heavy hand of Destiny  
Upon them lead-like lay,—  
A feeling dark of woe and dread  
Each heart did sorely weigh.

Borne by the tempest's impulse strong,  
In utter gloom they drive along,  
Unknowning of their way,  
And pray, to guide them through the night,  
Some saint of heaven would send a light,  
Or speed the blessed day.

O evil the morning ye men of proud Spain,  
When your mighty Armada was launched on the main,  
Cordova, Montserrat, and Burgos' rich vale,  
Gave freely their sons for a prey to the gale;

Just then—a Fire, no mortal hand  
Had lit, was seen to rise,—  
Up from the headland's loftiest point  
It sprang into the skies,—  
A column huge of gushing fire,  
Still leaping forth—still mounting higher,—  
Soaring it clove the dusk obscure  
With a red fountain clear and pure;  
And flashing hung 'twixt sea and sky,  
Like a flame-pillar vividly.

It shone o'er land—it shone o'er flood,  
Around on every side,  
And everything, as at midday,  
Was seen both far and wide,  
It showed each hill and rocky peak;  
Each fort and castled height,  
And the warders gazing from the walls  
In wonder at the sight;  
The sea-fowl slumbering on the rocks,—  
The darkly waving woods,—  
And the giant ocean on the strand  
Heaping—as 'twould devour the land—  
Its waves in multitudes.  
The Navy deemed it was a sign  
The blessed saints had sent,  
That heaven had interposed to save  
Their mighty armament.

On sailed they—as the foremost ship  
Touched on the hidden shoal,  
O'er which the fierce and foamy waves  
Seemed steadily to roll.  
The fiery pillar sank at once—  
All light that moment fled,—  
Darkness thrice gloomy and profound  
Was o'er the welkin spread.

### IV.

The pallid light of widening morn  
Shone faintly o'er the scene,  
And showed the wrecks that yesterday  
So fair and strong had been.

As thick as lilies pave the pool,  
Or autumn leaves, the shore,  
The coast with bodies torn and bruised,  
Was heaped and covered o'er—  
A wilderness of shattered wreck  
The swelling waters bore,  
The ocean-birds in wild amazement,  
Hoarse-screaming, circled wide  
Above the storm-tost skeletons  
Of that great Navy's pride.

Upon the hull, that late with life  
Was full, as hive of bees,  
The swarthy cormorant unscared,  
Sat drifting o'er the seas,  
And screamed aloud, and flapped its wings  
Within the morning breeze.

'Twas a proud sight to look on, as down to the strand  
 They came in bright armour, with war-axe and brand,  
 And thick waved their lances as corn when 'tis ripe,  
 And gay their plumes nodded to trumpet and pipe;  
 Bold Parma marched gaily, his flags fluttered fair,  
 Like the wings of the eagle they gleamed in the air;—  
 Toledo, Medina, and kingly Castile,  
 Sent their chivalry, doomed to the tempest and steel,  
 And cheerly they trooped to the billowy shore,  
 Adown the blue hills they were ne'er to see more;  
 The ships are all hallowed with psalm and with prayer—  
 The reliques are covered—the falchion is bare—  
 The cables are severed, and over the deep  
 The Steeds of the Ocean—the war-vessels sweep.  
 And thought ye, “Invincible Fleet,” in your might,  
 That death and confusion would urge on your flight!  
 Or dreamed ye that England was feeble and old,  
 And the hearts of her children less stedfast and bold?  
 O knew not ye, e'en if their courage had paled,  
 If their arms had grown stiff, and their spirits had quailed,  
 That to see your keels ploughing the sea-foam and froth,  
 The powers of the ocean would rise up in wrath—  
 From their shadowy grottoes and pearly caves  
 To see ye trample the tameless waves?  
 And the spirits that rule over storm and blast,  
 Waking to rage as ye proudly pass'd,  
 Vowed that tyrants should never chain  
 The fire-winged tempest and hurricane.—  
 The great winds, swooping like vultures, came,  
 And their path was braided with living flame;  
 While the billows in fury boiled up below,  
 And roaring rushed on the haughty foe;  
 Rock and arrow, glaive and gale,  
 Record in blood the Armada's tale.  
 Woe, woe, to the land of the sunny skies,—  
 From Tagus to Ebro laments arise,  
 Go, weep by mountain and wail by main,  
 Ye youths and maidens of humbled Spain,  
 Shed for her glory the bitter tear,  
 For low lies her helmet and snapped is her spear;  
 Her knights and heroes in ocean sleep,  
 And the shapeless monsters that haunt the deep,  
 A gladsome carnival o'er them keep.  
 Broad Douro, rushing its rapid course,  
 Hears sighs and wailing from mouth to source,  
 And no Sierra so wild and high  
 But echoes the sob and the bitter sigh;  
 Maid and mother, sire and son,  
 Woe hath fallen on every one;  
 Long, long, shall Spain lament the day,  
 Which sent to destruction that proud array.  
 Such be the fate of, or force, or wile,  
 That ever shall threaten the Sea-girt Isle.

VESPER.

THERE is a particular part of the Rhine where its waters rush with foaming rapidity round a small rocky island, called the Lurley-fels. This is dangerous at any time, but the peasants say, that on the calm summer nights a Syren sings so sweetly there that the mariners, like those of Ulysses, forget to guide their bark, and are lured to destruction. The following is supposed to be her song:—

Come, mariner! come to my depths below,  
 Whence long I have banished all sorrow and woe;  
 Come, mariner! come to my halls and see  
 How merrily time doth pass with me:

The moon shines bright,  
And its liquid light  
Illumines my sparry caves :  
Come, mariner ! come  
To my beautiful home  
Beneath the white dancing waves.

Speed thy bark, speed ! turn its prow not away,  
There is joy in my palace, then wherefore delay ;  
If men knew but the pleasures my spirits prepare,  
They would speedily beg to find entrance there :

So sings Undine,  
The nymph of the Rhine,  
The fairest of Beauty's daughters,  
As she sits alone,  
On her island throne,  
In the midst of its plashing waters.

DELTA.

## GULLIVER REDIVIVUS.

" I must have liberty  
Withal, as wide a charter as the wind  
To blow on whom I please."

AS YOU LIKE IT.

SEVERAL years having elapsed since my return from the country of the Houyhnhnms, I have, at last, become so tolerant of the Yahoo kind, that I am enabled to mix, in some degree, with general society, and even to pay visits to some of the numerous institutions which have sprung up, like mushrooms, over the country since my voyages. An English Yahoo, of my acquaintance, informed me that some of his countrymen had lately arrived at a distant country, where they had met with inhabitants of a dark colour, and so exceedingly credulous, that they actually believed their visitors to be of a superior race to themselves. The Yahoos had established themselves in this country, and, despising the management of everything, they had fallen into schemes for putting all the laws, customs, arts, and sciences of the people on an entirely new footing. To this end, they had erected a college for the training of youths, to be employed in executing their vast designs.

In this college the professors have contrived new rules for the practice of law, and various very novel theories for ameliorating the social and economical condition of the people, and augmenting the surplus produce. They teach also all known, and some unknown tongues ; and they boast, as the result of their endeavours, that one man shall do the work of ten, shall converse in all languages, shall occupy, with equal facility, the magistrate's chair or the judge's bench ; and shall transact, with equal propriety, legal, commercial, financial, and political business. Such was the account my friend gave me, and he added, that he hoped he might have the pleasure of conducting me through the college, as he was resolved that I should go thither. A few days afterwards he called upon me, and proposed that we should set forth on our visit.

We entered the College through a grand avenue, on each side of which was a lodge, adorned with paper pilasters, very much in the fashion of a theatre at a country fair. The College is in the form of a quadrangle, the buildings of which are elaborately ornamented with a profusion of rain-water-pipes and lamps ; and in the centre of one side rises a magnificent tower, two feet in diameter, crowned with a splendid tin weather-cock. The entrances to the students' rooms form very imposing features, much resembling the holes in a pigeon house, or the doors of beehives with the drones swarming lazily about. My friend directed my attention to a statue of Patience before one of the entrances. It was executed so as to bear some slight resemblance to animated nature, though the goddess was rather humourously represented as staring into the air, and holding in her hand a small scrap of paper, while her face bore a very unfeminine redness. It was now lecture time, and my cicerone therefore proposed that I should take the opportunity of visiting the reading-room, and he there presented me with a copy of a periodical published by the students, entitled the "Time-killer." It appeared to me a production likely to be eminently destructive of the time of the writers, but not equally dangerous in its effects upon that of the readers. There was in it a great deal of prose, which, from its heaviness, I supposed to be editorial, and some pieces of poetry, a few of which I fancied I had seen in Houyhnhmn land, though this is, doubtless, a mere fancy of mine, as that enlightened race do not at all employ themselves in such frivolous performances. I had almost fallen

asleep over this production, when I was roused by the uproar and noise of the students, who came pouring forth from one of the lecture-rooms, where they had been listening to a discourse on the subject of property,—to be acquired by them at some indefinitely distant place and time.

The appearance of the students struck me as exceedingly singular. Some wore large cloths of a blue or red colour tied round their throats, some little blue jackets and small round straw hats, a combination which gave them very much the appearance of paid-off sailors. Some, who wore splendid satin waistcoats, seemed to me to have expended all their substance in that piece of finery, and to be reduced to the necessity of substituting a sort of flannel for the more costly material which they had originally intended should compose their inexpressibles. Others wore light-coloured shaggy coats, which put me much in mind of the white bears which I have sometimes seen in northern latitudes; but I am bound to admit that the animal possesses no such convenience as the capacious pockets in which these students keep their hands. There were others who wore variegated caps, of mystic shapes, which led me to suppose that these might be the jesters of the College. I was, however, induced to alter my opinion when I perceived the absence of those bells which usually accompany the head-dress of such functionaries.

In their conversation, the students employ various forms of speech—the most favourite of which is designated “cheek.” This consists in “delicate irony,” directed against any point which the self-love of the assailed party leaves most open to attack. Your good cheeker will draw on his unsuspecting victim, through all the stages of complacent vanity, until he brings him to the most self-possessed assertion of his own superiority in those precise points in which his deficiency is most ludicrously apparent. A capacity for cheeking is indispensable to any one who would acquire the reputation of talent among his fellow students, but, possessed of it, little else is necessary for that purpose. Another form of speech is denominated “slang.” This is produced by the careful avoidance of all English words, at least in their usual meanings, and is, I believe, based on an attempt to revive the original language of the Yahoos in all its purity. My friend, however, informed me that no kind of pleasantry was so much in vogue among the students as that which consists in passing all sorts of ill-natured remarks upon the appearance, habits, pursuits, physical and intellectual peculiarities, of any given, unoffending, object; the point of the attack being proportionate to the effect produced in annoying and hurting the feelings of the attacked, in dissuading him from some laudable object, or inducing him to prove his spirit by becoming as worthless and contemptible as his assailants.

My conductor informed me that the College is divided into several parties. The principal of these are contributors to the Time-killer, members of the debating, boating, cricketing, and foot-ball, clubs, who, in their respective vocations, write, talk, pull, hit, or kick their way through the college, in a manner much to their own satisfaction, and eminently calculated to qualify them for carrying out the grand projects of their patrons. The management of the Time-killer is entrusted to a grand council of three, who are—in their own opinion—as infallible as the Pope, and as irresponsible as the Khan of Tartary. Their meetings are carried on in some unknown cave, at the dead of night, at which time, it is said, they pour libations of ink upon the altar of a mighty demon, who possesses a den hard by, garrisoned by whole hosts of corpulent imps and devils. The debating society is also controlled by three,—a great leader, attended by two satellites,—who levy fines for disobedience, and decree expulsion for acts of insubordination. The debates are, however, rather cloudy, and it is sometimes feared that the whole society will melt away into a long puff of smoke. In addition to these larger and more important bodies, there are also smaller societies, some for convivial, others for culinary purposes. There are also a large number of students who have formed themselves into a brotherhood for the propagation of smoking, among whom there is a curious law, which fixes a standard for the combined length of a man and his pipe; so that the taller members are driven to cutties, while the shorter, but more fortunate brethren, luxuriate in long cherry-tree pipes.

With my examination of the students of this college, all my old contempt for the Yahoo race began to revive. I was hastening to escape from their presence, and shut myself up in my own house, when, as I passed through a back yard, my attention was arrested by the sight of an unfortunate Houyhnhmn, who appeared harnessed into a machine which he was compelled to set in action by moving continually round a circular pavement. I could not help shuddering at an extremity of misfortune which had thus reduced one of that noble race to be the slave of a pack of wretched Yahoos. I went up to him, and addressed him in his native language. The unfortunate Houyhnhmn jumped almost out of his harness at the sound of my voice, and it was some time before he recovered himself sufficiently to answer my questions as to the cause of his present calamitous captivity in this land of barbarians. He gave me at last, a history of his wanderings,—too

long for me to detail. Suffice it that he swam across to another continent, where he was immediately seized by the Yahoos; that he was transported to this country, subjected to all kinds of ignominy, forced to run in a carriage, to draw a coach, to slave in a cart, until at last he found himself hard at work at this wheel, drawing up, as he expressed it, the bucket of a scanty subsistence from the well of hard work. "Are you then," cried he, "that famous Yahoo who created so favourable an impression in Houyhnhmn land? Ah! you represented your species too favourably, and it is to you I owe the fatal curiosity which induced me to visit the land of Yahoos, where I found them rendered only the more mischievous, treacherous, and vile, by their nearer approach to the condition of rational animals. Redeem then your fault, and purchase me from the hands of my persecutors; so that I may spend the rest of my unhappy life in quiet and repose." Without waiting to hear my answer, he burst forth into a panegyric upon the superiority of Houyhnhmn land, which I listened to with sorrowful remembrance of the happiness which I had enjoyed in that country. "There," cried he "there were no rows, no envy, no slander, no swearing, no smoking, no drunkenness, no fast-men, no gambling, no beaks, no moneos, no plucks, no rustications. We were orderly and rational, we didn't abuse our friends behind their backs, didn't 'do' our tradesmen, didn't cringe and fawn upon those in authority. Here, what a difference! Look at that little Yahoo just going out of the gate. He has scarcely escaped from his nursery, and yet he is already beginning to assume all possible airs and affectations. He struts about with his smoking cap on his head, and his hands in his capacious pockets, a huge cigar—which he does not well know how to light—in his mouth. He has begun to cultivate moustaches, and an imperial; to talk about 'college men;' and the wonderful feats in riding, driving, and billiard playing, which he has already accomplished—in imagination! See, there is his model—that tall swaggering Yahoo with the dull besotted expression. He has been plucked three times, and rusticated twice, and he is now on the eve of starting for his destination,—there to drink, smoke, hunt, or play, until the cholera or the chokee\* put an end to his valuable existence. There is another, of a different character. He is 'a reading man,' as you may tell by his clean boots and unruffled-collar. This Yahoo, merely because he has the power of adhesion to his chair, and can get up so many pages of the unknown tongues, and because he passes his ill-natured witticisms upon his neighbours, amidst a crowd of empty-headed gigglers,—is, therefore, held to be a man of talent. He affects to look down upon the fast-man,—who, to say the truth, has probably quite as much ability as himself,—and he has made up his mind that his rise to the highest situations is certain, for he has totally forgotten the trifling fact that others who have previously occupied the same position, and obtained the same distinctions which have puffed him up to so unreasonable a vanity, have, nevertheless, ceased to exist, the moment they passed beyond the little world of the college." How long my peripatetic friend would have proceeded in this philosophic strain I know not, for he showed no inclination for desisting,—but his reflections were suddenly, and in no agreeable manner, cut short by the appearance of a little urchin, who commenced belabouring him with a huge whip, to such purpose, that he soon pricked up his ears and started off on his rounds with increased activity. I confess I was exceedingly struck with the acuteness which he displayed; and, being unwilling to witness the degrading occupation to which so rational an animal was reduced, I set off homewards, determining in my own mind to lose no time in adding him to my dear family of Houyhnhmns, at Redriff, the moment my funds should enable me to make the wished for purchase.

#### LEMUEL GULLIVER.

Quæ nunc abilis in loca?

HADRIAN TO HIS SOUL.

No fevered fancies in my brain,  
By superstition bred,  
With wild, unholy thoughts profane  
The mem'ry of the dead;  
No shadowy tenants of the tomb  
Glide through the cheerless, midnight gloom,  
When on a sleepless couch I lie;  
No spectres chill my blood with fear,  
And shock with hollow voice my ear—  
With shrouded form my eye.

\* "Chokee," the debtors' prison.

Nor yet 'neath sod or tablet drear  
 Deem I the sprite can stay ;—  
 Can lurk in dark oblivion near  
 Its mortal, mouldering clay ;  
 It cannot rest in crypt or grave—  
 Scenes that in life no pleasure gave,—  
 Unhallowed by its former love,—  
 Where nought but worms and dust are seen,  
 Nor sparkling flood, nor woodland green,  
 Nor azure vault above.

I bless the thought—that from its chain  
 Of fleshly thralldom free,  
 The soul may seek that spot again  
 Where erst it loved to be :  
 On airy wing may hover near  
 Objects and forms it held so dear,—  
 Watch o'er the friends it found so true ;  
 The loved one's smile, the tear that's shed  
 In secret sorrow for the dead,  
 Unseen, unheard, may view.

So may it be—should envious death  
 Beneath un Eastern sky  
 Withdraw my feeble, fleeting breath,  
 And close my sunken eye ;  
 Then seek, my soul, a refuge where  
 No noxious vapours taint the air,  
 Nor suns with scorching rays appear ;  
 Seek England's distant shores, and dwell  
 Once more with those in life's short spell  
 Beloved,—in death still dear.

UMBRA.

## THE SOUL-FLOWERS.

" When two souls link themselves together in the sweet bonds of love, two flowers spring up the symbols of their union."

LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

THE festival was high,—a throng  
 Of joyous youths and maidens fair,  
 The mazy dance and thrilling song,  
 In all their witchery were there ;  
 And light and gay the laughter rose,  
 Bidding defiance to repose,  
 As fairy-like forms flitted by  
 In all their happy revelry.

I roam'd amid the merry scene,  
 And strove to laugh as blithe as they,  
 Yet still sad thoughts would intervene,  
 And chase all joyousness away.  
 In vain the song, in vain the dance,  
 Nought could my senses there entrance,  
 As vanished joys and pleasures past,  
 Came crowding in my bosom fast.

And as I saw affection's glance,  
 With bright, yet softest radiance,  
 Gladdening the heart of many then,  
 And cheeks responsive blush again,  
 Fond memory renew'd the spell  
 Of her I loved so long, so well.

Yet when I thought of my sad fate,  
 So sad, so dark, so desolate,—  
 And bygone days of happiness,  
 And later ones of deep distress,  
 I fear'd the joys of many there,  
 Alas ! would change to wild despair,—

And eyes with love all brilliancy,  
 Ere long would fade and loveless be,  
 And youthful forms rest in the grave,  
 The fond, the beautiful, the brave.

'Twas then amid the merry throng  
 I saw a fond enamour'd pair,  
 The maiden,—oh, surpassing fair!  
 And as they mix'd the crowd among,  
 A magic wreath seem'd round them wove  
 Of more than clay-cold earthly love,  
 Which caught and fix'd the roving eye,—  
 As a flower wins the passer-by,  
 Whose leaflet sparkling with the dew  
 Beams with many a varied hue.—  
 For youth for them had shed its ray,  
 Its glowing light around their love,  
 And bright and joyous pass'd each day,  
 With scarce a care their hearts to move.  
 They stood from out the crowded scene  
 Of dancers and of revelry,  
 Ah! sweeter far to them, I ween,  
 The glance of love, the soft fond sigh.  
 I gaz'd—'twas sweet to gaze upon  
 Two fond hearts twining into one;  
 And yet 'twas sad,—how sad! to trace  
 In that fair maiden's lustrous face,  
 The looks that told a mournful tale  
 Of early death:—a brilliant glow  
 Was on her cheek, anon so pale,—  
 Palely transparent was her brow,—  
 Consumption's touch seem'd lingering there,  
 To mark its victim,—yet so fair  
 The glowing cheek, the bright blue eye,  
 You scarce would deem that death was by,  
 Leaving its traces in that bloom,—  
 The cold drear shadows of the tomb.

The festival was o'er,—repose  
 From Lethe's streams had wing'd its flight,  
 And hung the canopy of night,—  
 The sole forgetfulness of woes—  
 O'er earth, yet still no slumber fell  
 On me; for, bound my mem'ry's spell,  
 I trod the long and dreary maze  
 Of griefs and woes of other days.  
 Yet still there mingled in my mind  
 Light phantoms of a gayer kind,  
 Caught from that scene of gaiety;—  
 The past, the present, flitted by,  
 Forming strange visionary dreams  
 Of airy forms, and brighter gleams  
 Of love, and happiness, and joy,  
 Without one grief or care's alloy;  
 And mystic tales of fairy sprites,  
 Who roam the earth on summer nights,  
 Bringing weal and sometimes woe  
 To weary mortal men below;  
 And of that kind guardian race which roves  
 Around us all, and ever loves  
 To watch and shield amid the strife  
 Of battle fields and stormy life,  
 Those, o'er whom their charge is given  
 By the bounteousness of Heaven.  
 And some kind spirits roam the sky,  
 Till mortal love they can descry,  
 When its young and tender blossoms kiss  
 The first bright rays of happiness;



And when they see its opening bloom  
 Untouch'd by sorrow's dead'ning gloom,  
 They flee away, and in some spot,  
 Which heedless mortals visit not,  
 Plant two sweet flowerets, and there  
 They tend them with the fondest care ;  
 And as that budding love doth blow,  
 So do these beauteous flow'rets grow.  
 And when that love hath flitted by,  
 These flowerets wither—waste—and die.  
 And thinking on these little flowers,  
 Blooming in the fairy bowers,  
 My thoughts return'd to that gay scene,  
 Where I so late had mournful been,—  
 And that fond pair, who woke again  
 The past,—and weary thoughts of pain,  
 Came bright before me, and their love :—  
 And was some spirit from above  
 Tending their emblems, blossoms fair  
 In some sweet spot, of beauty rare ?—  
 And what were they ?—Thus pondering o'er  
 The memories of fairy lore,  
 I pictur'd what was never seen  
 By men of mortal mould I ween,  
 As sleep with its airy phantoms wove  
 The floweret's mystic tale of love.

Methought midst unknown lands I stray'd,  
 Most beautiful to look upon,  
 Where flowers scarcely ever fade,  
 And streamlets ceaseless murmur on :  
 A more than earthly paradise,  
 Ne'er gazed upon by mortal eyes,  
 Until I looked upon the scene  
 Of fairest bloom and brightest green.  
 Methought, as I was wandering  
 Amid these scenes of lasting spring,  
 Some guardian spirit show'd me where  
 The Soul-Flowers bloom'd, a spot most fair,  
 Amid that region of delight,  
 Where all is so surpassing bright.  
 'Twas a lovely green and mossy nook,—  
 The crystal waters of a brook  
 Into a basin murmuring fell,  
 Within a sweet retired dell ;—  
 High banks, o'ergrown with waving trees,  
 On all sides round the spot arose ;  
 Thus shelter'd from the passing breeze,  
 The dell was buried in repose,  
 And the waters glided waveless by  
 Beneath their leafy canopy.  
 On a gently sloping bank of green,—  
 Just fit for fairies' dance, I ween,—  
 Which kiss'd the stream, in brightest bloom  
 The flower emblems grew ; no gloom  
 Of earthly shadows round them cast,  
 Number'd their beauties with the past ;  
 For many shone as bright and gay  
 As if a ceaseless summer day,  
 With all its beams and brightness, gave  
 A bloom no earthly flowers have.  
 The emblems of that youthful pair,  
 Midst many others blooming there,  
 Were a rose and graceful jessamine,  
 Which growing seem'd to fondly twine  
 Their tender leaves, a mute embrace,  
 Most lovely, in that lovely place !

For them the waters music made,  
 With murmurs ever beautiful;  
 And when around the sunbeams play'd,  
 And zephyrs sigh'd, their joy seem'd full.  
 But yet the jessamine's sweet bloom  
 Was the forerunner of the tomb,—  
 As the sun's last ray shines far more bright  
 Before it sets, and all is night,—  
 A canker-worm within its stem  
 Was lingering ready to destroy.  
 With early doom, the rose's gem,  
 And change to misery its joy.

(To be continued.)

[Just before going to press, we received the subjoined contribution. We admit it, in order to give one specimen of the many absurd productions we are constantly forced to decline. When we say that even this is much superior in merit to many of a similar nature, which, at different times, we have received, our Fellow-Students cannot any longer be surprised at hearing so many complaints of the *bad taste* and *want of judgment* of the Editors, in their selection of Articles for the Press. It would be found that these complaints arise from the rejection of some pet production, some much loved composition, on which its author had lavishly bestowed the honours and titles of "*facetious prose*," and which he fondly flattered himself might pass for "most exquisite satire." We neither pretend to understand what "the victim" means, nor whether he is in his right senses—we rather hope not, for the sake of society.]—ED.

*To the Editor of the Haileybury Observer.*

SIR,—Have you seen the "New Monthly?" Have you glanced your editorial eyes over the four red-lined hieroglyphical pages of the anxiously-looked for, and never-welcome periodical, called the "Monthly Report?" Yet, why do I ask—of course you have—and there, sir, you have seen my name, dragging after it a line of misfortunes, of that kind which never come single. Just look once more upon that paper, Classics, Astronomy, Hindustani and History, Sanscrit and Persian, Law and Economy—all fixed there like so many unwholesome fungi; the picture of the toad-upon-his-stool being completed by the crook-backed sinister L squatted on the top of each and every one of them.—Sir, I am in a rage, and no wonder!—for I swear, by all the G's that ever issued from the pen of Jacks, that I am an injured character. I will not unprofitably waste my time, which I have of late devoted to more agreeable employments, in recounting the various modes and degrees in which I have suffered injury.—Know, once for all, that, till now, I have ever been considered as a "Reading Man"—that is to say, I arose every morning at five—often, I confess, forced to do so by the kindness of a "beak," who directed over night to see me up, most positively, and not politely, refuses to leave the room till I am shivering on the floor.

Let me, in a few words here, relate what happened to me the very first morning, on which I awoke beneath the classic roofs of Haileybury. A facetious gentleman, one living on the unsubstantial food of "practical jokes," unfortunately for me was my next door neighbour. A Freshman, as you know, is always considered fair game,—so was I. No sooner had I, according to his politely proffered injunctions, with regard to sundry matters connected with my domestic and foreign economy, thrown my boots outside my door, than he, as I afterwards learnt, placed upon them a slip of paper, containing some writing, the substance of which I never could rightly ascertain. However I had not well entered into my first slumber, and was quietly proceeding to settle, in my dreams, the number and quality of the various prizes and medals to which I intended to treat myself during my two years of Collegiate trial, when the violent opening of the door caused the well bound volumes and neat red-leather cases to vanish from the hands of the starred and ribboned Deputy, and himself to dissolve into thin air. The origin of this exceedingly tiresome interruption was an individual, or rather a monster, in a huge grey coat, armed with a cudgel and a lantern; the latter he placed close to my nose, and the former he applied to my person in no very tender fashion,—ordering me quickly to "jump up." I need not say how amazement and wonder seized me;—I thought,—I swore the man was mad; I threatened and blustered; it was of no avail; I was forced to get up and put myself into my unwhisperables at three o'clock in the morning.—I mention this incident as a terrible

example of the dangerous consequences of placing power in the hands of those who do not rightly understand its use, and of giving authority to low-born men. I confess I hate and abhor the Chartists; and were I Sir Robert Peel, or the Duke of Wellington,—but, I beg your pardon, this is not to the purpose, and will just do for the next meeting of the Debating Society, when I shall be able, somehow or other, to introduce it, when comparing the characters of the Venerable Bede and his present Majesty of Hanover, (Mem. to enter my protest with the chairman against this debate. One of the individuals being alive, I should not wish to hurt his royal feelings by invidious comparison).

To return to the subject of my letter. I need not, to you, who are so well acquainted with them, dilate on the miseries to which a Reading-man is subject; turning out at five, vainly endeavouring to overcome the mysteries of making his own fire; poring over his books by the light of the short remains of last night's candles; unwashed and unshorn rushing off to chapel; fancying he has breakfasted on his "commons" and a decoction of broom; proceeding to lecture, and for one long hour undergoing the misery of hearing Cicero mistranslated; and for another, endeavouring to understand why it is light when it is light, why dark when it is dark, just as if all that was not accounted for in the 1st chapter of Genesis. You know how the intervening hours are spent; hard reading is the order of the day; how he takes his "constitutional" round the College, and returns again to his books; how he cuts-into Hall when he likes, when there cuts for himself, at whatever he can get, and cuts-out again when it pleases him; how, during the long hours of night, he pores over his dry, unprofitable volumes, till the time approaches, when,—

"The glow-worm shows the matins to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire."

It is then that the reading-man seeks his bed, and dreams, not of the fair beings who visit, in his slumbers, the ordinary man, but rather of Draupadi and the other imaginary and most masculine heroines who have delighted his fancy when described in the amusing pages of the Mahabharata. He wakes to the call of the Beak, and thus for the whole term is his life, like that of a well-known white animal, a college functionary, one perpetual and unpleasant grind. Such, Mr. Editor, for nearly two years has been the system which I have followed, and you see, in the last Monthly Report, the value set upon my labours. I can no longer endure such unprofitable slavery, and have come to the mighty resolution of throwing off my fetters, and moving on the earth free and independent—a walking gentleman. No longer will I set for the admiration of the College an "exemplary," "very," and "quite regular" example. No longer will I be looked upon as the cream of punctuality, the essence of regularity, and the concentration of all the attributes of reading men. Though rather out of season—for the weather is cold—I have cast the skin of the "homo" mentioned in your paper, as the "tardus," and have assumed the gay and glittering one of the "velox." The consequences of this transformation, I promise you, shall speedily be seen. In the first place, my books are to be sold to the highest bidder. I have a capital Persian Dictionary, and, perchance, as the hunting season is approaching, having advantageously disposed of it, I may be enabled to follow the bounds on its produce. I once heard of a youth, of whom it was said that he rode across the country on a book of somewhat the same nature. It struck me as a strange conveyance, and I did not quite understand the allusion.—Can you explain it?

I have taken to smoking—hear it, and be amazed! I am, it is true, but a novice in the art, but I have gained it after having overcome, in doing so, its unutterable and heart-rending effects;—effects, alas! at first most prompt and deplorable, which proved to me most indubitably that tobacco is not alone a narcotic plant. I could write a volume on this subject, but I refrain from doing so, contenting myself with saying that I have given orders for pipes of every size and shape, and an unlimited supply of cigars for the benefit of my friends. Perhaps it may not be uninteresting to know that I am so far a proficient as to be competent to emit the curling clouds through my nose, nay sometimes through my ears.

To music also I have turned my attention, so be prepared to hear me nightly serenade the moon. I have been told that I have no idea of time—you shall judge for yourself; for you shall hear me awaking the echoes of the Quadrangle in quick time, in slow time, and in no time at all.

I am only waiting for an opportunity of exhibiting my rowing propensities. The College is, unfortunately, excessively slow at present, and no opening presents itself. I am in great hopes, however, that this will not last, and that the coming 5th of November is "big with the fate" of the rowing Freshman and his patronising mischief-seeking senior.

I know it would delight you to see the closet full of fire-works, squibs and crackers, rockets and Roman candles, blue-fires and red-fires, that I have already carefully provided.—I protest I wish that night were come; for I feel that I shall distinguish myself;

and if, in my turn, I should come to be distinguished by the especial honour of a Council, if I should—hem!—that's decidedly a damper—between ourselves I don't exactly know what I should do—I am rather inclined to think that the house in H—y Street would be shut against me for ever and a day. But this is only a foolish idea—away with it!—at all events I can imitate the illustrious example of certain popular fire-brands, and, having shown others into the row, shift the blame from my own shoulders on to theirs. This, Mr. Editor, is a plan, as you and I know, often practised with much success, and I don't think it will fail just now.—Come what will, I am resolved to strike one blow, and ——— miserable Beaks! look out for yourselves!

I am, Mr. Editor,

Yours, &c.,

A VICTIM TO L's.

### TO THE WEST WIND.

Haste hither, thou wanderer, oh! hasten and come,  
Gentle west wind, from beds of sweet flowers, thy home,  
I've a light task for thee, since thou lovest to rove,  
Leave thy blossoms awhile, and away to my love.

There hover around her on thy odorous wing,  
And tell her how freshly love's flowerets spring  
In my bosom by day,—and by night, airy dreams,  
Sweet mockers! awaken her smile's brightest beams.

Oh! treasure each sigh, and if her lips ever move,  
Lightly breathing my name with soft accents of love,  
Oh! catch those sweet sounds, let them breathe not in vain,  
And with the tidings of joy hasten hither again.

And when in the east among strangers I dwell,  
Without one kind word of her welfare to tell,  
I will fancy each sigh from the murmuring grove,  
Is the West Wind returning to tell of my love.

W.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*We regret that the careless manner in which good and indifferent Verses have been thrown together, prevent us inserting the contribution of "C. X."*

*We decline "Beta," with thanks.*

*Under consideration—"A Writer," and "Stella."*

*"Orlando Stiggins" must seek inspiration in more romantic scenes than "the moon-lit Quad."*

*We beg leave to decline "Brutus," "The Lush-Party," "Tobacco," and "The Knife-Grinder."*

*The next Number, which will be the last number of the Term, will appear on Wednesday, the 9th of November.*

*It is requested that all contributions may be sent in on the WEDNESDAY previous to the day of publication.*

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# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

VOL. II.—PART I.

Liberius si  
Dixero quid, si fortè jocosius, hoc mihi juris  
Cum venià dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.*

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No. 4.] WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1842. [PRICE 2s.

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## THE KING'S WARNING.

### A LEGEND OF HENRY THE EIGHTH.

Where are they? Gone! Let this pernicious hour  
Stand, aye, accursed in the calendar. MACBETH.

It was in the early years of the reign of bluff King Harry, when the people little thought how fell a tiger was sleeping beneath the fair and open character which had endeared itself to them all. No monarch at that time was more popular with his subjects, for none knew how speedily the temper, which seemed so kind and hearty, would be fanned into a flame, which the blood and tears, even of the fairest, failed to quench.

The nut was browning in the husk, and the sickle had already been applied to the heavy corn, when the king with his train and attendants was returning from the chase in the broad forests, which then stretched upon the north and east of London. The king rode somewhat in advance of his followers, and seemed listening with some attention to an aged huntsman, who, cap in hand, walked respectfully by his side.

"It is even so, my liege, men know not how long he hath dwelt by the well, and few care to ask; those who have been bold enough to visit him speak little and laugh less—and yet who so reckless as Tynemouth Ralph before he went there!"

"Ha! Saint George! an he hath silenced that brawling braggart, he hath done what heavy staff and heavier blow hath failed to do. He were, methinks, a notable refuge for those who quail under a shrew's tongue. But take heed, sir huntsman, may not your black magician be some pious recluse or reverend hermit?"

"Saint Thomas of Kent guard us! What saith my liege? He is no priest of heaven, I wot;—he is a servant of Satan and the fiends;—the saints keep us and all good Christians from their power! Showed he not to Old Whitgrave of the East Cheap, his ship sinking at sea, with his only son on board?"

"Priest, or fiend,—magician, or monk,—I will see this black wizard; an he maketh me sad from noon till even-song, his tongue hath more magic than ashen lance or steel sword."

So saying, the monarch struck spurs into his steed, and without waiting for answer, galloped gaily on. The huntsman looked after him, shaking his head doubtfully, and muttered, "Who grasps a grinded sword should don a steel gauntlet. Nick of the Dowgate did but speak scoffingly of the magician, and what then? Why, his boat ran round and round in the middle of Thames, and sank in sight of all men;—king, or knave, I trow, it is an evil match for mortal mould to battle with the powers of darkness." The mysterious being to whom the foregoing conversation referred, had for some time past taken up his abode in a spot, in a neighbouring forest, known as St. Wulstan's Well. Who he was, or whence he came, no man knew; rumour had thrown her mantle of awe over him, and strange tales of the few who had ventured to seek his haunt were afloat, till the hardiest forester would have made a wide bend to avoid the dreaded spot; and the huntsman, in the hottest ardour of the chase, checked his steed when the foliage that surrounded the haunted well came in view. A few days afterwards the king was again hunting in the forest, but the luck proving indifferent, he gave orders for his train to disperse and turn homewards, whilst himself without any attendant rode towards the far-famed Well of St. Wulstan.

Deep in a dense part of the wood was a small dell, thickly surrounded by tall underwood and aged trees; the bottom of it was a green and level sward, and the extremity was

closed by a rough and weather-stained rock, which raised its bare scalp high above the surrounding trees. A cubit from the bottom of the rock—a clear springlet threw a jet of water, the thickness of a straw, into a small basin itself had hollowed; which, overflowing, trickled down the gentle declivity, till it formed a small pool below, whence a bright and slender stream went gurgling through the dell, till lost in the undergrowth at its commencement. Above the pool, beneath an enormous oak,—one half of which, perhaps struck by lightning, stretched out its dead bare branches like a colossal skeleton, whilst the other half was thick with leaves and acorns, whose green seemed, by contrast, of a deeper and more vivid green,—beneath it, upon its roots, which were twisted like great snakes, sat a man of unwonted and almost unearthly appearance. His garb was a long black robe, such as monks wore, tied round his body with a wolf-skin belt, from which hung a small ivory horn; and a spear, with a short shaft of root-grown ash, curiously carved, and a broad steel head of a hand's breadth, lay beside him. But his face, save for the cold dark eyes, was as the face of the dead; so worn, and bloodless, and passionless it seemed, that all human passions quailed and sunk in nerveless terror before one with whom they were not, and could find no sympathy.

Upon the pool beneath, two wild swans were disporting themselves, nor seemed conscious of the near presence of man; they stood up in the water, stretched their necks, and threw the water in streams over their backs with their wings, when suddenly they paused, turned their heads, listened for a moment, and then rising on the wing, passed abreast over the tree-tops, and quickly disappeared. A minute afterwards a horseman appeared forcing his way along the narrow path that led through the thick underwood. On reaching the clear space, the king—for it was he—dismounted, and left his horse to crop the fresh grass and drink from the crystal streamlet, whilst he advanced up the dell to the recluse, whom he at once addressed. "Men tell me, sir Hermit, strange tales of thy craft and knowledge, surpassing, they say, what becometh mortal; resolve me, can'st, in sooth, lift the veil of the future, and pierce the darkness that shrouds man's destiny?"

"King Henry," replied the recluse, without rising or showing the least token of respect or awe, whilst the tones of his voice seemed never to have been raised in wrath or softened in kindness, so cold and passionless did they sound,—“thou, one of the princes of the earth, shouldest know that the idle tongue must be warily measured, and its words cautiously received; earthly man might not be a king, were all that is told of kings, truth.”

"And by our Lady, since thou knowest me," said the monarch, "few, such as thou seemest, would sit before Henry of England, and say what thou hast even now said—but thou art not as other men, so let that pass. But show me, hermit, I pray thee of thy courtesy—show me by sign or word in what manner I may match myself with the kings, my predecessors,—how in coming ages my name may not look pale besides that of Richard the Lion-Hearted, or the fierce Edwards. God's blood! I could turn monk for very rage that there are no Saracens or Frenchmen, on whom knightly prowess could acquire fame, by tented field or walled town!"

"Henry," replied the recluse, rising slowly, "it is ordained that thou shouldest, at the outset of thy career receive a warning which may arrest its course whither the fates now point. The hour is come,—wouldest thou see the reward of that chivalry thou longest to emulate?"

"Ay," replied Henry, "show me quickly, but mark! I am the King, and palter not with me in juggling tricks."

The hermit made no reply, but detaching the ivory horn from his girdle, gave it to the king, who, looking for a moment on the characters enchased upon it, put it to his lips, and blew a blast that made the wood re-echo.

As he blew, the dell and surrounding scenery seemed to vanish, and there appeared to the king's eyes a forest of huge trees; without any under-growth of brushwood, the vast boles of the trees stretched interminably around, like the groves of columns which the traveller comes upon unawares in the lonely African wastes. Presently a cry of hounds was heard, and a coal-black hart burst through the trunks of the trees. It was closely followed by seven swart hounds, which, with fiery eyes and outstretched necks, strove to gain upon the quarry.

"I swear by my sceptre," said the king, "I never saw such gallant hounds,—how broad of chest and black of hue, how huge of limb, and how they devour the way! St. Michael and St. George to boot! but they are noble hounds."

He continued gazing till the trees began to fade, the cry of the hounds died gradually away, and he saw himself again standing in the dell by the side of the recluse.

"King Henry," said the hermit, "those hounds are fleetest than the shooting star, yet the game they follow will they never overtake; they are the spirits of evil men,—I will not name them, but they were of this island, and most of them were kings. But because they were violent men, who loved war better than peace, and chose rather to fatten the earth with gore

than with grain, they were doomed to take that shape, and chase a demon through the forests of perdition; and that chase shall never have an end while water runs and stars shine;—would'st see more?"

A dark cloud gathered upon the king's brow.—"Darest thou, false juggler, affirm that such is the reward of valour and of chivalry. Is this the lot of the heroes and conquerors of the world through all time?"

"Behold!" replied the hermit, and he moved to the edge of the pool, and throwing some dust upon it, stretched his spear over the surface. As thickly as the silver sand rises in the bubbling spring—as thickly as chaff flies when the farmer fans his grain—as thickly as pebbles glisten in the clear brook—as thickly as snow descends, or stars shine, so thickly and so fast did faces appear and disappear, as it were, beneath the surface of that limpid pool; the glimpses obtained of them—for they vanished ere well seen—showed that upon each and all dejection and despair were indelibly stamped. But they came, and were gone, like clouds driven by the wind over the face of the full moon.

The hermit stretched out his arm and the phantasms were gone, and the pool again shone clear as glass. "Show me," exclaimed Henry, "mine own fate! am I, too, to be doomed with these?"

"It is not given to man to know *his own fate*," solemnly replied the hermit, "but thou mayest see that of thy line and descendants." He again stretched forth his arm, and the king looking into the pool, saw how his kingdom was torn and distracted, and menaced from without, and his stern and childless daughter dying in her chair, while her crown was plucked away by a foreign hand.

The king started back. "Hermit, saint, or fiend!" exclaimed he sternly and haughtily, "whether thy power be of heaven or hell, I know and reck not, but know thou this, that nor the powers above, nor the powers beneath, shall turn Henry of England into a prosing monk, or thrust his spirit from the path it yearns for. My course is before me, and I lack the power and the will to stop in it. Lie the future as it may, Harry Tudor pauses not." As he ended, without waiting for answer, he rushed to his horse, and throwing himself upon its back, urged it impetuously along the narrow path, and the sound of his progress quickly died away.

The hermit was never seen again, and those who first had courage to visit his haunt found no traces of him, but the spot was long held as haunted and dangerous, even when the cause of it was forgotten. For the next few days the king's brow was remarked to be more gloomy and thoughtful than was his wont, but in time it passed away, and the after-career of the Eighth Henry is too well and painfully known.

*The warning was not taken!*

SIGIL.

### MEMORY AND HOPE.

How sad it is to part from all we love,  
And far away 'neath other skies to rove!  
'Mid stranger forms, through unknown lands to stray,  
While boyhood's friends are dwelling far away!  
To say farewell, to give the last embrace,  
To take one ling'ring look on each lov'd face,  
Is bitter,—ever bitter; but to part,  
And, parting, rack each feeling of the heart;  
When from our home we go, long years to dwell  
Far distant from the friends we love so well,  
Is more than sad, and keener far the pain,  
And e'en enough to rend our hearts in twain.  
Oh! shall we ever gaze on home once more?—  
On those dear friends so fondly loved of yore?  
For death may come upon us as we roam,  
Or snatch some lov'd one from our distant home;  
Then drear and lone on earth may be our fate,  
Our hearts all blighted, dark and desolate.  
But say,—is there no consolation near,  
To calm our hearts, and dry the falling tear?  
Is there no secret feeling to repress  
The starting sigh, and make our sorrow less?  
Oh yes! most bitter were the parting pain,  
Did Hope not beam and bid us smile again;  
And Mem'ry soothe each throbbing of our breast,  
And trace again the scenes we lov'd the best.

Such are the feelings when we're far away  
 From home, that shed around a cheering ray,  
 To gladden our lone hearts and bid us smile,  
 And sip the cup of happiness the while.  
 For Memory recalls the smiles and dreams  
 Of other days, in all their sunny beams ;  
 And, starlike, guides us on our troubled way,  
 And makes the desert of the heart seem gay.  
 Then Hope, entrancing, wafts us to our home,  
 And meetings sweet, and happiness to come,—  
 When we shall leave the burning eastern strand,  
 And seek our home once more, our own lov'd native land.

W.

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 FROM THE DANAË OF SIMONIDES.

Οτε λάρνακι ἐν δαιδαλέῳ ἀνεμος  
 Βρέμε πνέων.

In this universally-admired fragment, Danaë, exposed with her infant son, Perseus, in a kind of ark or vessel, by command of her father, Acrisius, bewails her hard lot to the sleeping infant as she is driven by a tempest over the seas. The fragment, which, in the following version, is somewhat paraphrased, is translated from the text of Brunck.

When on the dædal bark the mighty gale  
 Thundered in fury o'er the narrow seas,  
 Swept by its breath her tender cheek grew pale,  
 And wet with terror's tears ;  
 And clasping soft her lovely arm  
 Round Perseus, sleeping sweet and calm,  
 She, her woe-laden heart to ease,  
 To the unheeding infant pour'd her fears ;  
 And weeping said,—My child, how great my woe—  
 Calmly *thou* slumberest with soft-drawn breath,  
 In this most joyless brazen-girt abode ;  
 Whilst through the dusk obscure,  
 And night more black than death,  
 No star its golden eye doth show  
 Our pathless voyage to assure,  
 Or clear our peril-throngèd road.  
 And the salt wave sweeping by  
 Wets thy tresses long and dry,  
 But thou regardest not—  
 Nor yet the hoarse wind's tempest-boding sound—  
 In scarlet mantle wrapt around,  
 Sleep happy in thy lot.  
 Beautiful babe ! if this great woe to thee  
 Were woe in sooth, thou would'st have given  
 Thy little ear to me,  
 Nor let mine agony  
 Far on the storm's black wings be driven.  
 But as it is, sleep on my child !  
 And sleep, oh sleep, ye waters wild !  
 And sleep the storm—thou blast be still—  
 Sleep, sleep, immeasurable ill !  
 And father Jove, I pray thro' thee,  
 This dark design may fruitless be ;  
 So, if that I, unarmed and weak,  
 Too bold a boon seem not to seek,  
 Let vengeance for this deed be done  
 By my now helpless infant son !

ξ.



## A DAY AT HUMORTON.

When a man travels he must not look queer,  
If he meets with things that he does not meet her'.

PATTER V. CLATTER.

THE philosophy contained in the above quotation is to no person more applicable than to the traveller by an Irish mail car. In the plenitude of unsuspecting confidence he has booked his seat by "the mail," fully expecting, at least, some approach to the comfortable conveyance which he is accustomed to meet with in England. Imagine, then, his amazement, when he is requested to take his seat upon a two-wheeled and one-horsed vehicle, looking for all the world like a running tray, and totally divested of even the shadow of a covering to protect the unlucky passenger from the pelting of the pitiless storm. However awkward such a situation might be on a wet day, I confess its disadvantages are very much cancelled by fine weather, and I, therefore, felt no disinclination to my conveyance, when, on a most beautiful summer morning, I set forth by the Royal Mail car for the little town of Humorton. The south-west portion of Ireland possesses no remarkable attraction for the traveller,—although Killarney is there, like a rich gem set in base metal;—and I was, therefore, left to the full enjoyment of my own thoughts, disturbed only by the occasional jolting of the car, or the little endearments and admonitions which the driver from time to time bestowed on his horse, "Major." It was not long before we arrived at a hill, over the summit of which the engineer, with that daring disregard of obstacles so characteristic of those scientific men in the last century, had carried her Majesty's mail road. After we had with some difficulty struggled up the toilsome ascent, our destination came at once into view.

Humorton appeared to possess all the features usual in an Irish town. There was the church with its lofty steeple, its traceried windows, and every ornament except a congregation—there was the chapel with a wing here and a wing there, tacked on whenever the funds of the proprietors allowed, in utter defiance of all architectural decency,—there was the court-house and the constabulary barrack;—and there was, also, at a short distance from the town, Humorton Castle, the baronial residence of Lord Tormentam. I had scarcely settled myself in my inn, and ordered my breakfast, when the waiter entered to announce a visitor. Captain Nurvas,—such was my friend's name,—was at present acting as the agent of his relation Lord Tormentam, a situation which the peculiar temper of his lordship rendered by no means agreeable. The captain had, by the aid of strong Admiralty interest, obtained at a very early period the command of one of the smartest frigates in the service. Though an amiable man, his indolent and timid character rendered him a very bad sailor, and his last voyage had met with a singularly unfortunate termination. He had been ordered to proceed from the West India station in order to bring home a distinguished personage from Bengal. In doubling Cape Horn, however, our friend's timidity induced him to strip his vessel of every rag of sail during the night time, the effect of which was, that at the end of the four-and-twenty hours he found that he had drifted back to nearly his original position. On arriving at last off the Ganges, he found his lordship already gone, and his own hopes of honors and emoluments vanished into thin air. This decided him on retiring from his profession, which he accordingly did, and, returning to his native country, took up his quarters at Humorton, converted his sword into a sickle, and succeeded in ploughing the land with greater success than he had ever attained in his attempts upon the sea. As for Lord Tormentam himself, he appeared a nobleman peculiarly fond of the joke practical,—a taste which he unfortunately possessed the power of indulging to such an extent, that he kept the whole neighbourhood in a state of very hot water. An opportunity had lately offered, of which his lordship lost no time in availing himself. One of the conditions upon which his property had been let out was, that sub-letting should subject the tenant to a penal rent; and this being the year upon which such rents were due, he was deriving considerable satisfaction from seizing upon the harvest for this purpose wherever it was cut,—that satisfaction being much augmented when the owner happened to be one of his own numerous toadies.

After breakfast my friend and I set out to see the lions, and we had not gone far before a specimen of Lord Tormentam's taste for the humorous presented itself. Our road was completely obstructed by a crowd of two or three hundred persons, idlers, who had been contemplating with much delight the operations of five or six men in tearing down a breach in the wall of a garden. The owner himself was there, looking very uncomfortable, and near him was the resident magistrate and a body of police, who had this moment arrived. Having elbowed our way through the crowd until we reached them, we ascertained the

cause of the disturbance,—a pretended public right of way to a well within the garden. It was easy to see, from the complacent faces of the persons actually employed in the outrage, that Lord Tormentam was at the bottom of it, though they stoutly protested against his having issued any orders to them. The owner of the place—a little portly man—now bustled up to my friend, endeavouring to conceal his extreme perturbation under a look of unconcern and indifference. “Funny work, this, Captain Nurvas; his lordship is so facetious, isn’t he? I hope he will not be offended at my sending for the police, but really I was afraid they’d break into the bank. You don’t think they would, do you, Captain?” (here his calmness grew quite desperate). “You forget, Mr. Burke,” said Nurvas, “that these men deny having received any orders from Lord Tormentam.” “Oh, no I don’t, Captain; but you see his lordship is so humorous—quite a wag, I declare. It’s a very good joke, Captain, don’t you think it is, eh?” The little banker evidently appreciated the joke in its fullest extent, for his face expressed a ludicrous mixture of terror and rage. The refinement of the torment, however, consisted in the situation of the unlucky officials whom he had called to his assistance, and who appeared to be struggling between their public responsibility and the wish to conciliate their landlord, with the sort of feverish coolness which a man assumes who has just been check-mated in a game of chess. We had scarcely got clear of this mob, when we found ourselves approaching another, which was collected around the door of a house where I found Lord Tormentam was. Presently a little old man came out, whose appearance excited great confusion. His clothes were shabby, his beard unshorn, his hands fixed pertinaciously in his breeches pockets, and his little unquiet eye rolled maliciously about as if in search of some new object upon whom to play off his jokes. This very unaristocratic figure was no less a person than the Earl of Tormentam. His movements were no more dignified than his appearance, for he had no sooner left the house than he began to run at a sort of trot towards the court-house, followed by a crowd of ragamuffins, each with his long skirted brown great-coat and thorn stick, eager, some to make complaints, others to beg for favours, and no one apparently very ceremonious in his mode of advancing his claims. Following these hopeful leaders, we soon found ourselves opposite the court-house, situated in the middle of a square which was now filled with a motley crowd of people. There were two or three Catholic priests, chatting familiarly with the Protestant clergyman; there was the resident magistrate and the chief of the constabulary, pale with the effects of their recent dilemma; there was also Mr. Burke, still looking very frightened, but, now surrounded by his friends, talking very big of complaints—Lord Lieutenant—Dublin Castle,—and wondering very much at the little banker’s want of proper spirit. Besides these there were also a large number of Lord Tormentam’s tenants come to ask favours, looking very hopeless; and sundry old women vending slow poison in the shape of unripe apples, looking very independent and knowing. We entered the court, where we found a red faced man, with a coat, the waist of which reached to his hips, who was placed at the bar on a charge of assaulting his wife. The dialogue was amusing. Q.—“Is that young woman your wife?” A. (persuasively) —“Sure she’s only partly young, yer honor.” Q.—“Is she or is she not your wife?” A.—“Oh, sure, yer honor, its Father Tim that says she is, anyhow.” Q.—“Were there any suspicions of your conduct before you married her?” A.—Faix, yer honor, there was bad suspicions o’ me.” The Court was very hot and crowded, and we were, therefore, glad to make our escape into the open air. We had not gone far when we were overtaken by a servant of Lord Tormentam’s, who came with a note, requesting the pleasure of our company to dinner at the castle. “You will meet all Humorton there,” said Nurvas, “and I hope you will, therefore, excuse me in the meantime, for I must try to arrange this affair with Burke before it becomes too serious.”

As it wanted some hours of dinner time, I set off to pay a visit to one of the celebrated round towers in the neighbourhood; as to which, notwithstanding the amount of erudition and ingenuity expended upon them, it is yet in doubt whether they are to be considered as the tombs of Persian Magi, or merely to be looked upon as Brian Boru’s nine-pins. On my return from this interesting investigation, a storm of rain came on, which forced me to take shelter in a cabin on the road side. The master of the cottage was sitting by the fire, employed in straitening a thorn-stick by alternate wettings and heatings. His wife was knitting stockings by the window, occasionally recreating herself with a whiff from the family duden, while his two sons were lounging lazily against the door-posts. They had just completed a dinner, consisting of potatoes and butter-milk,—such as would have astonished the beef and bacon eating race of English labourers. Presently in rolled a huge sow, who grunted forth her complaints against the weather with all the dignified querulousness of a lady mayoress on the 9th of November. She was received with great respect, and admitted into the house, upon the principle that “who’s a better right, for who pays the rint?” Not so some unlucky ducks who ventured to follow her majestic footsteps, but

were at once rejected, it being observed that these possessed a natural Mackintosh, which rendered their intrusion equally unnecessary and impertinent. The rain soon ceasing, I resumed my walk, and returned to the hotel to prepare for dinner.

The party at the castle consisted entirely of the male species. There were priests, doctors, lawyers, fox hunters, and country squires, some evidently prepared to eat a good dinner, some to curry favour on the general principle with Lord Tormentam, others to make particular requests, as for a loan of money, leave to hunt or shoot. None were there without some very distinct and sufficient object. I was fortunate enough to find a seat at the further end of the table at which sat Lord Tormentam's brother, a sensible and gentlemanlike man, who deplored his eccentricities, and strove to repair the ill effects which they produced. He pointed out to me some of the principal characters around the table. "Do you see" said he, "that meagre, grey haired man? He is our crown solicitor, and, I assure you, considers himself no ordinary person. His monomania is the supposing himself so superior to human infirmity, that he can exist by sleeping only four hours out of the four and twenty. The remainder he devotes to work, and he is treasuring up a large fortune for that scape grace son beside him, who will buy horses and dogs, and fox-hunt with it the moment his father dies, although he is obliged to look demure in the mean time. Look at that comfortable red faced man with the soup tureen before him. He is a dissenting parson who preaches extempore because he can scarcely read. One day when engaged upon a hard chapter in the epistles, he came to a verse which proved as impossible to untie as the Gordian knot. My friend, however, like a true Alexander, was not to be arrested in his progress, so he turned over the page with a 'never mind, let's go on to the next,' and thus contrived to get through his task in triumph." After dinner the majority of the party betook themselves to the worship of whiskey punch. I observed a short fair haired man, who mixed his tumbler with great care, and who now looked round the table with a sly glance of superiority. Mr. Tormentam informed me that this was a celebrated champion of drinking bouts. "A short time ago," said he, "we got up a match between this Maginn and Father Hoolagan, who lives near, backing him to drink the father under the table, and then carry him a quarter of a mile on his shoulders. Maginn had completed the former part of his wager, and was in a fair course to fulfil the whole, when his evil genius led him to attempt the passage of a canal which had been lately drained, but whose bed was yet sufficiently muddy and slippery to have upset a man who walked more steadily than our friend. No sooner, then, had he put his foot on the mud, than away went the priest over his head, down fell Maginn, and both of them were in a minute wriggling and twisting about in the dirt like a pair of frightened sand eels."

"Soft strains of music" now attracted the more gallant of our party towards the drawing-room, which we found occupied by a large portion of the "beauty and fashion of Humorton," with the usual attendance of soft-spoken trimly-dressed young men. Among the party were two or three of the officers of a dragoon regiment which had just arrived. Dancing soon commenced, which gave me the opportunity of overhearing an amusing conversation between one of the dragoons and his partner, a lady whose attention was evidently engrossed by a rich young man "just come into his property," who danced with her sister on the opposite side of the room. "I was so unfortunate as to witness a dreadful accident this morning," suggested the officer. "He! he! he! did you indeed?" answered his partner (evidently attending only to the rich young man). "Yes! 'pon honour, very dreadful! One of our troopers fell dead in the act of mounting his horse,—leaving a wife and large family." "Dear me, how very droll, ha! ha! ha!" (more inattentively than ever). The dragoon bit his lip, blushed as red as his own coat, and proceeded to look pistols and daggers at his rival. Soon afterwards, refreshments made their appearance, upon which the aforesaid officer, who had not yet recovered from his confusion, took occasion to upset a tray of port wine negus over a proof copy of Hogarth's works which had just arrived. At length Mr. Tormentam came in and announced that his lordship, after having quieted his conscience by issuing directions for the seizure of several of his guests' crops—in particular that of Captain Nurvas, who had offended him by presuming to dislike his best Constantia—had finally gone fast asleep in his easy chair. This announcement was the signal for the retirement of the party, and I, therefore, soon found myself safe again within the precincts of the "Tormentam Arms Hotel," having reached which point I beg leave to drop the curtain on "A Day at Humorton."

A. F. M.

## THE SOUL-FLOWERS.

*(Continued from p. 46.)*

A cloud pass'd o'er,—the dream awhile  
 Lost the bright hue of summer's smile,  
 And dark and shadowy mists instead,  
 Around the mystic spot were shed ;  
 Yet ever and anon there fell  
 Some golden rays upon the dell,  
 Tinging the mists with hues so bright,  
 That shadows even, then were light.  
 While low and dirge-like murmurings  
 Seem'd wafted on some airy wings,  
 So soft and sweet their notes arose,  
 The mournful utterance of woes,—  
 As if e'en fairies weeping there  
 Felt all the wildness of despair,  
 Mourning in plaintive notes around,  
 And tones of an unearthly sound.  
 So dark a change had fitted o'er  
 The spot where all was bright before.

But when it pass'd, again was seen  
 The dell, all bright with summer's sheen,  
 Where late the flow'rets blooming were :—  
 The spot itself was just as fair,  
 The brook into its basin fell,  
 And made sweet music to the ear ;  
 The sun was beaming on the dell,  
 And the mirror of the waters clear ;—  
 But the Soul-flowers—where were they ?  
 Still bright, still beautiful, and gay ?  
 Ah ! no ;—how chang'd ! that canker-worm  
 Had marr'd the flow'ret's lovely form,  
 And the jessamine had droop'd away ;  
 It was just dead ;—the rose was there  
 Bow'd low, as though in deep despair,  
 Mournful and most disconsolate  
 For its lov'd flow'ret's early fate ;—  
 Its leaves hung listless down, its bloom  
 Was gone, its fragrance all had fled,  
 It seem'd then hastening to the tomb,  
 To sleep with its lamented dead.

That dream was o'er, and many a day  
 With rolling months had pass'd away,  
 And thoughts that then had haunted me,  
 The dream's bright-pictur'd phantasy,—  
 That youthful pair,—had all pass'd by ;  
 But still there are in memory  
 Some little nooks, where unknown lie  
 Fragments of by-gone dreams and thought,  
 Cherish'd, though seemingly forgot ;  
 And chance at times wakes there again,  
 When, lo ! how vividly and bright  
 Comes the long-forgotten train  
 Of thought, like visions of the night.  
 And thus it chanc'd with me ; no thought  
 With memories of my vision fraught  
 Arose, till wandering one day  
 'Mid Nature's smiles and scenes so gay,  
 It chanc'd my pathway lay close by  
 A small church-yard—a pretty scene,  
 Though wav'd the willows mournfully  
 O'er many a grave of mossy green.  
 The church-bell's solemn tolling sound,  
 Roll'd mournfully the vale around,

To tell that one was soon in death  
 To sleep the grassy sod beneath,—  
 Ere long with slow and solemn tread,  
 To the sad dwellings of the dead  
 A funeral train approach'd; they came,—  
 'Twas then the vision of my dream  
 Arose before me, and I sought  
 To learn if such had been the lot  
 Of that fair maiden,—if for her  
 That green, and grassy sepulchre  
 Was destined for a last drear bed,  
 To sleep the slumbers of the dead.  
 I question'd some one standing there,  
 For whom that yawning grave was made?  
 He answer'd—"For a maiden fair,  
 Who late was number'd with the dead."—  
 —Thus as I saw that flower fade,  
 Drooping in the fairy glade,  
 So had the maiden felt the breath,  
 The withering blast of early death.  
 The tie was broken,—one was left  
 Still living, though of life bereft,  
 Yet soon to sink into the tomb,—  
 The Soul-flower's fate—their destined doom.

Six maids in purest white, before  
 The coffin, wreaths of flowers bore;  
 Carried by six youths the bier,  
 With sweeping pall, did next appear,  
 With garlands of white roses fair,  
 And jessamine and blossoms rare.  
 And then one mourner came, but he  
 Scarce seemed to feel his misery,—  
 His eye was moisten'd by no tear,  
 For one so wildly lov'd, so dear;  
 He seemed to gaze on vacancy,  
 So stone-like was his staring eye;—  
 He stood unconscious of the throng,  
 Until a sad and dirge-like song  
 The maidens chaunted mournfully,  
 And then his tears fell fast and free.  
 The last green sod was plac'd,—around  
 The mourners silent stood,—no sound  
 The stillness broke,—when suddenly,  
 With a shriek and moaning cry,  
 That mourner fell upon the grave  
 Of her he lov'd, but could not save.  
 —They left him there, to weep alone,  
 And pass'd away, and soon were gone.

The summer months had glided by,  
 The leaves assum'd a browner dye,  
 And autumn quickly pacing on,  
 Told of fair summer blossoms gone.  
 In summer time the floweret's bloom  
 Had deck'd that lovely maiden's tomb,  
 And ever as they faded were,  
 Fresh wreaths around were strew'd, so fair!  
 And oft at eve, that pensive hour,  
 When sorrow has a deeper power,  
 And love a softer fonder tone,  
 The peasants saw one mourn alone  
 O'er that green tomb, and sadly strew  
 Those tokens of a love so true.  
 When autumn came no longer round  
 Flowers were strew'd upon the ground,

No more that mourner came and wept  
 Where her he lov'd all coldly slept.  
 A week had scarcely gone since they  
 Had seen him last, when once again  
 Slow-pacing up the church pathway  
 There came another funeral train.  
 Close by that maiden's grave was made  
 Another grave, and there they laid  
 That youth.—A stone now marks the tomb,  
 A record of their early doom.

W.

## HUGH AMWELL.

And we  
 Are patriots too, for be it understood  
 We left our country for our country's good.

EPILOGUE SPOKEN BY A CONVICT.

THERE once lived, in a remote village in the northern part of England, a youth whose name was Hugh Amwell. His had been an idle and graceless boyhood, for he would rather wander among the woods and hills than devote himself to study; and the wild stories of the village crones were more attractive to his mind than the most approved strictures of the learned curate, his preceptor. The time had at length arrived when his favourite pursuits were to be abandoned,—when he was to quit his native home and seek his fortunes, as he best might, in the busy world;—so fate had decreed, and paternal authority enforced the command. Hugh was not himself unwilling, for he began to tire of seeing the same faces and hearing the same stories; and, besides—for his mind was active enough after its own fashion—he longed to see something of that extraordinary and undefinable, pleasant, yet wicked, state of existence which his father and tutor talked of in mysterious whispers, under the name of “life.” As he lay one night sleeplessly upon his couch, while thoughts of the future crowded upon him, and his heart throbbled with the anxious wish to read his destiny, a splendid vision burst suddenly upon his sight. He saw a fairy, who wore the form of a youth more beautiful than all the children of the earth, and whose eye gleamed with the radiance of celestial wisdom. A circlet of stars glittered around his head, and his tunic shone with spangled silver, and in his hand he bore a golden jewel-studded wand. “I know thy longings,” said he, “and am come hither to give thee aid. Seek not, however, to unfold the awful page of futurity; its terrors would daunt thee, its pleasures become by distance faded and enfeebled. Turn rather to the present,—thence may'st thou derive the knowledge that will guide thee on thy destined path. More cannot be told to mortal ear!” When he had ceased speaking, he touched the brow of Hugh with his fairy wand, and bore him aloft into the air.

FOR a moment all below appeared dark and undistinguishable as chaos. Hugh could not trace the outline of a single object, but on his ear stole in gentle sweetness strains of surpassing harmony, as if the spheres, rolling onwards in eternal course, spoke music to the mind. Soon the fine and silvered mist that encircled him passed away, and the ranker vapours which enwrap earth's heavy globe, and the landscape as he gazed slowly grew from dim remoteness into visibility. He beheld Scotia's rock-bound kingdom, her purpled mountains rising from out the bosom of the lakes, decked with the snow-white robe and chaplet of the mist. Hardy were her sons, and bold, and virtuous, and from reluctant, churlish earth they wrung those blessings which she yields not to less manly suitors. It was with a sigh that Hugh turned from them, for his heart yearned towards that rugged nation, and he longed to share their toils, and to win glory from their success, but the fairy whom he followed beckoned onwards. They crossed the sea, and looked on Erin's verdant isle, which Nature clothed with fertility, though the dark majesty which they had seen was there no longer. Here faction reigned, and waving her green and orange banners blasted the wholesome soil, and Nature's bounties were untended, and patriotism was bold in words alone. They passed again to merry England's shore, and Hugh exulted in the beauties of his native land. He saw her fruitful fields, her granaries teeming with corn, and her fleets riding triumphantly in her harbours, strangers from the four winds admiring her grandeur, and trembling before her power.

THE fairy spoke.—“Thou hast seen the members, behold I will show thee the heart!” He waved his wand, and they passed into the lower air; and now the thickening of the atmosphere, and the confused hum of many noises, apprised Hugh of the vicinity of a mighty city, and for the first time he gazed upon the far-famed London. His eye

wandered through a maze of spacious streets, where tall spires and massy monuments raised themselves on all sides, and arching domes and stately mansions appeared, and he saw the kingly Thames laving the foundations of the city, spanned by solid arches strong as adamant. The fairy showed him the splendour of the royal court, and the palace of the senate, and the ancient abbey that rose among his younger brethren—the hoary remnant of bygone times. He beheld the streets thronged with men of all creeds and nations, and he saw the gallants with their waving plumes, and beauty's dazzling form, and the glitter of wealth and power, and around them—like the gloomy cavern tombs that bound the valley of the fruitful Nile—he beheld misery and poverty, and its attendant temptations, its guilt, and remorseful despair. Some were there, of birth and gentle lineage, who struggled onwards against poverty, “mocking the time with fairest show,” and vainly enduring harassing torments that they might conceal the wretchedness which they were too proud to exhibit to the world. Others, possessed of useless wealth, which they knew not how to apply, became the prey of cheats and sharpers, until frequent cozenage taught them cunning, and the spendthrift ended in the miser. Among the various crowds which Hugh beheld thronging this wondrous town, there were some forms, bringing back indistinct shadows of the past, which his eye followed anxiously as they moved along, and when they melted away from before his straining gaze, he felt as if the throng contained no living soul. “Make your choice here,” said the fairy, “the cloister of the sage can teach you the past, but in the crowded city may you read the living and the present!” He waved his wand, and his form becoming gradually less and less distinct, was at last no longer visible. Hugh felt benumbed, and overcome by sleep, and he found himself sinking slowly towards the earth, and memory and consciousness soon forsook him, and his brain became giddy and admitted no impression.

When Hugh recovered from his trance it was already morning. He found his bedroom changed into a garden, in which were formal rows of trees, and houses peeping out all around; and he was himself half reclined upon a wooden bench, and figures whom he knew not were passing and repassing, and they stared at him and smiled, and whispered to each other;—and he rubbed his eyes and wondered what change had come upon him. He looked again, and found that his sight had not deceived him, and he saw his own dress strangely metamorphosed, and a cloak which he had never seen, wrapped around him, and a sword hung by his side which he had never even dreamt of; and he pulled off his hat and he found in it a white plume, and he shook it to see whether it was real, and, by degrees, a vague suspicion crossed his mind that somebody had been murdered, and that he had been dressed in the dead man's clothes, or perhaps he had been the murderer himself, for he had heard of people doing strange things in their sleep, and he became terribly frightened, and involuntarily muffled up his face in his cloak. Bye and bye he began to have a glimmering recollection of what the fairy had shown and told him, and he unmuffled his face and looked again, but he was as bewildered as ever. At last he saw a good-humoured looking man coming towards him wearing a blue doublet and cloak and a long rapier, and he summoned up his courage and cried out in a fit of desperation,—“O! good Sir, can you tell me where in the world I am?” The stranger looked at him, and burst into a fit of laughter; and when he had recovered from the first fit, he looked again, and laughed more immoderately than before. “Why, thou quaintest of juvenals,” said he, “where in the world should you be? London has not altered its position much in the course of the night, and the Mall stands very nearly where it was yesterday.” “London!” echoed Hugh. “Ah me! I see it all! I'm bewitched! Alas, alas! I'm undone!” and he threw himself back on the seat, and grew pale, and became more frightened than ever. “Why, what ails the fellow?” said the stranger, “out with it man; what is it that can make a stout lad like you shiver and tremble like a monkey, and in broad daylight too? Come! out with it like an honest fellow, and if I can help you I will, though my purse is not the heaviest at this speaking.” Thus encouraged, Hugh gathered up sufficient resolution to detail as much as he could recollect of last night's vision. “Whew!” cried the stranger,—“fairies, ghosts and goblins—away with them all to the play-house, you'll get money for them there, but don't think to impose them upon Ned Wetherall at his sober time of life. The fact is you were drinking last night, and your imps came out of the bottle! Well, never mind; I didn't own to these things when I was your age, and if you don't like to make me your confidant, why don't, and there's an end. But now since you are come to London, fairy or no fairy, pray what are you going to do?—for if you'll excuse my saying so, you don't seem very settled in your plans.” No question could have more completely posed Hugh than this, inasmuch as if there was one thing of which he was more completely ignorant than another, it was what he was going to do. So he answered,—“You guess truly, Sir, that my plans are not arranged; and your kind offer of advice

will be invaluable to me, for I am quite a stranger here and know no one." So he took Wetheral's proffered arm, and they started off and walked towards the principal streets of the town. As they went along, Hugh informed his new friend that he had left home to seek his fortune, and that he was anxious to employ himself in any profession or occupation which might be suitable to a young man with tolerable capacity, and limited funds,—for except a purse which he found in the pocket of the fairy's dress, he was totally without money. Wetheral laughed heartily at the idea of success in London without either interest or money, and he proposed to carry Hugh through some of the principal points of the town, in order to convince him of the truth of what he had asserted.

He showed Hugh scarred and weather-beaten subalterns of fifty, acting under the orders of conceited young puppies of two and twenty, whose only qualification for command consisted in their dexterity in fighting with silver spears;—he pointed out to him young briefless barristers, attending punctually in court, in patient expectation of a brief, and when they got one, and began to plead in behalf of their "unfortunate client," receiving a sharp set-down from the judge, which totally prevented them from ever attempting to speak again;—he showed him, also, curates living on a hundred a year and hard work, bishops dozing away an idle life in the midst of splendour and wealth, whereat Hugh, being exceedingly edified, and withal not a little disgusted, declared his intention of leaving London as fast as possible, being quite satisfied that there was no room there for a poor man like him. Wetheral highly approved this resolution, and at the same time suggested that Hugh could not do better than join a party of adventurers, on their way to America, with whom he had himself agreed. He offered to introduce him to their company, and assured him of a favourable reception. Hugh, feeling that he had no ties of sufficient strength to bind him to England, determined at once on accepting this proposal, and put himself under the guidance of his friend, that the preliminary arrangements might be completed as soon as possible. After traversing several streets, the adventurers at last arrived within sight of the grey walls of the Tower, and approached the tavern which was the object of their search.

Hugh was now introduced to the owner of the vessel in which he was to sail, from whom he received the most satisfactory accounts of the honours and emoluments which must infallibly accrue to him should he join the adventure. The necessary business being completed, Wetheral proposed that they should visit their future companions, many of whom had already assembled. The first glance which Hugh threw around him did not afford him much promise. He saw a young man, whose well-made dress and lace ruffles proclaimed him the leader of the ton. Around him stood a circle of satellites, who, evidently looked up to him as a superior being, laughed at, treasured, and repeated his jokes, and considered themselves honoured by his notice or nod of approbation. He was discoursing eloquently upon the high spirit displayed by those gentlemen who were thus setting forth like errant knights in search of adventures which dull tame home could not supply. As for himself he had received, he said, frequent offers of situations of trust and honour in England (not to mention that numerous ladies of unexceptionable beauty and great fortune had become desperately enamoured of him, and quite pestered him with their proposals of marriage), but really the country was too confined and old fashioned for his taste, and he had no intention of returning to it at all. Hugh could not help feeling the most sovereign contempt for the egotist, and he therefore turned away and directed his attention to two adventurers who were talking earnestly together. One was an elderly man who viewed the voyage merely in the light of a speculation, and was expatiating upon the emolument which was sure to be derived from it. His companion, a young gentleman who had just parted from his home, listened eagerly and entered fully into the splendid expectations held out to him, anticipating—poor fellow!—that the time must, therefore, necessarily soon arrive when he should again return and join his friends, and spend his life happily in the country that he loved. There were several others lounging about who offered no particular feature to attract Hugh's attention; but he could not help turning towards a young man who lay half reclined on a bench in a corner of the apartment. His form was slender and delicate, but his eye full of fire and thought, and there was an amiable expression in his countenance, which forced Hugh to linger beside him, as if bound by some fascination. He, too, seemed saddened by the thoughts of departure; and as he gazed thoughtfully upwards, Hugh fancied he could read in that eye the disappointment of ambition, and of well founded hopes of fame, which should have been cherished in a congenial soil.

The night passed away, and the next morning found Hugh Amwell and his companions with heavy hearts, taking their place on the barge that was to convey them to their vessel. They soon lost sight of the sombre walls of the old Tower, and palatial Greenwich—the birth-place of the great Elizabeth—now appeared; and when they left it, they gazed with



lingering look upon the rich and level plains of Old England which they were beholding, perhaps, for the last time. The vessel was now approached, and the hurry and bustle of embarkation for awhile distracted their attention from more melancholy thoughts; and when this was over, the Nore came into sight, and they passed the gallant ship which seemed the guardian genius of the land, and they soon found themselves dancing gaily on the broad ocean waves, their eyes fixed on the white receding cliffs of England, as the good ship *Espérance* bore them swiftly away. \* \* \*

A. F. M.

## VERSES.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν δὴ τῶντο τέλος παραμένεται ἔρης,  
 ἀντίκα δὴ τεθνάναι βέλτιον, ἢ βίος.

MIMNERMUS.

Strange, that when the world is rife  
 With gnawing care and troublous strife,  
 We should so strongly cling to life.

When in this changeful scene below  
 Naught from day to day we know,  
 Certainly, but pain and woe.

Though we live in doubt and dread,  
 Hope is never wholly fled,  
 Silk still mingles with our thread.

Golden Love is ever nigh;  
 Beauty dwells in woman's eye,  
 And as often perfidy.

When affliction's torrents roll,  
 And doubt into the heart hath stole,  
 Doth not Friendship soothe the soul?

In the hour of woe and fear,  
 With Destruction frowning near;  
 Friends, when needed, disappear.

God in childhood best we read,  
 Guileless thought and sinless deed,  
 Waxing older, we recede.

Only on that holier state,  
 When World is weak and Nature great,  
 True affection can await.

When in youth two spirits blend  
 What the golden chain can rend—  
 Find its boundary or end?

Childhood's transitory pain  
 Brings to love a greater gain;  
 Drawing tight that golden chain.

By the world's bad breeding nurst  
 To a manhood foul and curst,  
 Perverting what was good at first,

The sick soul, toiling thro' the scene,  
 Like stars, beholds love that has been,  
 Never reached, yet ever seen.—

So ambition, power, and gold,  
 Multiplied a thousand-fold,  
 True contentment cannot hold;—

Rule we city, palace, fane,—  
 Stretch our power o'er land and main,  
 Where the profit, what the gain?

Strange then, since the world is rife  
 With gnawing cares and troublous strife,  
 We should so strongly cling to life!

Why is Death to fancy shown  
With the withered skull and bone  
Of a ghastly skeleton ?

Know ye not, O blind and dull,  
How exceeding beautiful  
Death the spirit is to lull ?

And that only *that* Repose  
—Mail of proof 'gainst cares and woes—  
Change or sorrow never knows !

Age's lapse and tempest's stress  
Ne'er with wrinkle could impress  
That eternal Loveliness.

And as Day is but a pale,  
Weak, and motley-colour'd, veil,  
That like a thin cloud's fleeting sail,  
But seeks to hide from mortal sight  
The depths so purely clear and bright  
Of ancient and primæval Night.

So Life is but the shroud of Death,  
As in times past the wise man saith,  
True life begins when ends the breath.

If we with birth did not begin,  
Perchance we may again rest in  
The perfect state without a sin.

Dim thoughts of former states there seem  
Across our memories to gleam,  
Like fragments of a broken dream ;

Else why this hate of worldly jars ;  
And wish to burst these clayey bars,  
And pierce the void beyond the stars ?

And when at sunset we behold  
The clouds of purple barred with gold  
Across the western portals rolled,—

Why seem we, as like kings they rise  
With glory crowned, to recognise  
Forms once familiar to our eyes,—

Like dim memories half forgot,  
Of each long-deserted spot  
We knew in youth, when sin was not ?

By quitting earth's degrading dirt  
If we can reach, with soul unhurt,  
Our ancient dwellings splendour-girt—

If through the grave we can attain  
The stedfast Light without a stain—  
How great in dying is our gain !

Cease we then to look upon  
Death with horror,—breast is none  
So soft as her's to rest upon.

Ye whose life is girt about  
With sorrow, agony, and doubt,  
And the cares that watch without,—

Know how happy 'tis to die—  
Come ! as frightened children fly  
On their mother's breast to lie !

VESPER.

## HERTFORD.

WHERE have you been this summer? To Wales, to Scotland, or to the Lakes? These questions we hear from every mouth, but no one asks—Have you been to Hertford? Now why, gentle reader, will you seek the picturesque, and hunt for antiquities in distant parts, when all that can delight the eye and please the mind may be found within twenty miles of London? And yet some people are so dull that, although within arms' reach of a pump handle, they must needs, to obtain water, bore Artesian wells some thousand feet into the earth. Strange as it may appear to all who are acquainted with Hertford, it is too true that many otherwise well-travelled persons have never seen this noble city. We call it a city designedly, for it well deserves the name, although the malice of less flourishing towns, and the personal spite of geographers have even hinted, that were it not the county town, it would but just deserve the appellation of village.

In order to enlighten those of our readers who have never visited this terrestrial paradise, we present them with the following extract from the "Notices of celebrated places," a work not yet published, but which we hope the "Society for the Encouragement of Things in General" will not long withhold from the world. Having ourselves been frequent visitors to Hertford, and having, at all times and seasons, found it to retain all its characteristic beauties with an unflinching steadiness, which politicians would do well to imitate, we are able to bear our humble testimony to the truthfulness of the following observations:—

Hertford is the chief town of a county, which, if not quite the largest, is certainly the most important in England, inasmuch as it is the seat of a most flourishing institution, which launches into the world, year after year, the curry-eating rulers of millions. The only inference that we can draw from the fact that Hertford is the chief town in the county is, not that this particular place is large, but that all others in the county are very small. Some writers have asserted that the town of Hailey is as large, but never having been able to find the latter place, we cannot verify the statement.

We are told that Hertford is seated on the river Lee, which is said to have been navigable in former times for an eight-oar, but the hand of improvement has been so busy with the venerable river that even this navigation has been stopped, by dint of locks at every hundred yards, to say nothing of bridges, so cunningly contrived that the most diminutive piece of humanity cannot fail to knock his head against the arch, beneath which he attempts to pass in his boat.

By means of a valuable telescope, traces of Hertford in the most remote ages have been dimly discerned. Of its earlier history we know little, and of its subsequent state still less. The name has its origin in an interesting anecdote. Old King Cole (a lineal descendant of whom may be found in the neighbourhood, though in the unkingly character of "beak,") was one day engaged in the chase, when, in his eagerness, he outstripped all his companions. The hart, he was thus pursuing, took to the water. The king plunged in, and on the opposite bank collared the panting animal, which was despatched by the menials when they came up. "Lette y<sup>e</sup> spotte bee calde Hart-foord," exclaimed the king; his word was obeyed, and in commemoration of this circumstance, the Hertford Police bear to this day a hart, white with fear, upon their collars.

In very early times a castle was built here, and it still remains, although, in order to prevent it from being absent without leave, it has been shorn of its wings. It has often been a royal residence, and was for some time used for educating prospective Indians, until John Company thought it advisable to remove the students to a reasonable distance from every temptation. The fortifications at the entrance combine utility with elegance, and are used for the transaction of legal business.

The town is under Corporation Government, the legislature consisting of some Councillors, an Alderman or two, and the Mayor, who shows his vast importance by issuing awful proclamations twice a year;—his summer one is directed against mad dogs, —the winter thunderbolt is hurled against squibs, crackers, and the like weapons of destruction.

There are several handsome public buildings. Most prominently in the centre of the town stands forth a huge clock face, to which a building is attached, serving for the official habitation of Town Clerks, Judges, Sessioners, and 'Sizers. Round the building is a magnificent open space, used as a Market-Place; when this space is not filled by the "Everything-at-this-stall-a-penny" temporary edifices which at fixed periods adorn the spot, it is thought that a horse and chaise may be driven through it without much danger of the wheels touching the pavement on either side. The theatre pays only angels' visits to the town, and as this public building has the power of migrating, the inquisitive stranger

may have to follow Mr. Richardson in his peregrinations half over England, ere he find, Hertford theatre. There is a Hospital for juveniles wearing blue coats and yellow breeches, on the model of the neighbouring establishment for those of a more advanced age, who are destined to wear white livers and yellow faces. To a man of truly philopædic mind there can be no more delightful way of passing a day than flattening his nose against the embroidered iron gate of this Hospital, and gazing on the busy scene within.

Of the buildings of modern erection the bridge toll-house claims the strangers' best attention. He may have some difficulty in discovering its precise locality. The writer of this article first found out its existence by observing a huge head with a very bright pair of eyes protruding from what seemed a wooden hut. The expense of supporting this man and remunerating him for the wear and tear of shoe leather, in going the rounds of his square box, are nearly defrayed by the tolls taken at the bridge. The last building noticeable for beauty or deformity is the Cowper Testimonial. In an opening of that wall which faces the public road, is a hole called a door, through which the passer-by may obtain a pleasing perspective view of caps on their respective pegs, intimating that the Testimonial dispenses instruction to youth. At the head of the school is a very worthy man, who, acting both as schoolmaster and amateur gardener, cuts the little boys with canes, and his own grass with a rusty carving knife.

Hertford enjoys a flourishing trade, chiefly with Haileybury and the Railroad Station. The chief exports are weeds, chocolate, and cheeses. As there are no manufactories in the town, if we except the ginger beer, we may with reason conclude that the imports are of similar complexion with the exports. There is good proof that the trade of the place is fast recovering from the shock it received by the opening of the railroad. It is a well-authenticated fact that a few days before the date of this article (Nov. 2), a post chaise positively drove up to the Dimsdale Arms, and, having changed horses, pursued its journey. This unusual circumstance of course collected a large crowd, for such an occurrence was not remembered by the oldest inhabitant (one Grip, a raven dwelling near the Police Station).

To enter into a description of the many shops and few private houses within the parliamentary limits of the borough, would be tedious. The town is well worth visiting.

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#### VENICE.

The sun hath sunk in glory, and the day,  
Mourning its absence, slowly dies away.  
'Tis silence all around, save where the wave  
Murmurs in cadence o'er the seaman's grave —  
'Tis silence all, night holds her peaceful reign,  
And the fair moon shines placid o'er the main.  
And now thy beauty, Venice, strikes the eye,  
Sleeping in queen-like pride and majesty ;  
On many an antique fane the moonbeams fall,  
Silv'ring the crowded domes and frowning wall ;  
The downward darting stream of Cynthia's rays  
On the faint rippling waters sparkling plays,  
And blending with thy clust'ring lights disclose  
Thy countless beauties hush'd in soft repose.  
Here the Rialto, with a giant stride,  
Connects thy shores and clears the flowing tide ;  
There, yonder stately columns twofold rise,  
The Doge's Palace and the Bridge of Sighs ;  
With dusky night's pale tinge of shade embrown'd,  
Fantastic cast their lengthening forms around.  
Now on the still canal no breezes float,  
Nor on its surface moves the sable boat ;  
Each busy sound is hushed ; I love to gaze  
On thee, fair Venice, lost in sweet amaze ;  
And as thy beauties spread in long array,  
I pensive sit and mourn thy faded day, —  
A lasting monument of bygone time,  
Revered by sons of each and every clime ;  
And tho', O Venice ! time has worn its trace,  
Yet even time shall not thy fame efface.

B. S.

## MUCROSS ABBEY.

*(Concluded from p. 37.)*

"The young man's wrath is like the straw on fire;  
Like red-hot steel is the old man's ire."

THE want of space has, more than once, during the course of this sufficiently protracted tale, compelled me to skip over the lapse of months and years, and for such periods leave my characters to their several fortunes. Once again must I have recourse to this expedient, and entreat my readers to imagine one more year elapsed, and satisfactorily accounted for, between the conclusion of the last, and the opening of the present portion of my story.

The year is exactly completed from the day on which we have seen the Hermit in the presence of the old Clergyman, entrust him with the sealed packet which should in time clear up the mystery so thickly shrouding him, and, without further explanation, turn from his door.

That day has again come round, and in its course gone by; the night is already advanced, and the dial of the large old-fashioned clock tells the approach of midnight. The good old Priest is seated in his little parlour; the turf fire burns cheerfully in the grate, and the close-drawn curtains and tight-fastened shutters protect the room from the storm which on this night, as on its predecessor of the last year, rages through the streets, and howls, as if for admittance, at every door and window. The Clergyman is alone, and, while seated by the fire, his hands are clasped before him, and the sad and thoughtful aspect of his countenance betokens the melancholy nature of his meditations. On the small table by his side lies an unopened paper; it has been there for some time, seemingly unnoticed, though, in truth, the old man's thoughts are entirely engrossed with the probable nature of the tale he is there to read, and all the sad and mysterious events connected with him who is both its author and subject. We must not wonder if he should be somewhat unwilling, by the perusal of that paper, to dispel the happy and peaceful recollections linked with the memory of the old Hermit, and for the future be forced, perhaps, to regard him as a man stained with crime, whose remembrance he would blot from his mind, and hide his remorse in solitude and retirement.

Such, indeed, was the nature of his thoughts; and in their bitterness he would fain have consigned the packet unopened to the flames before him. But, in a calmer moment, there were many reasons presented themselves, why this might not be; so drawing towards him the small lamp by which he used to read, he opened the packet, and shading his eyes from the light, was soon absorbed in the manuscript before him. He read as follows;—

"In the Campagna of Rome,—that mighty waste, fruitful alone in desolation and ruin, the mausoleum of the riches, the magnificence, and greatness of a Republic and an Empire, formerly the cultivated garden of a glorious city, now a wilderness, where the wild grass waves over the ruins of rival cities, and the remains of the palaces of the Emperor and Senator,—in this wide and desolate Campagna, at a short distance from the sister hills of Monte Porzio and Colonna, and within sight of the towers and domes of Rome, there is one spot rescued from the surrounding destruction, and over which that sulphur-tainted atmosphere, the pestiferous Malaria, passes harmless and innoxious. Here alone is seen the dwelling-place of man. The corn-field, the olive-garden, and the vineyard are here, and in fertile succession describe a circle round the wooded portion of the territory.

"Rising from the centre of a grove of pine and ilex, dark with massive foliage, may be seen the enormous towers which bespeak the fortified palace of a Roman Baron of the middle ages. It is a castle built by the Savelli, in the days of their pride and power, when they struggled for the mastery in Rome with the Colonna and the Orsini. Their days of wealth and dominion have departed; their many possessions through Italy have been wrested from their hands; but, within a few years, their ancient pride still lived as in the zenith of their feudal state, unsubdued and unbroken. Their Principality has dwindled to the narrow compass of this estate of Magliano, and, for the last century, the castellated walls, which give a name to the surrounding country, have sufficed to keep up a state bearing some faint resemblance to the pomp and circumstance of former days. Here was I, the descendant of a long and noble lineage, born to succeed to its impoverished fortunes, and its unbending pride. I was tutored in little save the sacred nature of its antiquity, and the sacrilegious crime of tainting, in any way, the numerous quarterings of its untarnished shield.

"I was still young, when my father's death entailed on me his titles and estate, together with a pride more overbearing than his own. His last act was to negotiate an alliance for his family with the no less proud and princely one of Piombino. He did not live to see

his desires accomplished, and it was his dying injunction that I should carry out his intentions. I did so, though unwillingly, and a haughty lady of that house became my wife. It was, however, but for a short time; she did not survive the birth of her only child, and the first year of our union was scarce elapsed, when her remains were deposited by those of my father, in the vaults beneath the Lateran Church. I was formed in a mould too cold and selfish to feel a sorrow for her death, beyond that of the empty pageantry of outward woe. The mother died,—and for weeks her son could scarce be said to live: he struggled into existence with difficulty and danger, and I have sat for hours, doubtful and in fear, by the side of the little cot in which he lay without apparent life or motion. I dreaded lest I should be childless, and in those hours of watching I learnt, for the first time, that there was a being on earth which I was capable of loving, and whose death would have caused me grief. Even this feeling was not unmixed with selfishness. I loved that baby, because in him I saw the only supporter of my name, and the fondness of the father was counterbalanced by the ambition of the noble. But still I loved him, and who shall describe the joy and gladness which possessed me when my son, safe from danger, was placed within my arms.

"I had an only sister, some few years younger than myself, who, in opposition to the commands of her father, had given her hand in marriage to a Genoese, by name Marini. He, indeed, was considered by the world of a noble family—such nobility as the creation of the Pontiff can command,—but beyond the title which he had received after his uncle's election to the Chair of St. Peter, there was naught in family or estate to compensate to my ambitious father for the self-debasement of his only daughter. She married the Count Marini, and was banished from our halls, never to return during my father's life. For three years we had no tidings of her, her name was never breathed in my father's hearing, and it was only by some accidental circumstance that I was, now and then, reminded of her existence.

"Thus year after year rolled on, and my son had reached his eighteenth summer, when there arrived at Magliano a letter from my almost forgotten sister. It was the first which had been received since the commencement of her exile. Her pride, also, had soon rebelled against the tyranny of her father, and in prosperity she would not stoop to seek her brother's love. But affliction had at length come upon her house. Her letter was written in sorrow and poverty, for her husband, having united himself with some of the unlawful societies of Germany, had incurred the suspicions of a jealous government, and, his property being confiscated, he was thrown into prison, where his own hand soon terminated his existence. His unfortunate wife looked around for protection, but could nowhere find it, so fearful were all of coming under the displeasure of the Empire. Her letter implored my pity, and prayed that the pride and prejudice of a father might be blotted from a brother's mind. She asked no more than a refuge and shelter beneath my roof, for herself and her daughter, her youngest and only surviving child. My answer was brief, though kind. I bade her return to the house of her birth, and assured her of a welcome greeting. Had she come alone this would have been complete, and I should have rejoiced to see her; but I could not abide, with patience, the entrance of the daughter of a Marini to the palace of the Savelli.

"My sister arrived, and with her came her daughter. The latter was but just sixteen, and, truly, when I looked upon Beatrice I could have forgiven almost any fault, and loved her, for her own sake. Never was there born a creature so mild and gentle, and so lovely. But I saw in her only a daughter of Marini, and turned from her coldly and sternly. The poor girl noticed the aversion of my looks, and fell sobbing upon her mother's breast.

"At this time my son was in Rome, engaged in the frivolities and gaieties of the Carnival. And, truly, in the band of young and noble Romans, who daily appeared in the Corso, Cosmo di Savelli was conspicuous both for the beauty of his person, and the ease and grace with which he controlled the fiery impetuosity of his high-spirited horse. The crowd of people made way for him wherever he appeared,—he was well known to them all for his many noble qualities; they saluted him respectfully as he passed, and, as he returned the salutation with a courteous smile, a loud and approving shout followed his horse's steps. Surely an excuse may be found for the extreme fondness of a father, when lavished on such a son.

"In a week, the Carnival being finished, he returned to Magliano, to meet, for the first time, his aunt and cousin. I knew that they were doubtful as to his previous sentiments in their regard, but all doubt was quickly removed by his joy at seeing them, and his happiness at their return to the long-deserted hearth of their ancestors.

"The few years following this event passed by uninterruptedly. My sister, who had suffered severely from her misfortunes, in health and spirits, scarcely ever ventured beyond

the doors of the apartments allotted to her use; her daughter was never absent, for any very long period, from her side. Except to appear at the Papal Court on days of state and ceremony, I rarely entered Rome, or even went beyond the boundaries of the estates surrounding the Castle. The greater portion of my time was passed in the solitude of my apartment. I had learnt to shun, from unconquerable and absorbing pride, all communication or intercourse with society. I avoided and refused the knowledge or friendship of mankind. I cared not for the world's opinion, for, in my presumption, there was not one man in it I would have called my friend.

"Moreover, the presence of my sister had soon become distasteful to me. I could not endure to think upon the circumstances under which she had merited my father's anger, and outraged his feelings. With regard to Beatrice, she reminded me of her father, and him I could never brook. It is almost useless to revert to the cause of the feud between us. It arose in his marriage with my sister, and, I need hardly say, was a hundred times increased in bitterness, when he raised his hand against me, some short time afterwards, at an accidental meeting in the streets of Rome. He struck me,—and no Italian forgives a blow. I was too base a coward even to return the outrage, on the spot, but determined to wreak a deadly vengeance by the hand of a hired assassin. A short time afterwards, the Count Marini departed for Genoa; but, although foiled in my intent, I was resolved that my revenge should only be protracted to a fitting season. Thank God! That season never came.

"But my hatred lasted beyond the tomb, and I believe that the memory of the father tainted, for me, the very atmosphere in which the daughter moved. I rarely met her, and that only by accident, in some of the halls or galleries of the Castle. She feared me, and dreaded the frown which clouded my brow at her approach, and, when she possibly could do so, hurried away to avoid my presence.

"Poor girl, she was correct in her belief that I could ill bear her sight. In the violence of my abhorrence, I would fain have paid to that harmless, innocent, and beautiful creature, the long-standing debt of hatred I owed her miserable father.

"Three years had nearly elapsed since the day when the Countess Marini and her daughter Beatrice took up their abode in the Castle of Magliano. During this period they had been to me almost as strangers. I held no intercourse with my sister; I never saw her, save by accident, and did not regard either her movements or those of her daughter, so long as they did not cross my path.

"The day was nearly come on which my son should complete his one-and-twentieth year. The season was the summer, and the sultry heat of the day had been succeeded by the cool, delicious breeze, which sets in with the approach of sunset. I was writing in my study, when my attention was drawn to the figure of my son rapidly passing the window. I desired to speak with him, so throwing aside the casement which opened to the ground, I passed on to the terrace, and quickly followed in his steps. He did not hear me call, and reached the end of the walk long before I could come up with him. He had entered the garden at its extremity, and there stood looking around as if seeking some one. In a moment the object of his search appeared. It was a lady, and no other than his cousin Beatrice. He quickly joined her, and disappeared with her in the shrubbery beyond. I remained for some moments motionless, gazing on the spot. Vague and seemingly improbable suspicions flashed across me,—for a time I did not know whither to turn, for my brain reeled beneath the shock occasioned by the startling suppositions that crowded through my mind. And still the consciousness that such thoughts had never, till that moment, come across me, appeared scarce less strange. "Could it be possible?" 'twas thus I reasoned with myself, when the faculty of reasoning returned,—"could it be possible that my son, Cosmo di Savelli, should so far forget his name and family as to look, with feelings akin to love, upon the daughter of his father's deadliest enemy? Surely it were too improbable, too monstrous for belief. And yet, why so? Fool that I was! I had forgotten that for three years he had had every opportunity of being continually by her side; and I could not conceal from myself,—hate her as I would—that Beatrice was very lovely.

"The doubt and perplexity into which I was plunged by these and a hundred such various suppositions, only required a breath of additional evidence to amount to undeniable and positive certainty. This evidence I sought for, and soon discovered.

"In the household of my son there was one man, more than any other, his particular and constant attendant. He was a Swiss,—and had been in my service from his childhood; by his means I was determined to know all I desired. On the day succeeding that on which my suspicions were first awakened, I was walking in the entrance-hall of the Castle, when this man suddenly came into my presence. At seeing me he quickly turned, and was about to leave the hall, when I called him to me. He was confused, and

attempted to conceal from my sight a paper in his hand. This I did not, for the moment, appear to notice, but quietly desired him to cross the hall, and proceed to my private study. I followed immediately, and on my entrance locked the door at my back. Perceiving that this proceeding made the Swiss somewhat pale and agitated, with pretended generosity, I bade him not to fear, for that I intended no evil, and merely wished to ensure his services in a most important business. Remembering his country, I took from the drawer a rouleau of crowns, and placed them in his hand. In return for this I wished him to give me the paper he had thrust into his bosom. He started, made some excuses, and would have refused compliance. But with a frown I ordered him to obey me, threatening vengeance if he dared to refuse, and promising rewards if he proved useful to me. Fear and cupidity worked upon him, and he gave me the paper. It was, as I suspected, a letter from my son to Beatrice, and couched in terms of affection it was impossible to mistake.

"How many of these," I said, 'have you taken to the waiting-woman of the Lady Beatrice?'

"Oh! signor," he replied, 'I have oftentimes been employed by the young Baron to bear messages to the daughter of the Countess Marini.'

"But tell me," I again asked, 'how often, or,—if you cannot do that,—say for how long a time you have been the bearer of such messages. Do not, at your peril, hide from me anything I shall ask. Do not prevaricate or attempt to deceive me, for if you do, by Heaven, fellow, means will not be wanting to force the truth from your lying throat.'

"The man saw that I was in no humour to be tampered with, and in his terror told me every thing he knew. His situation near the person of my son had made him acquainted with every circumstance. He told me that for nearly a year, while I had been blind and careless to every event passing around me, Cosmo and Beatrice had been much together; that latterly they had seldom been any long while apart, and that almost every evening they walked for hours in the groves around the Castle, and on the banks of the Anio, which winds its rapid course through the woods in the vicinity. While this, and more, had to me remained unknown, it was the subject of conversation to a numerous retinue of servants in the Castle, as also to those employed in the different departments outside the walls. The marriage of the young Lord Cosmo with his beautiful and gentle cousin was talked of by these people, by all of whom both were much beloved, and the time was looked for as a signal of festivity and merriment. This, it was supposed, would follow close upon the twenty-first birth-day of the young Baron.

"Such was the nature of the information forced from the terrified menial. When I had learnt everything he could tell me, ordering him to be silent with respect to his interview with me, I bade him depart. He left me in a state I will not attempt to describe. Rage and dismay, grief and disappointment, overwhelmed and bewildered me. My pride was humbled in a moment; I could not imagine a greater evil than that to be entailed on our house, by the marriage of my son with the daughter of its bitterest enemy. I could not bear to think that Cosmo,—he for whom I would have aspired to the highest alliances of Europe,—should seek his bride in the upstart house of Marini, and choose the daughter of the very man who had already dishonoured our name, and dared in the streets of Rome to lay his plebeian hand upon me, the representative of our princely family. No! no! it could not—it should not be. Disturbed and agitated by thoughts like these, I summoned an attendant, and bade him seek my son. Cosmo came, but on the interview which followed I cannot dwell.

"He was calm and almost unmoved by the bitter and most unjust reproaches I poured out against him. Nothing could change his purpose. I tried, at first, to move him to pity for the outraged and incensed feelings of a father. I would have gone upon my knees to implore him to spare me a greater degradation; but he prevented me, and answered calmly, that he could not turn aside from his resolution; he confessed that he had long loved his gentle cousin deeply and devotedly, and besought me not to withhold my consent to a marriage which must be solemnised, either in the secrecy of the Hermit's cell, or with the pomp and state of a public ceremonial. Incensed and enraged by what I deemed his stubborn obstinacy, I asked him if he had resolved on acting thus far, in bold opposition to the authority of his father. He answered calmly, though firmly, by reminding me that on the morrow he succeeded to the titles and estates of the Marquisate of Aricia descending from his mother; and declared his intention to take advantage of his position, and bring to his new home Beatrice for his bride.

"My blood boiled at this reply; blind with rage and madness I forgot myself; and I can hardly remember what I said or did; but in that hour I cursed my rebellious son, drove him from my sight, and swore that if fair and open means proved ineffectual in breaking off the contract, there was nothing foul or dangerous I would pause at, to prevent its accomplishment.



"No language can tell, and only an inhabitant of the hot South can know, the state of excitement and rage in which, after this interview, I rushed from the Castle and, to cool the fever of my blood, sought the open air. It was night, and careless of whither I turned, I plunged into the recesses of the wood.

"The night was serene and untroubled, not a breeze stirred the dark cypress, and unwavering pine above; and all nature was hushed in that calm repose which contrasts so strongly with the stormy breast of man when tossed with tumultuous passions. So it was with me on this fatal evening.

"About the centre of the wood there is an open space, where a cottage, serving the purpose of a tavern for the entertainment of the lower order, had been erected. Here, on the night in question, a party of peasants were at their evening meal. Seated round a rude table, which had been fixed beneath the over-hanging branches of an ilex, whose dark shadows were relieved by the glare of several lights, they broke the tranquil stillness of the hour with noisy conversation, and repeated laughter.

"It was this scene which first recalled my disordered and bewildered mind. I had wandered, unheeding, thus far into the wood, and at last, when sense and thought returned, found myself an unnoticed spectator of the movements of these men; I could perceive that they, about twelve in number, were dependants of my house, and, in their rude way, were talking of matters connected with their lord.

"It had been arranged, some time before, that among other amusements a boar-hunt should take place, in a certain part of the Campagna, on the occasion of my son's birthday. These men had been appointed to assist in the chase, and some of their number had just returned from the Castle, where they had been to receive the necessary directions. The hunt was at first the subject of their debate, but from that they turned to enquire, and hear from their companions, who had been to the Castle, an account of their mission. Their tone became more subdued, and hearing my own name frequently repeated among the few words I could distinguish, I crept stealthily to the very tree beneath which they sat, and still unseen, heard every word they uttered; I shall not soon forget that conversation.

"A huge, swarthy fellow, with arms bared, and collar thrown open, shewing the limbs and throat of a colossus, was telling his companions the substance of what he had heard and seen. 'You, Ganni,' said he, addressing a man by his side, 'are to keep the look-out at the old bridge, near the Finocchio. Cecco, you will go round by Colonna, and when there, remember to keep away from the wine-flasks of the 'Bunch of Grapes.' Pietro is to go to Monte Testaccio, and not fall asleep on the road. And I, and Croce there, and the rest of ye, will keep with the dogs. We are all to be at the Castle at sunrise, and not return till night, for we are to have all manner of sport; and there will be a Festa in the evening—fireworks, and illuminations, and Girandola—per bacco! what a holiday it will be!'

"'But tell us, Signor Beppo,' said another, with some deference for the size and importance of his leader, tell us, who else did you see besides Messer Giovanni, the Duke's huntsman.'

"'Oh! Caro, said the giant, 'I saw Messer Giacomo the steward, and Carlo and Paolino, and the Signor Baroncino, and the Signorina Beatrice—by San Gregorio! she's as beautiful as the Madonna dell'Araceli, and almost as good,—see! she gave me this crown to drink to her health, as she said, and, per bacco! we'll do it, too.

"'And what did the young Lord Cosmo say to you, Signor Beppo?'

"'Ah! povero, he was only there for a minute or so; Giuseppe the Cameriere, came to say that the duke called for him, at once, and he had to go to the old tyrant. And when I was coming away, I saw him in the terrace, looking so sorrowful—I know he had some quarrel with his father, for just afterwards as I was coming into the wood, I saw the old villain, rushing along like a wild buffalo, and as savage as a wounded boar. Povero Signor Cosmo! No matter, I know for certain (Nina, the servant of the Signora Beatrice, told me in confidence), that, very shortly, her lady is to be married to the young Baron. Per bacco! what a rage the proud old fool will be in when he hears it. You know the Signora Beatrice is his niece, and daughter of that Marini, whom the Duke and his father hated, because, forsooth, he was not as noble as themselves. He was a braver man for all that; I remember when he struck this Duke Filippo. He knocked him off the steps of the Capitol, and laughed at him, and his nobility; and then Signor Filippo goes and hires him two fellows of Trastevere, to give the Signor Marini a couple of feet of cold steel. That's the way he settles disputes—Birbonaccio! Here comes the wine—now cari miei—here's health and long life to the Lord Cosmo, and his bella Sposa—may we speedily be rid of the bear's claws of Ser Filippo, and may Ser Cosmo soon be Duca di Magliano!'

"Long and loud were the shouts with which this speech was received. Under cover of the noise I hastened from my hiding place, and maddened to fury by what I had heard, hurried towards the Castle.

"Now, more than ever, was I resolved upon preventing this hateful marriage; I felt that there was nothing at which I would pause, no deed at whose commission I would shudder, to gain my object; and in that hour, under the calm peaceful vault of heaven, was planned and matured, a crime, whose remembrance chills my blood, whose consequences no expiation can atone. Murder, heartless and cruel murder, was the bloody subject on which I dwelt. To this I seemed goaded and spurred on by every circumstance around me, and within that hour, as if additional excitement had been wanting, even this too presented itself before me.

"I emerged from the darkness of the wood, and gained the terraced gardens around the castle. The moon was high in the heavens, and shining as it shines only in an Italian sky. The lofty walls of the old castle of my fathers rose above me, and at the very edge of the dark shadows which, far and wide, they cast at their feet, high in its proud pedestal stood the marble effigy of the founder of our house. Had I but remembered that he, whose shadow then concealed me, would have looked down in anger on the crimes of his descendant, I might, perhaps, have been spared the remorse of years. But I did not think of that, but rather of those who made me thus unworthy of a name noble and illustrious. Beneath this memorial of former greatness I took my stand, and leaned for support against the pedestal. I feared, by entering within doors, to meet the gaze even of the lowest of my servants, and would, if possible, have concealed from myself the guilty blot I had resolved to fix upon my name.

"But the great clock of the castle telling the lateness of the hour, roused me from a most fearful reverie into which I had fallen, and I was about to seek the nearest entrance when the sound of approaching footsteps made me pause, and look around. Along the terrace I could perceive two figures slowly walking. They were coming direct to where I stood, and the moon shining bright upon them, discovered those whom, of all on earth, I would soonest have avoided,—Cosmo and Beatrice. I was right in supposing that they were coming towards a small postern door in the wall beside me. It was a private entrance to the apartments of the Countess Marini. I crouched behind the statue as they came up, and plainly heard the concluding sentences of their conversation.

"'Such,' said Cosmo, 'was the end of this most painful scene. And you, Beatrice, can judge how bitter—how severe was the trial. It was, indeed, with a pang that I expressed my firm determination; and,—be not offended, Beatrice,—I own that its fulfilment will cause me sorrow. But for that there is no remedy. Nay, dearest, do not I speak,—you know you have promised to do as I request, so be prepared to keep your promise, and meet me at the hour I have named, to go with me to the little chapel at the foot of Monte Porzio. The old Father Antonio has agreed to be there. Perhaps, when all is concluded, my father may relent, and be no longer so violently opposed. Heaven grant it may be so! And now, Beatrice, it is full time that you seek your chamber,—so, dearest, good night, and good repose.'

"'One word, dear Cosmo,' she replied, 'tell me; do you intend going to this hunt to-morrow. It may be very foolish of me, but I own there is a heaviness on my heart,—a presentiment of coming danger I cannot shake off; and I would beg one favour of you: if you are not resolved upon this sport,—do not go out to-morrow. You will not refuse me, Cosmo?'

"'Nay! Cara,' he replied, 'you would not have me deprive these poor fellows of their day's amusement. The monster Beppo would never forgive you. Believe me there is no danger, and I will return early to the castle. But I had almost forgot the present I told you of. Here it is, a miniature of myself, and painted by Pentini. They say it is a true likeness; but, such as it is, wear it for my sake, and never let it be separate from you.'

"He placed the miniature around her neck, and I could see the jewelled locket glitter in the moonbeams. He folded her to his breast, imprinted one kiss upon her fair forehead, and again, bidding her good night, turned from the door.

"I followed him, and, as I came near, he started quickly round, and his sword glittered in his hand as he presented it to my breast. 'Stand back,' he cried, ignorant who it was that came upon him. 'Stand back, and say what you seek. Pardon me, my Lord and Father, I did not think to see you here, and near me.' He dropped his weapon, and with head inclined, listened to what I said.

"'Near you! Cosmo—pardon me, I should say, Signor Marquis of Aricia, for you have, since midnight, attained that title. *Near you*; aye, and nearer than you looked for. And so, rash boy, you are resolved to brave my vengeance. Once more, think of what

you do,—or, by Heaven! you will drive me to a deed of infamy. Mark me well,—as sure as I'm alive, you ne'er shall wed your cousin. If you are resolved,—so also am I,—and be the consequences of your rashness upon your head. There, go to your apartments, and, if you dare, sleep, with a father's vengeance hanging over you.'

"He calmly replied:—'One word, my Lord, before I leave you. I do not, I cannot understand the meaning of your threats,—but if, unseen, you have heard the last words I uttered, you will know all that I could tell you. I am sworn to wed my cousin, Beatrice, and now I swear to keep my promise. My Lord, you have my answer.'

"Then,—fool!' I madly exclaimed, 'preserve your oath inviolate, but be prepared to take, to your bridal chamber, a lifeless corpse.'

"I rushed from his presence, and saw him no more that night.

"I cannot recall the manner in which, till break of day, the few hours were passed. Sleep was far from my eyelids, and I believe a species of delirium succeeded to the paroxysm of rage to which I had been excited. I can remember prowling in darkness through the halls and galleries of the castle; and, in one of the latter, I was found sitting at the return of daylight, by a servant who was seeking me in all directions. He placed a paper in my hand, saying it was from the Lord Cosmo, who, with the hunting party, had just left the castle. The name of my son recalled in some degree my recollection; I read the contents of the paper; they were but a few lines, asking my forgiveness, and expressing his sorrow that his bearing towards me should have called forth words which he could not rightly understand, but which he should regard as the threats of an over-excited mind.

"In a moment, a full remembrance, of one event at least, returned. I started from my seat, crushed the paper in my hand, and laughed aloud at the supposition, that I should thus be balked in my purpose. In that hour I knew, I felt that I was mad, delirium raged through my veins, but the power of memory and thought, on one subject, still remained. And, for the purpose of putting my foul intention into execution, I could assume the aspect of perfect sanity. I shut myself within my room, to prepare for a heartless crime, and to wait the fitting hour for its perpetration.

"Beneath the centre roof is the great hall of the castle; around it, supported on lofty columns, runs a gallery, leading by passages to the various apartments on the upper floors. The staircase, ascending to this gallery, rises from the saloon itself, and this room, noble and graceful in its proportioning, had been adorned with costly furniture and marbles of price. It was about mid-day, when having traversed the hall, I strided hastily up the staircase and sought the apartments of my sister and her daughter. The hour had come which I deemed favourable for the unsuspected commission of a deed of darkness, but with it came a sense of awe of the consequences of that deed. I gained the door, and though aware that the rooms were unoccupied, I paused at the threshold, and feared to enter. For the first time the whole enormity of my intended crime swept across my mind, and, for a moment, pity took the place of passion in my breast. But when I remembered the midnight scene in the wood, and that which I had afterwards witnessed on the terrace, all compunction vanished, and deadly determination alone remained. I was nerved to the villany I had sworn to commit; and though my respiration was oppressed, and my hand shook violently as I turned the handle of the door, I no longer faltered, nor gave time for thought. An anti-chamber opened on one side to the rooms of the Countess, on the other to those of Beatrice. To the latter I turned, and entered the room in which she usually passed her time. Various objects, scattered about, gave evidence of the manner in which the fair girl was wont to lighten the dull monotony of her long and fly-slow hours. I heeded neither the flowers, the drawings, nor the music strewed around, but hastened to a table where I saw preparations for a noon-day repast. A single cover was placed, and, by its side, a drinking cup of gold, with a flask of the pale, light wine of Orvieto. This I grasped, and from a small vial in my hand, poured upon the wine, a single drop of a subtle and most fatal poison. This, which I knew to be almost instantaneous in its effects, and leaving not a trace of violence on the body of its victim, I had purchased in Ancona, some years before, from the master of a Turkish vessel. Little did I then foresee the horrid purpose to which it was eventually applied.

"Would to God! I could blot from my memory the remaining hours of that most accursed day. I had, it is true, no feeling of compunction, no pity for the harmless being against whom I had contrived and executed so foul a plot; but there came upon me a chilling fear of some approaching—some terrible chastisement. There was shame too, and ignominy in every damning recollection; but sorrow or repentance I knew not at that hour. Most of the household had gone to the boar-hunt in the Campagna, and through the castle there reigned an unusual stillness. Seated in one of the recesses of the hall, I could not hear a sound of life through the whole of that vast building, and for about an hour did I remain in that position, breathless with anxiety and fear. It was with some degree of ease (for it tended to break the charmed silence all around) that, at length, I heard the sound of horses' feet entering the court-yard, and shortly

afterwards footsteps approached the hall where I was sitting. I turned, and was amazed to see Cosmo enter. He had returned from the Campagna, and seeing me, he bowed his head, and was about to pass onward to the staircase, when, with a forced smile, I called him towards me. Hypocrisy and cunning were not wanting to me, and came into play at this moment. I pretended to have almost forgotten all our quarrel, and only alluded to it to express regret for the violence I had shown. Cosmo was happy; he thanked me with a joyful smile for the words I had spoken, and begged a father's blessing on the anniversary of his birth. I gave it; but my throat and lips were parched as they pronounced the words of benediction. This was a trial I could hardly support, and I felt myself tremble before the deep blue eyes of Cosmo, as he raised them to my face. He seemed to notice my emotion, and fixed his glance enquiringly upon me. I could not endure his fixed look, and with assumed carelessness turned aside to seek, as I said, for a gift I had long intended to make him on this day. He thanked me, and prayed me to excuse his absence for a moment. I opened a cabinet in the recess, and from a private drawer drew forth a casket of rare and most precious jewels. They were family memorials, and as such I destined them for my son. Touching a spring the cover flew back, and I was examining the gems when Cosmo approached. At leaving me, but a minute before, he had quickly ascended the staircase, and was returning from the same direction when I went to meet him. At the opposite extremity of the hall, some massive steps, rising from between two marble figures of recumbent lions, the size of life, took you to the first landing of the staircase, whence continuing to the right and left, you entered the gallery on either side of the saloon. I stood by the lowest step, and was arranging the jewels in their casket, when my son reached the landing just above me. Here he stopped, and a heavy groan escaped him. I started and looked up, when every sense was paralyzed with horror. He was leaning on a vase of alabaster, and in his face, which was of a death-like hue, intense and fearful agony was depicted. One hand was pressed in agony to his side—his breath was failing him—he made one effort to come towards me, exclaimed—'Father, the wine, the wine!' and rolled headlong to my feet. In an instant the truth rushed to my horror-stricken mind. He had sought for Beatrice, and, not finding her, heated with riding, had quenched his thirst with the poisoned wine: and there he lay murdered, by his Father!

"I stood over him stupified, and stunned with the overwhelming greatness of horror. I can remember the return of Beatrice. How she found me transfixed over the body of my son—and how, in reply to her incoherent exclamations of woe, I gazed listlessly upon her, and coldly said, 'He's dead—'twas I killed him; but the poison was for you. There is your bridegroom!' I was raving mad, but I can remember this, as well as the curses which, in her delirium, she heaped upon me, and the scream of despair and misery with which she sank lifeless on the body of her lover.

"I saw her no more, but her curses never left me. They pierced my veins and froze the blood within. They have pursued me through the world, ever haunting me with remorse and horror. For me the very fountains of repentance have been dried up, and when I would have prayed, my lips have uttered naught but blasphemy.

"I turned my back upon the scene of crime,—rushed from the castle,—and I have not looked upon it since, but have wandered through the world seeking, in vain, to calm the remorseful memories of my mind. But the hand of an avenging God lies heavy on me, and there is but one atonement I can make. To this I am resolved,—for now the curses which have haunted me for years will not follow me to my grave. They have been retracted, though far from the land where they were uttered, and a promise of mercy is held out.

"When you read this paper the Hermit of Mucross will be no more, and the Duke of Magliano will be numbered with the dead. Should life be spared but for a short time, the white hairs of the old man will be dyed on the scaffold,—and the justice of his country will be avenged."

C. A. M.

## NERONIAD.—PART II.

(Concluded from page 15.)

Most gracious Public,—if the public gaze  
 Shall dignify these 'unpretending lays;—"  
 Some weeks have pass'd, since first I did implore ye  
 To give attention to a simple story,  
 Which was not finish'd quite; though I began to  
 Tell or narrate it, in a single Canto.  
 I promised then, the story so begun,  
 Should be continued on from No. 1,  
 Yet Nos. 2 and 3 appear'd, I vow,  
 'Ere Master Nero made his second bow.  
 Such "breach of promise" being incorrect,  
 I do repent me of this great neglect;

And so I hope these words may meet the College eyes,  
That all may see how humbly I apologise.  
Besides, a certain difficulty, too,  
Was interposed betwixt my tale and you ;  
Then, what this difficulty was, and how  
Originated, I will tell you now.

The question, in the first place, be it said,  
Was put upon me by one X. Y. Z.  
Who, in a treatise by him written,  
Did classify all freshmen in Great Britain  
In three divisions :—Fast—Conceited—Slow.  
Now I conceived that I was bound to show,  
To which of these three classes Mr. Nero  
Belonged, whom I presented as my hero.  
He was not “ fast,” ’twas evident to me,  
Because he knew not “ Lul-ler-li-e-ty ;”  
Nor yet “ Conceited,” for he wore no “ glass ;”  
Nor “ woo’d the Muse,”—he was not such an ass—  
“ His gown,” *I know*, was never “ inside out,”  
Which must exclude him from the “ Slow,” no doubt.  
With his “ glengarry”—though I’m bound to say,  
He certainly was always known to pay  
His bills with Lynes, and other tradesmen too ;  
More faithfully, perhaps, than I or you.  
As thus he’s not Conceited, Slow, or Fast,  
I’m brought to this alternative at last.—  
Either dissent from Mr. X, Y. Z.,  
And flatly knock his system on the head ;  
(To do which I have neither skill nor strength)  
Or go the most unprecedented length,  
Of granting that my protégé and friend  
Has been anomalous from end to end ;  
The latter I prefer, it must be done—  
I’ll fight the battle through as I’ve begun.

The freshman rose, he drest and broke his fast ;  
That done, he issued into Quad at last.  
Say (if thou canst), O Muse, what solemn dread,  
What silent awe, through Nero’s bosom sped  
The word, though strange, is right ; for, at the time,  
The ludicrous was mix’d with the sublime.  
Perhaps, too, in his mind’s unsettled state,  
The former feeling did predominate.  
Nero had enter’d in the deep dark night,  
(For College lamps do not assist the sight,  
And darkness reigns supreme, unless hard by,  
A Beak befriends you with his bright bull’s eye)  
Not knowing what appearance, form, or size,  
Might manifest itself unto his eyes :  
A monstrous pile, or quaintly small affair,  
In circle, parallelogram, or square !  
What feelings, then, with unresisted pow’r  
Controll’d young Nero’s bosom in that hour ?  
When first in day’s unclouded light he trod,  
Our “ flat,” and “ stale” “ unprofitable” Quad ?  
The objects there were manifold and strange ;—  
A long and most unhealthy-looking range  
Of sallow buildings, somewhat in the style and  
Form of the barracks in Prince Edward’s Island.  
I’m told that quarters there are very shabby,  
At least so says report, that tattling tabby.  
At any rate the buildings here are poor,  
And slightly dismal, and would never cure  
A fit of megrims (if that fell disease  
Can merry-hearted, giddy students seize).  
From wall to wall, on gravel walks, you pass  
Between four plots of melancholy grass ;

Three sides of this Quadrangle comprehend  
 The schools of learning, which we all attend,  
 Students' apartments, also certain houses  
 Which hold professors and their spouses.  
 The fourth is Chapel, Library, and Hall,  
 With freshmen playing fives against the wall.  
 A sport unacademical, and so  
 Most rigidly forbidden, *in to-to* ;  
 Yet still maintain'd with spirit every day,  
 Unless the Dean should haply pass that way ;  
 Then in the pocket lurks th' obnoxious ball,  
 The culprit player leans against the wall,  
 Salutes, with cap in hand upraised, and then  
 (The dignitary pass'd) sets to again.  
 A terrace, too, there is, where students ramble,  
 And young professors with their nurses gambol.  
 When Nero had consider'd ev'ry part,  
 He speculated somewhat in his heart.  
 "Where *had* the Di.'s got all that yellow brick ?  
 And *did* they pay for it, or build on tick ?"  
 Then, summoned by a servant, he repairs  
 To meet the Principal on state affairs ;  
 He makes his bow, sits down, and there and then  
 Shows his receipt for fifty-two pounds ten.  
 (This is the pass-key to the College door, and  
 The Di.'s, like letters, must be paid beforehand.)  
 Subscribes to statutes he has never read,  
 Yet swears he will observe them on his head ;  
 And, finally, is suffer'd to withdraw,  
 Matriculated in Collegiate Law.  
 And here I may impart to you a thought,  
 Which, in its rapid flight, my fancy caught ;  
 Our College government, you might suppose,  
 Was but the humble earthly scheme of those  
 Whose will decreed that this important body  
 Should spring into existence.—Pooh, you noddy !  
 I tell you *this*, unlike all other colleges,  
 Is based entirely on the old *Mythologies*.  
 Nay ! we (such grounds have I to base my plea on)  
 Might furnish readily a whole Pantheon ;  
 For, to begin—and doubt it whoso chooses !  
 Our *nine* professors represent the *Muses* ;  
 And, if the same analogy we follow,  
 The Oriental Visitor's Apollo,  
 Poor Phœbus to be sure looks somewhat sage,  
 And sees with spectacles—but that's from age.  
 The Muses' sex is changed too—well, small blame,  
 Tiresias in his day has done that same ;  
 And so may they, in image as they are,  
 Their present form is but an Avatar.  
 Two Beaks each night, within collegiate ground,  
 Together pace their Academic round.  
 Each lamp-illuminated, with capricious ray,  
 Which now they hide—now wantonly display ;  
 There consort stars (*quod dubitandum nemini*),  
 Sure these may faintly shadow forth the Gemini ;  
 For as they're shown, what you may quite consider a  
 Claim to the titles, *lucida* and *sidera* ;  
 It, then, were surely little less than villany,  
 Not to accord them that of *fratres Helenæ*.  
 Such is my theory—no further proof  
 Need I advance (I think) in its behoof ;  
 Professors' Councils, I'll lay any odds,  
 Are just the ancient meetings of the Gods.\*

\* *Vide* Lucian—  
 Θεῶν ἐκκλησία.

Nero strolled on that day and many more,  
 And many a lesson did he lay in store ;  
 Of many things took note, in passing by,—  
 The lesser follies, which yet caused a sigh,—  
 As where men fearing to outlive their fame  
 Endeavour to perpetuate their name  
 By graven images wrought on bench or table,  
 Dreading to trust in monuments less stable ;  
 Such as the memory of a worthy deed,  
 A kindly word, in trial or in need,—  
 A gen'rous nature or acknowledg'd worth,  
 (I mean of character, not that of birth)  
 Or those who, with an idle humour smitten,  
 Or with a comrad's frolic fancy bitten,  
 Make merry at the cost of other folk,  
 Or echo loudly the professor's joke.  
 Well ! Nero profited by what he learned,  
 Nor did he think the knowledge dearly learned,  
 In college life a most successful actor,  
 He went to India with a good character.

You saw his outset—heard of his career,  
 And now may fairly think him no small beer ;  
 To this no single sentence of my own I add,  
 For here, kind readers, endeth the Neroniad.

Ομηρον.

## JUG OF PUNCH.

GREEK.

Ἦμην ποτ' ἐν δόμοισιν  
 ὑπὸ τῇ θέρει δαμάσθεις  
 οἰωνὸς ἐκ βάρτου τις  
 τὸ PUNCH μαλ' ἤρξεν ὑμνεῖν.

Μούσαι ροφούσι νέκταρ  
 φιλοῦσιν ἄνδρες οἶνον  
 μᾶλλον δὲ τῶνδε πάντων  
 τὸ PUNCH ἐμοὶ πότιζε.

Ἰατρὸς οὐ βοηθεῖ  
 τοῖς καρδίᾳ νοσοῦσιν  
 ἅταρ θαμ' ἠμίνθητας  
 πάλιν, συ, PUNCH, ἐγείρεις.

Θανὼν τε σῆμα λαμπρὸν  
 πολυτελὲς οὐ ποθήσω  
 κατασκαφὴν δ' ἐμοὶ δὸς  
 ξνδον τε PUNCH ἀφειδῶς.

LATIN.

OLIM vespere sedebam,  
 Ad fenestram, audiebam  
 Avem in horto cantantem,  
 Punch in poculis laudantem.

Musas nectar compotare,  
 Homines "claret" adamare,  
 Fertur ; at illorum audes,  
 Punch ! exsuperare laudes.

Medicus non arte valuit,  
 Quum ictus corde homo palluit ;  
 At omnes qui exanimantur,  
 Punch ! a te redintegrantur.

Morientem igitur sero,  
 Ne me condat tumulus quæro—  
 Mi supremas ornet aedes,  
 Punch ad caput, Punch ad pedes.

ENGLISH.

As I was sitting in my room,  
 One pleasant evening in the month of June ;  
 I heard a thrush sing on a bush,  
 And the song he sang was a "Jug of Punch."

The Muses nine drink their nectar wine,  
 And they tell me claret is mighty fine ;  
 But I'd give them all, and in a bunch,  
 For a jolly pull at a "Jug of Punch."

The doctor fails, with all his art,  
 To cure impressions on the heart ;  
 But when life's gone within an inch,  
 What'll bring it back like a "Jug of Punch."

And when I'm dead, and in my grave,  
 No costly tombstone will I crave ;  
 But I'll dig a grave both wide and deep,  
 With a "Jug of Punch" at my head and feet.

PANCHATANTRAT.

## SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A CRACKER.

"Ex oriente lux."

Fireworks from Whitechapel.

EDITOR'S TRANSLATION.

MY life has been a short one! I was called into existence by the hands of that celebrated pyrotechnist, Herr Cornelius Noysmacker, on the 18th of October, 1842. As soon as I was made, I was placed in a basket with several amiable rockets and Roman candles, and I had hardly time to make myself acquainted with the domestic virtues of those gentlemen, 'ere I was destined to witness the display of their public talents before a numerous audience at Vauxhall. Oh! how natural is ambition to great minds! No sooner did I behold the exertions of these great men, their hissings, their blazings, their shootings into the air, their fallings upon the earth,—each particle in their illustrious bodies changed, like classic heroes, into stars,—than I burned—no! I didn't burn yet—I thirsted—to imitate, however humbly, their achievements, and to win like them the applause of thousands. In a word, I felt that I, too, was born to create a noise in the world.

My aspirations were soon to be realized. I was carried back to my master's, and soon afterwards was sold by him to a more humble brother of the art in Whitechapel. From his hands I passed into those of a Haileybury student, who, as soon as he had purchased me, got into the railway-train and returned to college. I had no expectation of falling into the hands of a sensible man, because, as the ghosts said to King Richard, when they popped out from behind his new French bed, "Wise men know what fools we make of them." I was not, however, prepared for the extent of folly and stupidity displayed by my new master, who, to secure the pleasure of my society, placed in imminent jeopardy an appointment which would eventually make him, in the eyes of the young ladies exported to India, "worth three hundred a year, dead or alive." I found this great academical body, to which my new master belonged, deeply imbued with a truly Protestant detestation of Guy Faux, though at the same time it did not appear to entertain that horror of gunpowder-plots which one might suppose would have followed. Here I was by no means solitary. On the contrary, such a crowd of maroons, squibs, and crackers were waiting to receive me, that I could not but feel exceedingly flattered, and more than ever desirous to display my abilities to the best advantage. It was with very heated and combustible feelings, therefore, that I found myself placed with several of my brethren by the side of a huge maroon on a certain shelf in letter D. The slow match was lighted, our courage was high, and a few seconds more would have rendered us conspicuous among the shining lights of the world, when, unfortunately, there appeared one of those outlandish creatures, peculiar to this place, denominated "Beaks." He spoke with rugged voice,—“There they are, and lighted too, but I'm blessed if I go near 'em. I aint so soft as that quite!” In these words he addressed a tall gaunt figure who now approached, bearing on his arm a basket of “commons,” while in his hand he carried a can of milk. “Ah!” said the latter, “I'd rather venture myself in putting on 'em out, than stand the row they makes a'go in off, again. I'm half deaf now with the noise o' that there 'un as was let off last night; and as for Beacroft, why she fainted dead!” So saying, with daring hand this traitor to galactophogists lifted on high the mighty can, and poured its murderous contents upon the devoted head of the maroon. I alone escaped from this milky-way; and when the enemy had retired, my master came privately to my rescue and carried me off for another trial.

The next night I was put into a coal-scuttle with another party of crackers and a maroon. It was very dark, and cold, and dreary, and the Beaks, who had been up the greatest part of the last night, and “hadn't had a bit o' nothing all the time,” were discontented, and drowy, and stood half asleep in their great white coats, looking little more lively than so many huge cocks of hay. So we were deposited in triumph, the match was lighted, and my master sneaked giggling away. “Now we're off!” thought I, and so we were. Bang! bang! went the maroon,—grumble! tumble! stagger! stagger! went the coal-scuttle,—crack! crack! fiz! fiz! splash! splutter! splutter! went we,—and in a few seconds the whole force of Beaks, ordinary and extraordinary, were gazing upon our mutilated remains! Such, and so glorious was my death,—but the principal honour yet remained! My corse was gently raised from the ground amidst the lamentations of even the flinty-hearted Beaks; it was carried in triumphal procession to a museum hard by, and deposited safely under lock and key in a private cabinet.

PHILO-FIZZICUS.



## A GERMAN LEGEND.

Oh ! not the hair from Nisus reft of old,  
 Oh ! not the " Lock " in epic grandeur told,  
 So strange, so wild a legend can unfold  
 As thy unshorn moustache, Saint Kummernitz !  
 Whom to invoke ? my troubles here begin  
 The nine scarce shave ; Apollo's beardless chin  
 Forbids his name, and yet it were a sin  
 To leave a theme so great to mortal wits.  
 Ye then who rule the fashions of the hair,  
 Whether in curling fops or ladies fair,  
 Tufts, whiskers, beards, moustache, et cetera,

Gods of unrazored eccentricity !  
 Inspire my poesie, descend and sing,  
 Mirth, wit, and laughter, with ye bring,  
 And melody upon her golden wing,  
 To grace this wayward lay of Germany.  
 'Tis a sage maxim, one of classic time,  
 That whatsoe'er the subject of the rhyme,  
 Or grave, or gay, pathetic or sublime ;  
 The bard must plunge at once "*in medias res*."  
 Ring up the curtain, let the stage appear,  
 The trap-doors ready and the exits clear ;  
 Do thou, my prompter angel, hover near,  
 And teach these harsh unwilling lines to please.

Vienna's season (ninety years ago)  
 Was for a month at least "*un peu trop*" slow,  
 And all the people were agog to know  
 When the new Prima Donna would appear.  
 Is she handsome or plain ? said friends when they met,  
 Is she tallish or shortish ? blonde or brunette ?  
 'Pon honor don't know, she's not come as yet,  
 But arrives by the mail-train I hear.

She came, and every tongue spoke forth the praise  
 Of her whose power the magic spells could raise  
 Of music and of love, and whose bright gaze  
 Had flung enchantment o'er the festive scene.  
 She came, and joy brought to the motley throng,  
 Whom dullness and *ennui* had chained so long ;  
 Sages and Saints, Fools, Nobles, ranked among  
 The humblest vassals of the Wizard Queen.

Her name—which I'm forgetting all this while,  
 Was Kummernitz ; nay, reader, do not smile,  
 The gutturals that sound to thee so vile,  
 Can flow as liquids soft in Germany.  
 Still young, her years just reach'd sweet twenty-two ;  
 (But let this fact be strictly *entre nous*)—  
 Her beauty—if tradition speak but true—  
 Was such as might explain her witchery.

The sunny tresses, clear blue eye,  
 The full, yet faultless, symmetry ;  
 The cheek all pale, save when the glow  
 Of youth and passion, o'er its snow,  
 In mantling blushes play'd ;  
 And brighter far than every grace,  
 That artless innocence of face,  
 Which every thought betray'd ;  
 These, these proclaim'd her child of thine,  
 Land of the Danube and the Rhine !  
 Land of our sires in days of yore,  
 Land of wild lays and legendary lore.

Now lovers are very good things in their way,  
 And ladies will have them whenever they may ;  
 But ladies will find that it's rather a bore,  
 To number a dozen of lovers and more ;

And such was the case with this Miss Kummernitz,  
 Whose cavaliers pestered her out of her wits.  
 One sighed for a lock of that beautiful hair ;  
 One ventured to hope that his painter might dare  
 To call for a sitting ; a third, with a prayer  
 Of the deepest humility, begged of the fair  
 The music and words of some sweet German air ;  
 A fourth took her fan ; and she had not a pair  
 Of gloves but were spoils to some dashing Mynheer.  
     No duenna to guide her,  
     No aunt to advise her,  
     And left to her own inventions ;  
 In vain she grew cold,  
 Her lovers weren't sold,  
     But rather increased their attentions.  
 Bothered, puzzled, perplexed,  
 Cross, ill-tempered, and vexed,  
 In the depth of despair,  
 She bethought her of prayer,  
 Remembered her guardian saint, Hallow by name,  
 And forthwith began to admonish the same ;  
 And first she explained, with entreaties and tears,  
 That a debtor and creditor balance was her's ;  
 That the penance she did, and the alms she bestowed,  
 Had completely outweighed the small kindness he shewed ;  
 And lastly she vowed,  
     Were her wishes allowed,  
 That his shrine in the church of St. Anne the Devout,—  
     Then gloomy and dark,  
     As was Noah in the Ark,—  
 Or Moses of old, when his candle went out,—  
     Should for ever be bright,  
     By day and by night,  
 With the lustre of candles encircling about ;  
 Good wax by the way, superfine, patent wicks,  
 And not those strange modern invention—metallics.  
 Her words still lingered on the echo's swell,  
 As loth to leave the spot they loved so well ;  
 When lo! the maiden started from her chair,  
 For yes—no—yes—the saint himself was there ;  
 His form—but here we fear to be profane,  
 So leave description to the reader's vein.  
 His remarks, too, we cut as remarkable prosy,  
 Well intentioned no doubt, but, as you might suppose, he  
 Dilated at large on vice, virtue, and duty,  
 And the crime of o'ervaluing personal beauty ;  
 Digressed, to extol his own wisdom and power,  
 Quoted texts by the dozens, and, after an hour,  
 Suggested that he, to make matters right,  
 Should change her at once from a belle to a fright :  
 For frights, as he said (and he said it with sneers),  
 Were seldom surrounded by young cavaliers.  
     But, alas! for the saint,  
     Though his purpose meant well,  
     It scarce suited the views  
     Of this fair demoiselle.  
     " Oh! my gracious, quoth she,  
     " It's quite easy to see,  
         (And she tapped his bald head with a fan),  
     " That your saintship can't be,  
     " In the smallest degree,  
         " An approach to a lady's man.  
     " To be ugly, indeed! you have rusted so long,  
     " With your beads and your cowl and vesper song,  
     " With your ' ora pro nobis' and ' culpa peccavi,  
     " That you really forget what is due to a lady.  
     " To be ugly, indeed! (and by way of reminder,  
     She playfully glanced at the mirror behind her).

" Lovers, 'tis true,  
 " Like morning dew,  
     " Or snow beneath the sun,  
 " Would fly me then,—  
 " They are but men,  
     " Deceivers every one.  
 " With joy I could their treason view,  
 " But not their scorn and laughter too ;  
 " I could not bear the cutting jest,  
 " The laugh of hatred scarce suppressed—  
 " Or, keener far, the courteous smile—  
 " That pities, but to stab the while.  
     " No ! let the cares,  
     " That beauty bears,  
         " All harmless pass away ;  
     " But leave me still,  
     " The power at will,  
         " To wield a beauty's sway.  
 " If you can't manage this, there's no more to be said,  
 " You may exit at once,—a letter, post-paid,  
 " (Should you pick up your wits)  
 " Direct to Poste-Restante for Miss Kummernitz.  
     " Now don't let me offend,  
     " But my vow's at an end,  
 " And therefore I fear, most holy Saint Hallow,  
 " For the rest of the year you must put up with tallow."

Saint Hallow was frightened, the matter grew serious,  
 And the poor saint bewildered, felt semi-delirious ;  
 To be congéd and laughed at, such matter of scandals,  
 And then—but of course he thought not of the candles.  
     He turns him round, and in a fume  
     Paces along the lady's room ;  
     Now fast, now slow,  
     His footsteps go,  
         And now he waits awhile ;  
     Like one possessed,  
     He beats his breast—  
         He sees the lady smile.  
     And his glances wander far and wide,  
     Now to the ceiling and now on the floor,  
     Like a pennyless poet at Christmas tide—  
     A dun stalking in at the door.  
 At length he spoke, in slow and solemn tone,  
 " Thy wish is granted, and the promise won :  
 " E'en while I speak, the miracle is done,  
     " Which shields thy life from future lovers' praise."  
 The lady turned in wonder and affright,  
 (For as she turned he faded from her sight)  
 And back she sprung astonished (well she might),  
     When on the mirror fell her eager gaze.  
 Her features were unchanged,—her golden hair  
 Still wanted idly o'er a forehead fair  
 As sculptured marble,—every charm was there  
     That could have " lent enchantment to the view ;"  
 But, oh ! how broken was the wizard spell  
 That from that face of fairy beauty fell,  
 For on the upper lip, I grieve to tell,  
     A long and very German moustache grew.

\* \* \*

And now my heavy task is nearly done ;  
 Miss K. became, ere long, a bearded nun ;  
 Increased in sanctity as she grew old,  
 Became an abbess, and a saint, I'm told.  
 May her name rest in peace, for she is dead,  
 And I'm your humble servant,

X. Y. Z.

## A PAGE FROM THE "HERTFORD TOURIST."

\* \* \* \* \*

The following extract from a little work entitled "*Patience's Researches into the Antiquities of Britain*," will, perhaps, give the reader as clear an insight into the origin and condition of this Establishment, as any we can offer him :—

"The origin of the community and state of things, as now existing at Haileybury, is shrouded in much obscurity. If we attempt to account for, or affix a date to its foundation, we are at once involved in a mass of fabulous and contradictory statements, well nigh impossible to be unravelled. We may at once, therefore, assert that it took place at a date so remote as entirely to baffle and defy all historical research. We must, therefore, look closely into the political and social institutions and habits of the community, and see if we can from them discover any glimpse of what was its probable origin and early condition. In tracing the people who have now for some years been in possession of the place, we are at once struck with their evident division into the four following castes—the consequence of a division of occupations having been forced on them :—

- I.—The Priestly Caste,
- II.—The Warrior Caste,
- III.—The Non-Agricultural Class,—and
- IV.—The Agricultural and the Sudra Caste.

"I.—The *Priesthood*, or *Magi*, though by no means an extensive class, have long possessed a very considerable ascendancy over the rest, and have, in fact, always held the reins of government. They are as well the interpreters of the written laws as of the religion. From the earliest period of their ascendancy, we find them in possession of a volume entitled the "*Book of Statutes*," resembling, in many respects, the Code of Menu, compiled by them for the regulation of the social duties of all the grades of the State. The great influence that this caste has been enabled to exercise over the rest of the population is greatly attributable to the fact, that they are possessed of a very considerable, if not undue, portion of the learning of the community; we find them receptacles of Classic Lore, Expositors of the Laws and Histories of every country and clime, acquainted with the Laws of Astronomy, Instructions in Foreign Tongues, '*Giants in Telooogo*,' &c.

"II.—The *Warrior Caste*.—The existence of this class will not strike the reader at first sight. But after a careful survey he will, doubtless, observe, in the College Beaks, a species of standing army, whose maintenance has been provided for by the Priestly Caste. Some traces of this class are to be found also in the occasional skirmishes at the Fives Court. The constant exchanges into the cavalry also evince a warlike taste. Political Economy will show us the reason of this,—'In all countries where a Nomad people become mixed with a stationary population, and great discipline is not apparent there, the cavalry always forms an effective and necessary force.' Traces of a Nomadic life are to be found in the constant rustications which take place—of a stationary population in the waiters.

"III.—The *Non-agricultural Class*, is strikingly large as compared with the others—it comprises the whole body of Students—a great feature in their institutions is this, that they are expected to supply a large surplus produce in the shape of extra, which is often not received by the Ruling Caste in kind. We here perceive the existence of an extensive commerce in articles of luxury.

"IV.—The *Agricultural* and the *Sudra* or *Servile Caste*.—We have thought it better to combine these two, as well on account of the similarity of their habits, as on account of the extremely limited extent of the former body,—in fact, it is concentrated in the body of an individual, whose sole occupation appears to be to pick up stones and weeds and throw them down again. A laborious occupation, doubtless, as evinced by the curvature of his back—a very good representation of an *arc* of the *meridian*; in fact, great *latitude* is allowed him on account of his age. The Sudras are a very distinctly marked class,—all answering to the name of '*Tom*.'"

Here then are these four castes distinct enough, but not affording sufficient data to enable us to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion as to their origin. It is probable, however, that it was Eastern,—as Oriental Languages, altho' not particularly popular with them, are much studied. The Hieroglyphical Inscriptions with which the Lecture-rooms are covered, confirm this view.

TOM.

## RED ERIC.

I come with banner, brand, and bow,  
 As leader seeks his mortal foe;  
 For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,  
 Ne'er panted for the appointed hour  
 As I, until before me stand  
 This rebel chieftain and his band.

SCOTT.

THE wind sets fair from the land of the Norse,  
 As it wafts across the main—  
 Fleet as the course of the wind-driven foam—  
 The ships of Red Eric the Dane.

And on they sweep with the strong-wing'd blast,  
 The spray in clouds before them cast,  
 Like the storm-swept wave dashing wild on the strand,  
 To ravage the shores of Northumbria's land.

And when on the pebbles grate their keels,  
 Before their Raven flag each kneels—  
 That flag which oft deep fear and dread,  
 O'er land and sea had widely spread—  
 A sign of terror, fire, and sword,  
 Companions of the Norseman horde.—  
 Tyne's bosom shone clearly in morning's fair prime,  
 As forward they rushed to their carnage and crime.

That morn Delaval had set forth with his train,  
 A young bride to bring to his princely domain;  
 In tournament won by his courage and worth,  
 "Editha the Peerless," the Flower of the North.

And quickly they rode thro' Hallowell's dale,  
 The sun glancing brightly from helmet and mail,  
 And fifty good spearmen behind them did ride,  
 With war-axe at saddle-bow, falchion by side.

But sudden, as near to the castle they came,  
 They start to behold it envelop'd in flame;  
 And his vassals come crowding in fear to their lord,  
 In their flight from that fierce Scandinavian horde.

Their houses all burnt in the murderous strife,—  
 Their parents and children a prey to the knife,—  
 Their wives and their daughters dishonour'd, or slain,  
 And this by the bands of Red Eric the Dane.

Dark as night grew his brow, and deeply he sigh'd,  
 "By St. Cuthbert I swear, and this good sword," he cried,  
 "That ne'er in this life I'll return to my hall,  
 "Till I work on Red Eric the vengeance you call;  
 "Never meat will I taste, never drink the red wine,  
 "Till I see his head roll on the banks of the Tyne."

The Lady Editha retraced then, in grief,  
 The path she had travelled in joy with the chief,  
 Who sped on unwearied by night and by day,  
 While by smouldering ruins his path ever lay;  
 And he gaz'd from each cliff of that rock-girdled coast,  
 For the ships of the fierce Scandinavian host.

And when by the Abbey of Tynemouth he passed,  
 His glances uneasily 'round him he cast;  
 For the pile re-echoed no vesper hymn,  
 So he stood, and gaz'd 'midst the shadows dim.

At length, a sharp-ringing sound strikes on his ears,  
 And in front of the gateway a warrior appears;  
 His belt of grey wolf-skin bore never a brand,  
 But a double-edged war-axe he grasp'd in his hand;  
 'Tis a knight, he perceives, by his gilt spurs and crest,  
 And him, courteous saluting, the Baron address:—

" Know'st thou aught of Red Eric, that merciless Dane,  
 " Who my elan and my kindred hath ruthlessly slain ?"  
 " Dismount, and I'll shew thee," the knight then replied ;  
 In an instant Lord Delaval stood by his side.  
 To a neighbouring cliff his way he then took,  
 And scarce this delay the Baron could brook.

" See'st thou those brave galleys in yon bay drawn up,  
 " And hearest those songs as they pass the wine-cup ?  
 " For these are the Norse who harried your land,  
 " And I am Red Eric, the chief of the band."

" Art thou, then, the chief of that murderous crew !"  
 The baron exclaimed, as his falchion he drew ;  
 Nor blenched the bold Norseman, but ready and soon  
 The blade of his battle-axe glanced 'neath the moon.  
 Then fierce was the combat, and dire was the strife,  
 With sword against curtal-axe, dagger 'gainst knife ;  
 So long then they fought alone and unseen,  
 And a red dew of blood was rain'd over the green.

But skill in the end triumph'd over brute force,  
 And the Dane on the sward fell a heart-stricken corse ;  
 He hews off his head, e'er his blood ceased to flow,  
 And speeds where the Norsemen are feasting below.  
 To the edge of the precipice boldly he goes,  
 And the gory head hurls 'midst the insolent foes.

Then their merriment checked, they start in surprise,  
 As the red locks of Eric are rolled 'neath their eyes ;  
 But when his loud war-cry resounds thro' the bay,  
 To their galleys they hastily fled in dismay.

Nor e'en thus escaped—for a tempest arose,  
 And wrecked on her shore fair Northumbria's foes,  
 And the Norsemen, as captives, at midnight are borne  
 To that lord and his vassals they harried that morn.

Next day, in his lofty baronial hall,  
 Tho' roofless, and shattered, and blacken'd each wall,  
 Was held a high festival—laughter and song  
 The ruinous galleries echoed along.

But who were the feasters, whose mirth and acclaim  
 Shook the tottering rafters all scathed with flame ?  
 No Danes and no barbarous Norsemen are they,  
 Who throng that rude hall in their joyous array ;—  
 They are the vassals of Delaval bold,  
 Whose banner above them in triumph is rolled.  
 On the dais he sits, and in joy by his side,  
 With her bright eyes love-lighted his beautiful bride.  
 But what is that blood-stained head, which a spear  
 High over his seat on its sharp point doth rear ?  
 Whence the drops of black blood slowly falling are shed ?  
 'Tis the ghastly complexion of Eric the Red.  
 And what is that sullen and fierce-looking band,  
 In fetters and bondage behind him that stand ?  
 O, they are the Norsemen who ravaged his hold,  
 But now are the captives of Delaval bold.  
 And long the brave feats of his valorous line,  
 Were remembered in song on the banks of the Tyne.

B. M.

Why sitt'st thou by that ruin'd hall,—  
Thou aged carle—so stern and grey?  
Dost thou its former pride recal,  
Or ponder how it pass'd away?

SCOTT.

THE snow drifts dense and coldly,  
Around that castle strong;  
And the fierce wind rushes boldly  
The hoary towers along.

But who stands gazing wildly,  
Upon those ruined heaps,  
And 'spite the wintry weather,  
His night-long vigil keeps.

His mien and brow are noble,  
Although his garb is poor:  
Hail! welcome, noble stranger!  
Come, turn thee to my door.

Art thou with memory striving—  
Back glorious days to call?  
When thy forefather's trophies  
Adorn'd the lordly hall?

Or pond'rest thou on the good old days,  
When the Ancient Hall re-echoed lays  
Tuned by the harpers, in the praise  
Of those who lived so cheerily?

Or hearest in fancy the echoing clang,  
As arms met arms, and clashing rang,  
When at tilt and tourney minstrels sang,  
Of those who fought so valiantly?

Or peoplest thou again those halls,  
Of which now stand but rifted walls,  
Where the driven snow so softly falls,  
And the wind now howls so drearily?

Can'st paint it clear as on festal night,  
When the arched windows beam'd forth light,  
And within dark eyes were flashing bright  
As they mingled in the revelry?

Can'st bear the Minster bells now ringing,  
The choristers so sweetly singing,  
With white-stoled boys their incense singing,  
To the swell and fall of melody?

Recallest thou the banquet high,  
Which to the land's fair chivalry,  
Was given in sumptuousness to vie  
With kingly hospitality?

Or can'st rebuild the storied keep,  
With turret dark and dungeon deep,  
Where captives dream in fever'd sleep,  
Of home and glorious liberty?

Or canst thou see the pageant gay,  
When its lord brought back in merry May,  
To grace its halls on banks of Tay,  
A bride who smiled so lovelily?—

Yes, thou could'st e'en recall all these,  
And paint in colours true;  
For thou art born of noble line,  
Though fate will still pursue.

Then, noble stranger, come, with me  
 Take shelter from the blast;  
 And, honour'd, rest beneath my roof,  
 Till life's wild storm be past.

For soon thy body will find rest,  
 In yon old abbey's gloom,  
 Whose massy arches shadow o'er  
 Thy race's lordly tomb. C. H.

## MACBETH, ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

ACT I. SCENE I. A QUADRANGLE.

*Beaks, Squibs, and Crackers. Enter three Editors.*

*First Editor.*—When shall we three meet, alas!  
 In Bombay, Bengal, or Madras?

*Second Editor.*—When with Haileybury done,  
 When we've medals lost and won?

*Third Editor.*—Nay, for me there will be none!

*First Editor.*—Where the place?

*Second Editor.*— Upon the Heath:

*Third Editor.*—There to write another leaf.

*First Editor.*—I come, St. Austin!

*All.*— Business calls anon.

Here is Fowle\*, an I Fowle is here!  
 Hover through the Quad, and disappear.

(*Editors vanish.*)

\* Printer's Devil.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*We decline, with thanks, the verses of "Ενέχυρον," "Ignotus," "Sully," "G.P.L.N.," and "Nauticus."*

*We cannot pretend to say whether the contributions of "Messrs. Candles" and "Big-Head," are intended for the facetious, the sublime and beautiful, or the absurd.*

*The Editors return their best thanks to their fellow students for the assistance they have kindly rendered. They trust that the same will be given to their successors of the next Term.*

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 TO THE EAST INDIA COLLEGE.



# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

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## VOL. II.—PART II.

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Liberius si

Dixero quid, si fortè jocosius, hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniâ dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat iv. 103.*

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No. 1.] WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1843. [PRICE 1s.

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Few prophets could be found so bold as to assign a positive limit to the existence of the *Haileybury Observer*; yet its best friends, from term to term, express continual fears lest it should decline from the flourishing state which it attained in bygone times. We hear in mythological story, that at the earnest prayer of Aurora, the thunderer condescended to bestow on the fair Tithonus the gift of immortality; but the goddess, in the hurry of the moment, forgot to ask that the freshness of his youthful bloom might remain unchanged. He died not; but he outlived his beauteous form, and, degenerating into a withered old man, chattering and prosy, he was changed by the kindness of the gods into a garrulous and odious treehopper. Similar is the fate—though perhaps without the honour of immortality—which is ever and anon dreaded by all who discuss our merits in sober earnest, or over an enlivening bottle; and these good people apprehend that the destined change must take place in our days, and will not be deferred for posterity; some, indeed, are apt to believe, that although the editorial crown be worn, still it is but “the likeness of a kingly crown” that the wearers have on. True it is, that some men have a raven-like temperament, bidding them always croak forth words of ill-omen, or possess, perhaps, a peculiarity of vision which allows them not to see the fair side, but view everything in its worst light; yet must it be confessed that the horizon is at present somewhat clouded,—there is apparently more reason for this alarm now, than at any other period in our annals. For a giant race has passed away; the weaker generation which succeeds is expected to be capable of deeds of renown equal to the achievements of their predecessors. Not one of the whole race remains; no able hand is left to guide our steps,—no kind instructor “to teach our young idea how to shoot.” Previously, the loss of an individual editor may have been deplored by his successors,—it is our lot to be deprived of all who could have aided us by their long experience and well-proved skill; of other contributors again there are left but few, and those for the most part have hitherto appeared as writers of fugitive sonnets or tender Anacreontics, which, however pleasing, do not fill our pages like good cumbrous prose.

We have another disadvantage to contend with; and it is one which every succeeding number of our periodical increases; this disadvantage is the narrowing of the limits of those topics which furnish us with subject matter. The sources whence our

predecessors have drawn, are now well nigh dry; the cup of *college wine* has been all but drained; the scenes of immediate interest, as connected with our life, no longer furnish food for our writers. What then are we to do? It is discouraging, indeed, to be forced to travel on the beaten road;—but, however the highway has been traversed before, there are still some bye-lanes unexplored; these we may investigate, and if, without deviating too much from the direction previously pointed out, we can strike off from the older track, we may gain a little credit for our enterprise, even if we incur some blame for our presumption. And should we be led astray by an unlucky star, and so be plunged in difficulties, may we not be without a friendly hand to help us in our need! Such is our position. Of the two difficulties which have been detailed, the greater is undoubtedly the loss of several valued contributors, to whose departure we are compelled to recur with feelings of regret. Where so many of the distinguished men have gone, it may appear invidious to particularize any one, but perhaps some slight exception may be made to remind us of the poetry which adorned the recent numbers of this publication; it will be long before we are fortunate enough to find his equal in our College.

Our picture, in its darker shades, is now complete; the lighter, brighter tints are yet to be represented. And, if we consider for an instant, we have no reason to be altogether dissatisfied with the prospect. In the first place there are many men whose talents have hitherto lain dormant,—men who have lazily attended to their own ease rather than to the general good; preferring the dreamy enchantment of an arm-chair to the more stirring duties of authorship. These men will now appear in the foremost rank, to show that a reputation, acquired in spite of themselves, may, by their own powers, be kept up and augmented. Again: there are those who, having hitherto modestly abstained from coming prominently forward, will now, doubtless, take up the post which becomes them. And, lastly, there are the recruits, on whom—like new blood infused into our veins—we may safely rely for an increase of vigour. These, then, with the few remaining veterans, banded together, form a body well fitted to uphold the character of the "*Observer*." A fresh exposition of our object is needless here; the advantages of maintaining our publication have been fully set forth. When we request those around us to contribute, let this object be remembered; let all bear in mind that they are not called upon to devote a portion of their time to an evanescent bubble or ephemeral folly.—

*Ædificare casas, plotello adjungere mures*

*Ludere par impar, equitare in arundine longa.*

No:—they are asked to employ, in an intellectual pursuit, such brief intervals as are not available for other studies, and are usually unprofitably wasted; and to exercise their faculties in such a way, as at once to furnish amusement to their friends, and to improve themselves in a branch of knowledge all-important in their future career. When, to these arguments in our favour, we add that the reputation and honour of the College are to be sustained, surely we are justified in reproaching the sluggard who hangs back, in the words of our poet,—

And daller shouldst thou be than the fat weed  
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,  
Wouldst thou not stir in *this*?

## ACROSTIC TO THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

Hail, bright receptacle of mirth,  
 And verses most methodical!  
 I bless the day that gave thee birth;  
 Long live our periodical!  
 Ever may'st tell of "Roseate Bowers;"  
 "Young love's distress so grievous;"  
 By well-wrought fiction's subtle powers,  
 Unceasingly deceive us.  
 Reveal to us each ancient tale  
 Yet hoarded by tradition,  
 Of "Soul-flower's bloom" or "Siren's wail,"  
 Befraught with sure perdition.  
 Sing on, nor dread the short-lived night  
 Each closing term imposes;  
 Rise from thine ashes yet more bright,  
 Vie with thy former roses,  
 Entwine each page with amaranth round,  
 Revel in wit, in melody abound!

A.

## THE SENIOR WRANGLER.

This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth  
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,  
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;  
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,—  
 And then he falls!

SHAKESPEARE.

YOUNG MANVERS had entered college with the highest hopes. He had passed with honour through his school career, and had been complimented by Mr. G——, his college tutor, on the large amount of reading he had brought up with him to the University. Year after year had he carried off the highest mathematical honours at Saint John's; and now, on the week previous to his Senate-house examination, he was looked up to as the one most likely to sustain the high reputation of that college. The contest for the Senior Wrangler's degree lay between him and Charles Rohrs, at the rival Trinity, and was more like an individual struggle between these two men, so much had their higher pretensions swallowed up the claims of all minor candidates for honours.

It was on the evening of Sunday, the 18th of January, in the year 18—, that the family at Burfield House was collected in the dining-room for the celebration of evening service. The thick flakes of snow were falling fast at the time, and sharp gusts of wind whirled them giddily in the face of any one who dared to brave the inclemency of the night, which bore an aspect so rough and forbidding as to detain the family from attendance at the parish church,—they were at prayers at home. Sooth to say, neither the master nor any others of the party were in the fittest frame of mind for the occasion. Their eldest son, Edward, was at that time engaged in his Senate-house examination; the first four days of that trying time were over, and two more were still to be passed through. Every day, during the last week, had the father or mother written to their son to encourage his mind under the difficulties of his situation, and to endeavour to sustain his failing spirits; but since the commencement of the examination he had not had time to return any reply to their fond letters. During the whole of that day had they thought and conversed only about their son, and his expectations, and, knowing that that day was also one of rest to him, had hoped to receive soon from his own pen, an assurance of his health and confidence. They were still kneeling in prayer, with their children and servants around them, when the sound of a carriage sweeping along the avenue, and a loud knock at the door, suddenly startled them from their constrained devotions. No visitor was then expected;—who would call in such weather, and at such a time?

B 2

The first idea that seemed to strike the minds of all, was that this visit had some reference to the prevailing topic of their thoughts, and when Mr. G., the tutor of Edward Manvers, was announced, the whole truth was evident.

I was then on a visit to the family, and was therefore an eye-witness of the scene that followed. Many years have elapsed since that time, but many more must pass away ere the impression then made on my mind can be effaced.

The children and servants silently left the room, and we were alone with the tutor. He had been a Senior Wrangler in his time, and was in his way a kind, and a good man; but his whole heart was wrapt up in a degree, and no child had less of tact, or was more ignorant of the world's ways. He had come, he said, to acquaint the family with the dangerous and sudden illness of Mr. Manvers, and to ask what they would wish to have done on the occasion.

The shock was too great for the poor mother; while the tutor was speaking, she listened to him with breathless silence, her mouth half open, her cheeks pale; but scarcely had the sad news passed his lips, when all further knowledge left her, and she fainted. Prompt measures were taken for her recovery, and when at last she returned to consciousness, she discovered that her husband had in the meanwhile departed for Cambridge, and that I had stayed behind to cheer, if possible, her spirits. A sleepless night I passed, and a joyless day followed; the weather, as if in unison with our sufferings, seemed to have grown worse than before, and the snow was some feet deep on the Cambridge road. The mail was two hours later than its appointed time; and when it came, there was not even a line to satisfy the agonizing doubts of the unhappy mother. Slowly did the hours pass in that house of woe; many friends of Mrs. Manvers came to bring solace to her in her troubles, but she refused to be comforted;—in the success of her son all her thoughts had been wrapt up; in the certainty of his carrying off the highest University honours she had “garnered up her heart,” and now to find all those hopes and wishes so suddenly and rudely destroyed!—Now she cared not for his success,—her only wish was to have him home with her, to attend him in his sickness, to be sure of his comfort, and of his safety. Then horrible thoughts came over her of his being already dead,—of her never seeing him more,—else, why did not they write her one line at least?

Time, however, went on, and on Tuesday the longed-for letter arrived. It was her husband's hand; he and his companion had been delayed on the road by the depth of the snow, and had stayed all Sunday night at Ware; on Monday they had with much difficulty been able to reach their destination. When they came to Cambridge they found that Edward had recovered so far as to have gone again into the Senate-house; he was at the time of their arrival engaged answering the afternoon paper of questions, and the post left before his labours would be over.

The receipt of this letter acted like magic on the thoughts and feelings of Mrs. Manvers. She seemed to have recovered all her wonted spirits, talking gaily of the fright the silly tutor had given her, and expressing her conviction that her son would still live to be a great man, and the honour of his house. I was rejoiced at her cheerfulness, but I felt within myself that all was not yet well. On the Wednesday following the father and son returned together; the meeting between Edward and his mother was too affecting to be described by my pen: I could express my feelings towards him only by a silent pressure of the hand. After two days stay at Burfield Edward desired to return to Cambridge. He said he was quite recovered from the effects of his illness, and must return, to read up one of the Cambridge Philosophical Tracts for the Smith's Prize: his mother tried to dissuade him, but he said that his rival had been reading steadily for that examination, and that he must not yield then: his father agreed with him, and on the Friday he again returned to the place of his labours.

A week passed quietly away, when Mr. and Mrs. Manvers and myself went up to the University to witness the imposing ceremony of conferring the degrees. Edward had not written since his departure, and had on leaving told us that his reading would prevent him from being able to do so. On our arrival at Cambridge we went straight to his lodgings, and were told by his landlady that Mr. Manvers had again been taken very ill, and that the doctor was then with him; we went anxiously up stairs and found him in bed; he was holding in his hand the list of honours which had just been published,—Manvers, Senior Wrangler, a line between him and Rohrs, the next man, to intimate the vast difference between them; he held the list towards his mother, and smiled faintly. The change that had come over his face during that

week was awful; his cheeks had sunk, and deep dark marks appeared beneath his hollow eyes, which were lighted up for the time with a gleam of exultation. I shuddered as I saw his wan, emaciated arm holding out the herald of his success. I took the doctor aside; he told me he was dying fast,—it was too true! By the nightly labour and the daily struggle, by the sweat of his brow, and the wearing away of his powerful mind, he had gained the eagerly sought for triumph. But the frail body was too weak for the contest, and the very news of his success had dealt him his death-blow. He died that night!

The next day the sun shone brightly on gay crowds as they hurried to the Senate-house; many a lovely form was there, the noble of the land, the soldier in his glittering uniform, the student in his sombre gown, all were hurrying to see there offered the rewards of talent; a shudder ran through that joyous mass, a blight was cast upon their gladness, when the horrible truth was known, that the Senior Wrangler's degree, the highest honour that could be awarded by the University, had been conferred upon a dead man.

\* \* \* \* \*

If ever chance or business should call my reader to the pleasant town of Reading, he would not pass an hour idly were he to visit the romantic village of Burfield. In the lowly churchyard there, beneath the shelter of a spreading yew, surrounded by the bodies of the humble villagers, a simple stone tablet marking his grave, and wild flowers growing over it, rests the body of Edward Manvers, the SENIOR WRANGLER.

C. X.

### THE BORE.

"Good angels guard thee from the *boar's* annoy."

K. RICH. III.

THERE is in society a peculiar class as distinct and separate from the rest of mankind as in India, one caste from another—a class whose "name is legion," though more generally known by the emphatic title of *bore*s.

Stray where you will, conceal yourself in the deep recesses of the country, or mingle in the whirling pleasures of town, still will you find, haunting your paths and treading, as it were, upon your very heels, at least one specimen of the bore. He is most usually recognised by the untimeliness of his visits, his rapid and unmeaning conversation, and more especially by an earnest and evident anxiety to force himself upon your attention, when courtesy alone prevents you from kicking him down stairs. The stalest puns, and most pointless bon-mots ever find in him a generous reciter; and endless stories of his travels somewhere, are his peculiar means of annoyance. There is no place to which *boreism* will not penetrate;—and even the East India College, banished as it seems to be from the world, has not escaped the infection.

Who does not remember that extraordinary individual, who visits your room at the very moment you have "screwed your courage to the *mugging* point," pokes your fire (unmindful of that being generally forbidden to any but intimate friends), stares out of the window, whistles, yawns, and finally drives you mad by playing a solo game at fives with a very dirty ball against your new paper?

To your hints and remonstrances he is equally deaf, and, when at last, having tried your temper to the utmost, you beg of him to leave the room, he draws a chair near the fire, and entreats you to listen to reason.

Nor are his assiduities confined to the privacy of your own room—at Hall he attaches himself to you and compels you to listen to some absurd and somniferous account of something, or, if he be one of those who eat their dinners in peace, will establish for himself a seat at a table not his own, and, despite the plain and open requests of those that surround him, daily maintain his post with steadiness and determination.

Such is the generality of college bores; but, to enter into more minute particulars, we may divide them into two classes,—the talkative and the silent bore: of which divisions, however, the latter is infinitely preferable to the former.

Although the silent bore intrudes upon you while in the act of writing a letter and stays until after post time; although he does nothing but drum on the window, stir the fire, pull three or four cigars to pieces, and break (if he possibly can) your

pipe—still, I say, he is to be preferred to him, who takes your room as it were by storm, ensconces himself comfortably in the arm chair by the fire, commences telling you a vastly long and uninteresting story about his uncle, precludes the possibility of your joining in the conversation by never leaving off talking himself, and retires from your room (having been engaged therein for some two hours) at the sound of the dinner bell, promising to look in to-morrow at the same time, and conclude his little tale!

Am I not right in saying the silent bore is, of the two, the more bearable?

Oh! ye, who delight in occasioning such considerable inconvenience to *us* reading men, Bores, whether of the silent or talkative kind, I conjure you, by all the hopes you ever possessed of passing your terms, by all your expectations of escaping from rustications, by every fervent—but some one knocks at the door. “Come in.”

It is—no—yes—confound it, it is the talkative bore!

O. P.

### A TALE OF A MONASTERY.

MANY years ago, there came to the superior of a monastery, in Italy, a man, from his accent and appearance evidently an Englishman, who begged for admittance to their order. This request was granted, and from that time none prayed more regularly, none fasted more zealously, none scourged himself more rigorously, than the stranger. He was a tall man, and had once been handsome, but his face wore a settled aspect of sadness; and when he was disturbed, his dark eye glanced so fiercely, that none dared to enquire into the cause of his sorrow. As, however, he paid large sums to the church—although there were many curious to know his history—he remained unmolested. Thus things went on till the plague broke out, and one of its first victims was the Englishman. Every instant he grew worse and worse, till at length, between his fits of delirium, the leech told him he had little more than an hour to live; he heard it patiently, and, rising in his bed, sent a message to the Superior, intimating that he wished to speak with him. When he came, he begged that every one would leave the cell, and having seen the door shut upon all (who would willingly have lingered to perform any kind offices for him, in order that they might hear his tale), he began thus:—

“I have but few hours to live, and, ere I go before my fearful Judge, I would unburden my mind of the weight that has lain heavy on me for years. I have no hope of pardon; and if my fellow-creatures knew the sin I have committed they would shrink from me, as from one whose touch was pollution. Perhaps my life may be a warning to some, to beware of the damning sin of pride, and even that thought lightens the pang I feel.

“I will not tell my real name, and bring shame on my family; but it will suffice to know, that I was born in England, and educated at one of its public schools. My father died in India; and when I was about fifteen, my last brother died. I once had four brothers and sisters, but one after another they perished, and I was left alone—the youngest and last remaining son;—no wonder my mother doated on me—no wonder if I was ruined by kindness. So it was! My every wish was gratified, and I passed through school with the character of a careless good-for-nothing. But though I neglected Latin and Greek, I devoured every novel or romance on which I could lay my hands, and loved to compare my deeds with those of the heroes, longing to be a man to show or do something that would render my name immortal. I excelled and surpassed my comrades in all manly sports, and even now I have a pride in the recollection;”—here a gleam passed over the face of the dying man, so true is it that the ruling passion is strong in death.—“But it was not merely from fondness for such sports that I indulged in them, but, in a much greater degree, to show my comrades what I could do, and to hear their praises for what I had done.”

“When I was about seventeen, I contracted an intimate friendship with a school-fellow named Waldron. I was capable of deep, deep feeling, and all the love that I had felt for my brothers was centred in him. Shortly before I went to Cambridge I was introduced to his sister, Emily Waldron,—I feel faint, very faint; but before life ebbs away I will try to finish my tale. Even now I think I see her, with her dark hair and hazel eye; she was to me—but why should I dwell on this? She is gone from me now,—she is in Heaven, and I am surely ———! O God, is there no mercy! Will the years of penance and remorse that I have endured not plead for me!—Hush! I am calmer now. From the moment I saw her, I strained every nerve, I used every exertion of mind and body to make myself more worthy of her,—to make her love and admire me,—I will not delay: we were betrothed, and those short weeks were to me, what I shall never see—Paradise.”

Now comes the fearful part! One day, Henry and I were rowing her in a small skiff on the Thames, in the upper part of its course: I shall never forget that day. The sun shone brightly, the river ran smoothly, but, in my mind, I defied them all to be more glad than myself. Short-sighted that we are! Henry happened to lean over the gunwale of the boat, to look at something in the water; some fell demon took possession of me, bidding me to push him in. 'There can be no danger,' the demon said; 'you swim well, and you can easily save him, and then Emily, will she not love tenfold the preserver of her brother's life?' Just Heaven! I did it. I barely heard Emily's piercing scream when I sprang into the waves. I dived when he sank, but no hand touched mine, as I felt my way through the mass of waters. I rose to the surface exhausted; the full sense of my guilt rushed on my mind,—in that one moment I lived years of agony. Again I plunged under the surface, determined to save Henry, or die. But it is difficult to drown oneself,—a drowning man will catch at a straw. Once more I came to the surface, and once more I dived beneath. They say that when men are drowning they rise to the top of the water thrice,—'tis false! Henry was never seen from the moment he fell in, till the time his chill but placid corpse was thrown up by the waves. When I arose again, I was powerless; the boatmen lifted me in and I fainted. Would that I had never waked again! When I did revive, I found myself lying on a bed, with all the remedies to save a life applied to me. The whole time of my fit had been to me a horrid dream. Now I was walking with Emily, talking over all our plans, our hopes, and joys in life. Now we were at the altar, and the solemn words, 'I take thee to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold,' were ringing from my lips, when a dark figure interposed, and thrust himself between my bride and me.—Who dared!—what, Henry! I tried to recollect,—the whole burst like a lightning flash upon me, and they told me I awoke with a scream. I never saw Emily again; but I wrote a letter to her, giving her no reason for my conduct, but bidding her farewell for ever. I fled from England—from anything that could remind me of my sin. But remorse is gnawing at my vitals; the remorse that preys upon a sinning man is worse, ten thousand times worse, than any punishment his fellow-men could inflict. Let him go where he will—let him think of what he will—let him do what he will, he cannot drive away its voice. Friends bade me in the goblet drown the fiend; but that word 'drown,' conjured up a thousand fearful recollections, and I left the wine untasted. I tried to study, but we had been to school together; and if I opened a book, it was at some favourite passage of *his*. To crown all, I heard that my Emily—whose hand I dare not clasp,—mine, stained as it was with her brother's blood,—broken-hearted from her brother's death and her lover's desertion, had gradually pined away. The world gave various reasons for my conduct, none suspected the true one,—but what care I for the world!—Father, is there no hope for me? None, none? O say one word in mercy!—An eternity of torment!"

He sank back in his bed, with a shudder. He again became delirious, and in his ravings adjoined Emily in the most moving terms; or started up in bed, declaring that Henry was at his side, shaking his dripping locks in the face of a dying man. After one of these fearful fits he fell back; the mouth became fixed, and the eye dim; and the soul of the murderer went before his God!

CHARLES LEWIS.

#### THE EXAMINER'S TRIUMPH.

THE Examiner came like a wolf on the fold,  
And talked bravely of prizes and medals of gold;  
His demeanour was stern, yet composed was his look,  
As he slowly unfolded that ominous book.

Like terrified sheep, when about to be sheared,  
In the morning that host of pale students appeared;  
Like sheep whom the butcher has grappled to slay,  
Those students were seen ere the close of the day.

For the Demon of Pluck spread his wings on the blast,  
And few were the men that could say they had passed  
All the rest of that noble, but ill-fated, host  
Were told, on the morrow, their term they had lost.

And there sat the youth so renowned in Law,  
Who each "case" understood, and detected each flaw;  
But his law and his learning all useless had proved,  
For degraded was he from the term he had loved.

And where is the bearing so lofty and proud,  
 And the voices that lately were joyous and loud ;  
 Their looks tell of anguish, their voices are hushed,  
 For their young blooming hopes are all scattered and crushed.

And many retire, in secret to mourn,  
 And escape, if they may, from the finger of scorn ;  
 And all are with wonder and sympathy struck,  
 As they witness the might of the Demon of Pluck.

YUVA.

### THE COLLEGE WE LIVE IN.

When civil dudgeon first grew high ;  
 And men fell out they knew not why.—BUTLER.

"WHEEL within wheel," was the moralising reflection of Mr. Weller junior, when he first saw the caged bird, extra-prisoned within the prison walls of the Queen's Bench ; and "wheel within wheel" might he again exclaim, could he peep through the College gates, and spy out the nakedness of our domestic economy. We present, indeed, an "*imperium in imperio*," for, as though we had not enough, and a trifle to spare, of constituted authority, or, as though our liberty were, from over luxuriance, fast verging on licentiousness, we must needs, in the plenitude of our wisdom, elect from out of ourselves, new restraints on our volition, and labour to verify the vulgar but appropriate adage of the "lame dog and the stile."

Our former anarchy, or republicanism—we know not which to call it, and have not time to make minute distinctions—is now at an end ; and we enjoy the pains, penalties, and blessings of a constitutional, representative, and responsible government. Let the French Revolution hide its diminished head, and let all other ups and downs of political see-saws be forgotten in the glories of our Reform Bill.

Every amusement that is worthy of interference (for *de minimis non curat lex*.—*Vide Note Books*)—has now its appointed rulers, policemen—staveless and out of uniform—to superintend them in every phase.

To begin with the intellectual, according to the rule of precedence established between my Lords Arma and Toga, in the days of old, on the authority of one Cicero, then Master of the Herald's College, is any student a poet, and addicted to sonnetizing his lady's eyebrow on or about the fourteenth of this very month ? Does any one, reckless of extra washing bills, turn down his shirt collars and write Byron and blighted hopes ? Behold, here are three muses (of the masculine gender, which is remarkable) to investigate all such proceedings—barring the shirt collars which have as yet escaped the furor of legislation. With heartless sarcasm the embryo bards, tender buds of poetic beauty are appraised, "that their efforts are respectable, but scarcely original ;" that "Vates must seek other inspiration than draughts of Coleman's double X ;" or some such ebullition of editorial wit, which is the more to be admired as not unfrequently exercised on imaginary correspondents.

Does any student, proud of his political acumen, settle daily in his own mind the affairs of Europe, and live but in the pages of the *Times* ? Or, is there any one, intellectually sensual, content to dream his life away, and revel on from month to month, in the insidious pleasures of ephemeral literature ; till, at the examination, he turns him to sterner stuff, more reluctantly than the schoolboy from his Christmas feasting to that sure attendant on boyish excess—a black dose ? Are there any such ? Let them not dream of liberty, or anticipate a republic of letters, when an *ex-officio* and irresponsible committee is ready to watch every action, and pounce on the slightest irregularity ; a committee—may their labours never be less—the principal care of whose members would appear to be the preservation of the *new* magazines by detaining the same in their own rooms secure from the profanation of the public.

Is any one an orator in all but opportunity, a debater in all but practice, a pent-up torrent of argument and declamation, boiling "the applause of listening students to command ;" and like Archimedes of old, wanting but the "where" from which to astonish the natives ? let him not despair, for lo ! like geniæ at his bidding, here are a President, Treasurer and Secretary, all eager (especially the second) to encourage his maiden modesty, calm his unaccustomed feelings, and play sponsors to his orations.



The would-be Chatham is in ecstasies, and all goes merry as a marriage bell; but let him begin to throw off his leading strings, to act for himself, and what a change is there! He is reprimanded and fined, he ventures to remonstrate and is borne down by cries of "Chair," "Order," mingled with an occasional "Walker," and other popular remonstrances. How eager are all to obey the law and vindicate its majesty against—another; as crows do pick to pieces their wounded and unfortunate brethren.

Now leave we the senate for the camp. Does any one, careless of his personal safety, and indifferent as to shins and fingers, play cricket? Let him pitch (not his tent, but) his wicket, in the centre of yon field, commonly called the cricket-field, and we will venture the long odds of two Gs to an L, though by no means flush of the former, that he is requested in the politest manner to bowl, not his ball but himself, as soon as convenient; and go through the slight form, also at his earliest convenience, of paying a moderate fine to the Treasurer of the H.C.C.

Does a student possess a soul above cricket, and aspire to the glories of the jersey? Does any one long to drink in those shouts, of all the most exhilarating, "Beautifully pulled all!" "Take her along!" "Now you are gaining!" and such aquatic war-cries as can cheer the champions of the wave? Let him wind his way to the Rye, then and there take an oar and if he is not obligingly desired by a five-headed Cerberus, "Not to put in his oar where it is not wanted," why we are perfectly game to eat him, oar, jersey, war-cries and all.

Our list is now completed, and supposing none of the above lawgivers to be duplicates, and burdened with the cares of more than one office, we have, by the ordinary rules of Cocker, eighteen governors to sixty-nine of the governed; from which we may infer, that it takes more than three students to make a representative, as, if common fame be credited, it requires nine tailors to compose an ordinary mortal.

Let not, however, those electors, whose sole political power is to be found in their own sweet voices, fear to remain long in obscurity; the cricketing, like its rival, the boating committee, may desire to lessen the cares of office by increasing the number of officials; the *Observer* may clamour for an extension of the editorial dignity; a twin-president, as was gravely suggested of old, may be appointed to superintend the weighty matters of debate; and, even if these fail, there are still some amusements, though perhaps but few, without a head. Hockey is in a state of anarchy—Football has not even a political existence, and surely the inventive eagerness of ambition will find other objects deserving the protection of the law.

Again, for we speak in the spirit prophecy, will the Senior's room become a very menagerie, wherein, as at a Freshman's breakfast party, are congregated the most incongruous specimens of students,—the fast man and the seed, the man of many terms and the man of no terms at all, the plucked and the prizeman, all eager to record their votes; again will a week of agitation and election convulse the College, not to end till every one is invested with the "*toga prætecta*," every student dressed in a little brief authority, and even the Freshman aforementioned able to walk with his head erect, a legislator and Solon—in his own opinion.

Meanwhile, for a change so sweeping must be the work of time, we would bid those who now mourn their obscurity, who look forward to the advent of this golden age, and already grasp in anticipation the insignia of office; we bid such (if such there be) remember the poet's advice:—

'Tis Nature's doom—but let the one who toils,  
Accuse not, hate not, *Aim* who wears the spoils.  
Oh! if he knew the weight of splendid chains,  
How light the balance of his humbler pains!

Before we quit this subject, and conclude our lengthy paper on the "College we live in," we would diffidently suggest, for the benefit of future returning officers, that no student under any pretence be allowed to vote more than four times, and that the right of a casting vote be lodged *somewhere*; since, from the want of these two precautions, no unusual oversights in an infant constitution, our last presidential election, with all its parade of canvassing and party spirit, the energy of its commencement, and the bathos of its conclusion, not a little resembled that doughty achievement of the French monarch, who "marched up a hill, and then—marched down again."

D.

# LAMENTATION OF PERICLES UPON THE DEATH OF HIS SON PARALUS.

Quid placeat, dic.—JUV. SAT. X.

WEEP, for the glory of life has departed;  
 Last hope of my heart thou hast lingered and gone;  
 Why should blossom so sweet thus have withered, and darted  
 A pang through the breast that it languished upon.  
 Vain was the halo of fame which bedizened  
 The eye of the hero untutored in woe;  
 In the garb of a warrior a heart was imprisoned,  
 Which has yielded to Nature, tho' ne'er to a foe.  
 Weep for the land, where misfortune and sorrow  
 Throw a gloom round her glory, a blight on her name;  
 The sun set on her pride;—it arose on the morrow  
 And the dawn was of woe—'twas the herald of shame.  
 Yet fondly I dreamed, (for my heart was embowered  
 In the branches of hope which around it had twined,)  
 That thy pride o'er the foes of thy land would have towered,  
 And the wild notes of triumph would float o'er the wind.  
 Thou art gone;—can I fancy that time e'er effaces  
 The love which in life every thought would obey,  
 No!—The ivy still clings to the oak it embraces,  
 Though the tree it thus circles has bowed to decay.

ATTICUS.

## MY UNCLE STAPLETON,

AND HIS COLLEGE REMINISCENCES.

IN the romantic County of ——— in the south of England, skirting the main road, with its lofty avenues of beech and lime, is situated the noble demesne of Marsden.

"Marsden," or, as it is more commonly called, "Marsden Hall," is a name familiar to the surrounding inhabitants of the county, both rich and poor, from the neighbourly qualities and munificence of its owner; to me, more particularly, from the circumstance that that owner happens to be "My Uncle Stapleton."

Upon the close of a sultry summer's evening, in the month of June, 184—, I might have been seen whirling along, upon the roof of a southern stage, towards this, my destination, enjoying the softness of the "breeze which musky evening blows," and the calm beauties of the prospect that every fresh winding of the road disclosed to view.

There is something to me peculiarly enjoyable in coach travelling, provided, always, the weather be moderately clement, and the encircling scenery gifted with an average share of the beauties of nature or cultivation. The rapidity with which scene succeeds scene, the passing glimpses of stately manor-houses and well stocked parks, the momentary pictures of rustic life and happiness,—the very motion itself,—are all calculated to produce an exhilarating effect upon the spirits of the passing traveller; saving, at least, he be not of a constitutionally misanthropic turn of mind, or bowed down, for the time being, by the pressure of some recent very weighty calamity. Moreover, upon the occasion of which I would treat more exclusively, when wearied with contemplating such objects, my mind could pleasingly revert to the hearty reception that awaited me at my journey's end, or dwell fondly upon the many daring feats of sportsmanship or the like about to be achieved, during my two months' sojourn in the mansion of my worthy relative.

The visit I was now about to inflict upon him, had been one of long promise, and long looked forward to (upon my part at least) with anticipations of much enjoyment. My last Christmas, and a merry one it was, had been passed within the same hospitable walls, and the sudden change I had at that time experienced from the agreeable society, and many facilities for recreation they afforded, to the dull routine of college occupations and amusements, had rendered the succeeding term more than usually tedious and uninteresting.

The time came round, however, as time always will, even though it bring a long vacation in its train, and I found myself duly deposited per coach upon the evening on which this our story opens, before the neat little park-gate of Marsden Hall.

Having disposed of my travelling incumbrances, and finally succeeded in disengaging my person from the voluminous folds of a body-comforter, I would fain beg of the reader to accompany me in my progress up yon stately approach, whilst I confide to him in strict secrecy a few particulars concerning my Uncle Stapleton and Marsden, how Marsden came to be my Uncle Stapleton's, and how Uncle Stapleton came to be my Uncle.

First, then, I would have you know that the old gentleman is a retired civilian, of the East Indian Company's service, very well to do in the world, and very comfortable in his mode of living, as old Indians usually are.

"That being the case," you will perhaps exclaim, "we need no further introduction; your relative we consider perfectly presentable even as a casual acquaintance under these circumstances; we consider them quite sufficient, independent of the ties of consanguinity, to induce any embryo politician of the East, any aspiring consumer of pillaws and currie, to do the dutiful upon such an occasion."

"Such," assuming this to be your exclamation, we should reply, "Fellow student, may be your feelings upon the subject; but for our parts we pride ourselves upon some little independence of character; we should scorn to take up our abode at the house of a relative (especially for an entire vacation) and partake of his good things, merely because they were good things, and that he *was* our relative. No; we beseech you, attend to the remainder of our account. It shall be but brief, and we may, perchance, convince you of the injustice of your suppositions and the purity of our own motives,—you may, perhaps, depart with the acknowledgment that there exist grounds for a closer intimacy between our Uncle and ourselves than that demanded by the mere calls of convenience or etiquette."

Dropping, then, at the same time, the plurality of diction and silly colloquy in which we have indulged, I shall proceed to explain, in as few words as may be, the worldly circumstances of my Uncle, before introducing him in *propria persona* to the notice of the reader.

A younger brother of my father, and with but a younger brother's slender expectations, he had thankfully accepted an appointment as writer in the Civil Service of India more than thirty-five years ago. Having creditably passed the usual probationary period at college—he thence proceeded to his Eastern destination, in the enjoyment of a *good* constitution, a *good* character for ability and steadiness, and many very *good* resolutions for future prudence and attainment to eminence. These three essentials to a successful Indian career, it was likewise his good fortune to retain unimpaired until his final retirement from the service, and return to Europe.

It would be needless, and indeed inconsistent with the design of this little retrospect, were I to dwell at any length in this place upon the circumstances attending his residence in the East. Suffice it to know that upon the expiration of 12 or 13 years of service, the young civilian obtained permission to revisit his native country, and that after residing in England for a period of three years, he returned to India and resumed the duties of office with his wonted ability and zeal. In the active discharge of those duties he would in all probability have remained until this day, had not a circumstance occurred—which, as it was the means of bringing about the renewal, I might almost say the commencement of the most valued acquaintance I ever formed in my life—I cannot but regard as one of the utmost importance; I trust it may be viewed in the same light by the generality of my readers. It was this. A connexion of our family, distant by blood, and very distant indeed as regarded any mutual intercourse or feelings of affection, died suddenly upon the continent. In his younger days the old miser had been upon terms of extreme intimacy with my grandfather, and now showed some lingerings of youthful feeling towards this, almost the only, friend he had ever made, by bequeathing to the oldest surviving member of his

family, the estates and ample fortune he had amassed in England. These estates are now comprehended under the general name of Marsden, and their entitled lord and master is no other than "My Uncle Stapleton." By the demise of my regretted parent his claim as heir-at-law had been established, and the boy that had landed upon the shores of India almost penniless, and certainly without any expectations for the future, beyond the mere probable results of his own exertions, now bid adieu to them for ever, the undoubted inheritor of twelve thousand a year, and one of the most extensive landed proprietors in South Britain.

Considering that in addition to all this my relative had acquired a very handsome independence as the result of his Indian labours, he will, I think, be allowed to have possessed a very tolerably comfortable wherewithal to supply the wants and wishes of a single man. Indeed, at one period, we had shrewd cause to suspect the old gentleman of having formed serious designs of taking to himself a participator in these, the many golden gifts of the fickle goddess—of committing, blindly and desperately, "that most indiscreet of all indiscretions, matrimony." Not being, however, by nature of a speculative turn of mind, and being endowed, moreover, with a very becoming sense of the present advantages of his situation, he became subsequently weaned from this, in him, unwonted spirit of adventure, and happily convinced of the many uncertainties of necessity attendant upon any change of the contemplated nature. I feel it but justice to my kinsman to add that from the moment in which he has become thus reconciled to his primeval state of single blessedness, all his means have been expended, his thoughts and affections, if possible, more than ever centred, in the well-being and advancement of his family.

I would now beg of my readers to retrace, in imagination, a lapse of some sixteen years or more, and to transport themselves, or at least their thoughts, to that period, when as a younger and more dependant man, my uncle had passed an interval of three years in visiting the scenes and companions of his youth.

I would have you know, my friends, that in those days he had contrived, amongst other achievements worthy of note, to establish himself most conspicuously in the good graces of the younger members of his brother's family. The fact is, bachelor uncles invariably *do* establish themselves as prodigious favourites amongst their juvenile nephews and nieces,—if they are in the habit of *telling stories*, and of allowing the youngsters to *pull them about*. As regards this latter liberty, so often and commendably endured in promoting the developement of the muscular or risible powers of the rising generation, I shall not take upon myself to decide, whether respect in the mind of a child in such a case would be a sentiment too closely allied to fear to constitute at all a necessary ingredient in the formation of his affections. I shall content myself in this place, with averring (and it might, perhaps, prove an interesting study, assuming the following facts as data, to speculate upon the probable inducing causes of the phenomenon), that such as I have described *was* precisely the character that "Uncle Tom," as we called him, had ever borne in the family;—that such *were* precisely the sentiments with which we had ever regarded him; that in those sentiments not a particle of respect was blended (though the case is widely different now), and that we have since frequently observed the like to exist in other families similarly circumstanced. Even I—young as I was at the period of which we now speak—retain a distinct recollection of seeing my mother, at times, raise her finger half warningly, half laughingly to her lips, as she admonished us to be more reverential to our uncle. Many years had rolled by since then—we had made and lost many a friend—but still our former recollections of Uncle Tom remained unchanged; and when, at the period of his official retirement, he returned finally to England an old and rich man, but not a whit less hearty, or kindly disposed, he was at once installed as prime a favourite as ever.

Now we are all young men and women, and possession of Uncle Tom's knees has long ago been usurped by a generation, if possible, more tormentingly active and exacting than their predecessors; but though thus debarred from inflicting upon him any such *tangible* tokens of affection as of yore, I think we are to the full as much attached to our worthy relative. I can with safety affirm that he has ever proved himself towards us as fond an uncle, and as staunch a friend.

It has all along been my intention to leave the developement of my uncle's character, as much as possible, to the gracious discernment of the reader—to allow facts to speak for themselves—and trust to the nature of the incidents hereinafter to be disclosed, for the attainment of a satisfactory result, and one proportionate to my personal feelings in the matter. At the same time, such is my apprehension that in

a passing trifle of the kind any injury, resulting either from carelessness or want of skill in the description, should befall those fine points and shades of character, those little peculiarities inherent in my kinsman's disposition—such my anxiety that they should be fairly and fully appreciated by the reader—that I would fain present him before proceeding any further—with a distinct catalogue of the most remarkable and broadly defined, to stand him in place as a species of landmark or standard of measurement to which might be referred any apparent inconsistency of purpose—any difficulty in arriving at the probable motives, arising out of situations, of which he may become cognizant in the progress of this narrative. I say I would fain do all this; but alas, such an undertaking would prove totally unsuited to the character of my original design. The introduction (if the subject were handled with all the attention it deserved) would thus altogether swallow up the matter introduced—not to mention my own valuable time and foolscap—and the ulterior object of my labours would become merged and entangled in the machinery, that but for the purposes of furthering that object, had never been called into existence. In short, I should find myself penning a panegyric upon my uncle's virtues and endearing qualities, where nothing more was required for all available intents and purposes, than to have mentioned his name.

I may even fall under the censure of some for my already too great apparent proximity in having dwelt upon so many trifling features of his former life and circumstances. This course, however, upon mature consideration had appeared, in my humble judgment most advisable, as it might have proved hereafter a very serious obstacle to the reader in the progress of his acquaintance with my revered kinsman—an acquaintance that I trust may be of long duration and at frequent intervals renewed, through the pages of our inestimable little mutual friend, *the Observer*—that any misconception on such points should arise. As regards any dissertation upon character, however, I feel constrained, though with much reluctance I confess, to adhere to my original resolution, only craving permission from the indulgent reader, to depart from it in one very trifling instance. I say a trifling instance, although in another sense a most important one, inasmuch as it is about the only point upon which, from anything that has gone before, any possible misunderstanding could exist—and one upon which above all others the fact of its existence, would prove to me and to its more immediate object—were he aware of it, an extreme source of annoyance.

I would allude to the possibility of the reader's identifying in his mind's eye, my most honoured Uncle Tom and that uncouth, impracticable, intolerable, sometimes well-intentioned, always pre-eminently selfish specimen of humanity yclept "a blunt man." One occasionally to be met with in society—even though he prides himself upon holding all its conventional forms and usages in contempt—one at times admitted to the friendship, or at least the companionship of his fellow men, notwithstanding that it is his practice and the especial charm of his existence, to inveigh against the imperfections of such his friends, in as public and disagreeable a manner as possible—in a manner by the way of all others the worst calculated to bring about that favourable effect; which, in all charity, we must assume him to anticipate. No, this blunt man, this character, described by Shakespeare as "affecting a saucy roughness," so generally contemned and abominated, is by none more contemned and abominated than by my Uncle Stapleton himself. I have heard him declare, that to no one phrase commonly made use of in conversation, did he entertain so very decided an objection as to the deprecatory, "Oh, such a one is very blunt, but then he is very honest and good-hearted." He asserts, and I think with reason, "That no one can certainly be good-hearted and delight in inflicting unnecessary pain, and that if he be honest, he must be a fool to promote the cause of honesty so badly." I would indignantly shield my kinsman's character from the possibility of any such aspersions being thrown on it; and I would entreat of the reader, whilst realizing in his person a conjunction of every valuable attribute,—good nature, cheerfulness, candour,—not to exclude from the catalogue that, perhaps, most valuable of all—good breeding.

Of the immediate circumstances attending my arrival at the Hall, upon this occasion, it will be sufficient for every purpose to apprise the general reader, that having partaken of a "*petit souper*,"—that without any great exercise of the imaginative powers might have been termed a very good average dinner,—with a genuine traveller's appetite, I retired to the comfortable, old-fashioned chamber, that had been prepared for my reception, and slept most soundly. That, next morning, having shaken hands with the old housekeeper, renewed my acquaintance with the keeper, dogs, horses,

&c. ; I found myself as completely established in my old quarters, and as much at home, as when I had last left *en route* for Haileybury. \* \* \*

"Pass the wine, Charles," said my uncle, as, two or three evenings after my arrival at the Hall, the old gentleman, started suddenly from an after-dinner nap, and accused *me* vehemently of having proved but very drowsy, indifferent company. My worthy host imagined me ignorant of his very pardonable breach of decorum, from having indulged, upon my own part, in a similar happy state of forgetfulness. It was in vain that I protested my innocence—my reiterated and violent disclaimings against so unwarrantable an accusation, proved totally unavailing. He grew but the more hopelessly positive in his assertions, and I finally found it a matter of prudence, and, indeed, of necessity, to sue for a cessation of hostilities, by tendering a most ample and unqualified acknowledgment, pleading, as my excuse, a long and unsuccessful day's fishing; and adding that, doubtlessly, my powers, both of body and mind, had been equally prostrated by the double fatigue and disappointment. "Certainly," was the demi-conciliatory reply; "I should have conjectured you had gained nothing by your day's exertions, beyond a good ducking, and—" he added, smiling, "a good appetite, to judge of both circumstances by the gloomy lengthiness of visage you exhibited upon first entering the dining parlour, as compared with its rotund, contented expression at present. The weather, however, that has proved so very fatal to your good sport and equanimity of temper, has been propitious to me, inasmuch as it has afforded me an opportunity of restoring my library books, and manuscripts to some kind of order, and thrown in my way, amongst other things some old stories of college life and adventure, written by me whilst yet a student in the Old Castle at Hertford, or subsequently during my two or three first years of service in India. I cannot speak very highly of their style or powers of authorship, but their several subjects, at least, are not wanting either in incident or interest. I am the more pleased," he continued, "inasmuch as my discovery has enabled me to fulfil a kind of half promise, made by me to you, if I mistake not, at our last Christmas meeting upon the subject. I have selected one from the number, and, if you have no objection, and will promise me, upon your side, not to fall into one of those unconscious interminable fits of dozing, I will take the present opportunity of redeeming it."

Of course, I replied with all becoming meekness upon the occasion. Of course I eulogized the inclemency of the weather, as the most auspicious accident that could possibly have occurred, under the circumstances, and expressed my entire willingness to subscribe to the conditions he had dictated.

All important preliminaries having been thus arranged, my old Uncle fumbled for a few seconds in his old-fashioned side pockets, hemmed a little, sipped a little Madeira, and commenced as follows.

H.

(To be continued.)

#### BALLAD.

At sunset, from the field of blood,  
A stately warrior came;  
And bold in the banner'd hall he stood,  
To urge a conqueror's claim.  
With dust and gore were his arms defiled,  
And weary did he seem;  
But his pallid cheek with triumph smiled,—  
His eye had the lightning's gleam.  
"For Heaven and thee I have fought and won,  
I have tamed the Moslem's pride;  
Then, Lady, smile, as Heaven has done,—  
I claim my promised bride."  
"Stop, stop! and say, thou conquering lord,—  
Or thy claim is nought to me,—  
Where hast thou left thy vaunted sword,—  
That star of chivalry?"

"O, Lady! far its shivers flew,  
 But still the hilt I clasp;  
 And lo! it is the Paynim's blood  
 That locks it in my grasp."  
 "Full many a shield and turban'd casque  
 That blade's good metal tried;  
 And well it wrought its glorious task—  
 I claim my promised bride."  
 "Stop yet, and say, thou conquering Knight,  
 Or I yield not to thy claim,  
 Where are the comrades, brave and bright,  
 That followed thee to fame."  
 "O Lady, on the purple ground  
 They lie, in glory's rest,  
 For a gasping pillow each has found  
 On his gory foeman's breast."  
 "Full dearly my sword avenged their fall,  
 And they blessed me as they died;—  
 Then haste! bid ope' the nuptial hall—  
 I claim my promised bride."  
 "Stop yet, and tell me first, proud Knight,  
 Or thy claim is wasted breath—  
 Where is the banner's holy sign  
 Thou hast sworn to guard till death?"  
 "O lady, from its shatter'd staff  
 I tore that banner blessed;  
 Behold it dark with many a stain,  
 Behold it on my breast!"  
 "Unscathed it shines, though royal blood  
 Its tint has deeper dyed;  
 But haste, oh haste! too long I have stood,  
 Haste, haste to be my bride!"  
 She gazed—she rose with sudden start—  
 And her cheek was blanched with woe,  
 Through the red-cross folds that bound his heart,  
 The blood was oozing slow.  
 At once love, pity, anguish, dread,  
 Have set her secret free;  
 His hand she clasped, as she wildly said,  
 "Live, live for love of me!"  
 There was transport in his fading eye,  
 As sinking, he faintly cried:  
 "Enough! for the blessed Cross I die,  
 And in death I clasp my bride."

M.

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The following document was picked up, on the morning of the 14th, on the grass-plot before letter B. The direction was quite illegible, as far as regarded the surname, which resembled a fortuitous concurrence of semi-circles, dots and lines. As an advertisement was not sure to meet the eye of the lady to whom it was addressed, it was thought better to procure the consent of the Editors of the "*Haileybury Observer*," to its publication in their valuable journal, which has been kindly granted by them, and we hope will be the means of conveying these tender sentiments to that sympathising heart for which, no doubt, they were originally intended. We had almost forgotten to add that the letter was sealed with a profusion of yellow wax, the impression of which was composed of a wood pigeon or an owl, (we could not decide

which) a little boy, *sans culottes*, and a mile stone, with a sheep's heart. This, perhaps, may be some clue to any one who may have, at other times, received a letter with a similar impression :—

mi dearest Feelishea

*Alebery Walantines Da*

hif u nowd ou onhappy ure obdoorasy maks me i ham sure ude think wurser on it. Ever sins u was maad bedmackur ure charms as howerpoward me, and heech time i sees u i diskivers nu butiz in ure fase and Weausloike the moor u tryze to ide em the moor u shoes em mi hart busts rite hup into mi mouth wen i meats u unexspekly and yeady when i jist seed the tale of ure gown a goin hup stares, i dropped hall mi kimmons rite slap down hif u only wood kis ure lavly and wen u seize me i shoed bee so hapy and thinc u had mired mi lex hif u only loked at mi gaters wen i Gets mi penshun too fansy u mi partner kwite distroys mi feelins and i kan had no moor butt i ham

hever ure most most faithfulest a doorable Walantine

TOM EXSPECTUR

Poskrit

Do blo ure knows wen i seize u neckst hif u hare not hofendead with me.

V. V.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Our respect for the calumniated subject of the following Acrostic, has prevented us from inserting it in the body of the work :—*

H uoo! thy works, though wondrous wise we know,  
U pon the whole seem marvellously slow;  
G oths, Laws, Religion,—gracious what a mass  
O f Prose to weary out one wretched class!  
G rocius escaped—as everybody knows—  
R umour has added—with the dirty clothes;  
O h! Hugo Grotius! if these tales say true,  
T he name of Falstaff might belong to you;  
I n short, to give thy fame its full career,  
U pon the toys which please our children dear,  
S hall “Hugo in the box” not “Jack” appear. }

MYNHEER.

*We are very sorry to refuse the Contributions of “Ignotus,” but are disinclined to receive free translations.*

*For the same reasons we are obliged to reject the “Epitaph on the Tomb of Sophocles.” “Walker” is reserved for a more appropriate time. Ferguson, however, must lodge elsewhere.*

*“Spicy” is too witty to live long; but to “Aquatic” we can promise immortality.*

*“G. C.” is reserved.*

*“C. D.” is too lengthy; but we hope to hear from him again.”*

*The contribution of “Ariel” is heavier than the Author's name would lead us to expect.*

*We would have inserted “Cuckoo's” verses, had not the subject of them been so hacknied as to render great originality indispensable.*

*“Lycophos” could scarcely have “hoped” for the insertion of his stanza.*

*The next number will be published on Wednesday the 1st of March.*

*It is requested that all contributions may be sent in on the Wednesday previous to the day of publication.*

HERTFORD:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ST. AUSTIN AND SON, BOOKSELLERS  
TO THE EAST-INDIA COLLEGE.



# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

VOL. II.—PART II.

Liberius si

Dixero quid, si fortè jocosius, hoc mihi juris  
Cum veniā dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat iv. 103.*

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No. 2.] WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1843. [PRICE 1s.

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## A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

ON the banks of the Loire, midway between the towns of Orleans and Tours, the traveller may observe numerous caverns cut in the rocks, between which the river at that part of its course flows, to all appearance uninhabited by man, and puzzling the minds of the curious to account for their existence in places so difficult of access, and offering, apparently, very few allurements to render a residence in them at all desirable. There are, however, many strange tales connected with them, firmly implanted in the minds of the credulous peasantry of the country around, bearing fearful testimony, in some instances, to the horrors endured by the suffering noblesse of France during the Revolution by which she was so lately harassed and convulsed.

Returning from a tour on the continent in the autumn of 1840, I descended from the Paris diligence at the small town of Briare, for the purpose of proceeding thence by steam down the Loire to Tours, to visit some relations residing there,—this route recommending itself to my notice as affording the best means of viewing the beautiful scenery which characterizes the river, and enabling me to avoid, by a speedy and agreeable passage by water, the innumerable discomforts of a journey by diligence through cross-roads where few accommodations were to be obtained. On passing the spot above mentioned, these subterranean excavations excited my attention so forcibly, that I had recourse to the steersman of the vessel, an intelligent peasant, in order to obtain some information as to their origin. By the aid of that pass-key to the hearts of all the lower orders, whether known as the “Summat to drink” of the English, or the “Petit-verre” of the French, I persuaded him to yield the guidance of the helm to another, and to seat himself beside me on one of the benches; when, pointing to one of the caves lower down the stream than those which I had previously been observing, and which appeared to have been formed with greater regard to concealment than most of the others, he commenced the following brief narrative. As it would prove unintelligible to most of my readers if given in its original *patois*, I have tried to turn it into more suitable language, keeping, however, as close to the main points of the story as was consistent with such an attempt:—

In the year 178—, Eugène de Rochefort, descended through a long line of ancestors from the noblest blood in France, was seigneur of a large estate in the vicinity of Orleans, and possessed of more means of happiness than fortune generally condescends to bestow on mortals. Blessed with the love of a young and amiable wife and two daughters; honoured by the confidence reposed in him by his sovereign, and the good wishes manifested for his welfare by his tenantry, whose hearts he had won by his judicious conduct, calamity seemed far from him; nor could his enemies have ventured to predict any change in the peaceful current of his life.

But causes were at work throughout the kingdom, which, diminutive at first, soon, through neglect acquired size and importance, till they finally blackened and obscured

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C

the whole political face of the country. The people, driven by the eloquence of frantic demagogues (who by dint of continual arguing forced into their minds a conviction that they were being ruined and degraded) at length took up arms to avenge their wrongs. Long had they delayed, like the child who fearfully eyes the rolling waves, wishing, yet not daring to brave them, till their courage and phrenzy being wound up to the proper point, they plunged into the sea of rebellion, doomed to emerge from it only to taste of the horrors of democracy.

One by one had the ancient nobility, the pride of the land, been cut off on false and frivolous pretences, till the fearful scene acquired fresh horror, and the hands already crimsoned gathered yet more blood by the murder of the king. It was not likely in this state of affairs that Eugène should long escape the common fate of his peers; agonized by fears for the safety of his wife and children—if deprived of his protection, he at length resolved on the construction of underground apartments in the bank of the river, near which the chateau stood, in order that his family might there find refuge for a brief space from oppression of their enemies (in case anything should happen to him) till means could be found for conveying them privately out of the country. Slowly, on account of the small number of persons whom it was deemed advisable to entrust with the secret, but steadily, withal, the work progressed: the chambers were at length completed and filled with every resource which ingenuity could suggest for the comfort of the future inhabitants, or love provide for the objects of its tenderest care. Nor were these precautions taken too soon; shortly after their completion the master of the castle was roused from his sleep to find his mansion and grounds occupied by republican emissaries armed with authority to convey him to the capital, there to stand his trial on charges unknown. What words can describe the manly grief of the devoted husband, the speechless sorrow of the bereaved wife, or the melting anguish of the luckless children? They who went to take their repose with, at the most, the fear of a distant danger, rose up to find to their alarm that danger imminent, and their ruin accomplished. The Count was hurried off, time being barely allowed him to pay, perhaps, his last adieus, and to give instructions to his steward to lose no time in affording to the deserted the full benefit of the refuge provided for them.

Arrived at Paris, he was immediately thrown into prison and there treated with the greatest indignities till the day of trial, the crime charged to him being still concealed, so that he had no opportunity for preparing any defence. If any hope founded on his consciousness of rectitude had yet animated his breast, whispering that he would escape scatheless from this fiery ordeal, how delightfully were they strengthened, when, on being brought into court, he recognised in the presiding Judge one whom, in earlier days, he had bound to his interests by the strongest ties of which man is susceptible; whose life he had saved, when drowning, at the peril of his own. But the trial proceeded, and having been accused in the customary manner of disaffection, he was required to prove his innocence by acquiescing in the justice of the execution of his king: the proposition was indignantly spurned, and then,—alas for human feelings! the Judge, performing what, in his fanaticism, he blindly considered his imperative duty, dared, Brutus-like, to turn a deaf ear to the voice of gratitude, and to condemn, on evidence utterly worthless, the preserver of his own life to an ignominious death; his property was confiscated, and warrants issued for the apprehension of the other members of the family as suspected persons. To these latter we must now return. In a state of misery, the more bitter as the more new, they sought the protection of the abode which the tender affection of the object of their sorrows had prepared for such a contingency. There, after two days of cruel suspense they heard of his imprisonment and the speedy approach of his trial, the event of which their gloomy forebodings considered as certain. To add to the mental torture thus endured were the extreme novelty of their situation, and the many inconveniences inseparable from it. Unable to breathe the pure air of heaven but during the night-time, and obliged to make use of the greatest caution in all their movements to avoid the watchful eyes of the spies with whom their once peaceful village now abounded, the horrors of their condition can hardly be imagined. Things continued thus till the arrival of a second body of republicans at the chateau brought the disastrous intelligence of the condemnation of—Eugène.

The additional weight of this blow was more than the Countess, weakened as she was by the privations she had undergone, could bear: she swooned on the receipt of it, and though partially brought to by the use of every means in the sufferers' power,

remained so enfeebled that the chances against her ultimate recovery if not speedily released from so confined a place, were great. To procure some salutary medicines for her relief they relaxed in their usual precautions, the irrecoverable consequences of which they perceived, though too late to remedy the error, on the appearance of a body of troops at the entrance of the cave on the following day. To give themselves up was now their only choice, and accordingly they were conducted, when the Countess could be removed with safety, as prisoners, to the house once their own—once the scene of such innocent, such unalloyed enjoyment. With the brutal jests and noisy laughter of the half intoxicated band, ringing in their ears while their own minds were distracted by apprehensions for their own safety, and still greater fears lest they should arrive in Paris too late to see once more and endeavour to comfort, their lost protector, the lonely females consumed in tearful watching the tedious hours of the night, hoping for, yet dreading the approach of dawn. But the power of their evil star was now about to wane and yield brighter influence. The next morning brought the husband restored to life and liberty—to his beloved home, in time to save his family from again being driven from it in distress. The better feelings of his Judge had so far predominated, on mature reflection, that he had exerted all the power he possessed to aid his benefactor, and had succeeded even beyond his hopes in obtaining for him a free pardon, unfettered by the usual condition of emigration. But how can the tongue which dared not attempt to picture grief, describe the more evanescent, more sparkling passion, joy? Suffice it, leave the young imagination the gladness which ruled predominant in the happy mansion,—merely adding, that Eugène considered the scenes undergone there too painful to render a residence in it any longer agreeable, that the family consequently emigrated to England till brighter days dawned on their native land, and her scattered children were recalled in peace.

A.

## MARIE STUART.

The block, the headsman, both were near,  
And many shed the silent tear,—  
Yet on her brow no sign of fear  
In that sad hour was seen.

Her face, her form, had once been fair,  
But time, and grief, and years of care,  
Had changed to grey the auburn hair  
Of Scotland's captive Queen.

But never in the halls of France,  
Where once she led the joyous dance,  
And princes for her love broke lance,  
Looked she more haughtily.

Though there she stood—betrayed—alone,—  
For name and kingdom both were gone,  
And the bright sun that on her shone—  
Shone but to see her die.

That sun has looked as bright before,  
When thousands bowed the knee and swore  
To faith and homage, now no more  
All broken was that vow !

And they had sworn, in days gone by,  
(Ere glory turned to misery)  
For her to live, for her to die—  
But where that promise now ?

For kneeling down before the block,  
(Her dying prayers, the foeman's mock)  
She waits alone the fatal shock,  
That sets her spirit free.

The axe has sped,—eternal shame,  
As deathless as her Rival's fame,  
Has left upon that Rival's name,  
This blot of cruelty !

F.

## A NIGHT IN THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

[AFTER some hesitation, the following article has been admitted into our pages. The Editors cannot, however, allow its insertion without deprecating the personal tone which pervades it. The personality being directed chiefly against the Editors themselves, has induced them to waive their objections in this instance; but they must enter their protest against the reception of such productions in future. Another motive which has actuated them in favour of this contribution is, that the men discussed are spoken of merely as public characters, their defects and frailties, as manifested in *public*, being the only points touched upon by the author, who leaves the sacredness of private character inviolate.]

To one other point it is advisable to allude,—the mystery in which gentlemen who favour us with their contributions frequently think proper to involve their real names, doubtless, from some feeling of “innate modesty;” but it is a false modesty, and tends to no practical good to the mysterious personage; on the contrary, this ignorance of the author’s identity makes us disinclined to receive his contribution; whereas, we can never be actuated by any prejudice against a known writer. In the present case, the author has defied our most earnest endeavours to discover his concealment, and he must blame himself if he find that alterations have been adopted, or, in some passages, as he will perhaps think, mutilations made. His MS. has every appearance of a rough draft, and in some places was so hurriedly written that revision was indispensable; the author gave us no opportunity of entrusting that task to his own hands,—he can scarcely complain if we have taken the duty on ourselves.

Having just before sending this article to press, and after writing the above, hunted out the author, who at last “owned the soft impeachment,” we were enabled to hand his MS. over to him for correction. These prefatory remarks, however, were retained, for they will serve as a warning to our correspondents in general.—Ed.]

WITH what feelings of awe and respect did we enter under the roof of that venerable house, we were about to say; but as it scarce merits that appellation, we may at least say much venerated; that house which has served as a theatre for the display of eloquence which a Demosthenes might have envied, of argument unrivalled by Erasmus, and of fibs which outdo the inventive powers of Munchausen.

Our feelings of awe, however, we must confess, quickly subsided. We have heard persons complain of the want of dignity in the great house, the manners of which a member of this house declared they aped, a declaration that drew forth a most indignant reply from another honourable member, who protested that he, for his own part, was no monkey, but that the honourable gentleman might answer for himself, in which case the honourable gentleman would be tolerably correct; in this house however, no dignity was to be found, and as we have said before, our trepidation soon departed; for, entering with the air of solemnity and gravity which we thought suited to the place, to our great surprise and perhaps disappointment, we beheld a number of ordinary men,—not in senatorial robes as we had expected, but clad, some in shooting coats, some in jackets, the last of whom, for the most part, were adorned with a kind of fancy head-dress, which in technical language is called a Bargee hat, showing at once the taste and pursuits of the wearer.

These honourable gentlemen were engaged in various occupations, some talking round the fire place, some disputing who should have the apparently much envied seat on the coal scuttle, in which combat we noticed one gentleman, who boasts of a feminine *soubriquet*, as being particularly active; other honourable gentlemen were playing marbles with the ballot balls; others at a mysterious game, which seemed to be algebraical in its nature (at least so we thought from the frequent use of the letters X and O); whilst others amused themselves by debating whether the President was sober or not, and whether the Treasurer was trustworthy, both of which facts seemed much doubted, these disputes being settled in the most equitable and amicable manner by a tall and slender gentleman exclaiming to both parties, “Walker;” other members were walking about with an important air, holding a quire of paper in one hand and a bunch of pens in the other, declaring that they had not read a word on the subject, and depended wholly on their adversaries for arguments. One individual of the last class was particularly conspicuous, who, though in stature small, we afterwards learnt was “in wisdom great.” This gentleman was imploring another honourable member, whom we discovered to be the opposer, and who was chiefly remarkable for the earnest manner in which he used his hand as a comb; he was imploring him

to have mercy on him, and not to be too severe, as the honourable gentleman had made public his intention of "grinding his honourable friend." After the roll-call had been read, in an audible voice, by an aristocratic-looking gentleman, who did it with the most "*degagé*" air, the President, supporting himself on a chair, proceeded to business by informing the house that the subject to be discussed that evening was the character of Napoleon. Upon this the little gentleman to whom we have before alluded, leapt nimbly over the bench, and, bowing gracefully to all around, placed himself in the middle of the floor, one hand on his heart, and holding in the other a roll of paper, just as you see in prints of Lord Chatham; he then began by telling us what a great general Napoleon was, and how very hard it was that when Cæsar, who only marched ten miles a day, was considered a great captain, Napoleon, who actually managed twelve, should have his military genius under-rated; he then told us that two thousand years looked down from the tops of the pyramids and smiled approbation to Napoleon. What an uncomfortable seat for two thousand years! We could not help thinking of the 11,000 virgins of Spain dancing on the end of a needle. He then described to us in the most glowing language, how in the imprisonment of Napoleon his heart was eaten up by Sir Hudson Lowe or by himself (we could hardly hear which he said); but at the same time, in case this ever meets the honourable gentleman's eye, we must assure him that we have the best authority for denying the truth of either statement, as it was not his heart that was so cruelly devoured, but his stomach, and that was done by a cancer. The honourable gentleman having wound up with this eloquent peroration, sat down, trying to look modest, amidst thunders of applause.

Then up started the honorable opposer, who having indignantly thrown his hair off his face as he would have cast off a partizan of Napoleon's, and having passed his hand through it, to ascertain that it had not fallen off, and to show that he had not utterly discarded it, he then took a glance at the chair and the worthy President, which resulted in his being for a moment put out of countenance by the Treasurer, who always appears to be laughing at the speaker, but having quickly recovered himself, he began his oration.

This honorable gentleman was on his legs for some time, but did not say as much as might have been expected, on account of a running accompaniment of *hum* and *haw*, and being interrupted by certain facetious gentlemen congratulating him on his having passed his first milestone on the road to eloquence, and begging him to hasten on and finish his journey. He warned them not to believe what had been asserted by the previous speaker; he assured them that it was entirely false; and added that as he himself had little more to say on the subject, he would merely read to them a couple of pages of a pretty large book, to which book some hinted that he had been much indebted for what he had already said; to this proposal, however, the President in the most decided and perhaps not in the most dignified manner objected, whereupon the honorable gentleman, putting his hand through his hair, declared he did not care a pin, but would finish up with a quotation from Burke, which he murdered in such a way that we could hardly help shuddering, expecting to see the ghost of Burke stalk in and disown his mangled work.

No such catastrophe, however, having happened, another gentleman stood up and favoured us with a most brilliant and eloquent oration; but his warmth led him into a few errors. "Is there not," he asked in a most peremptory tone, "a tacit compact between the marshal and the marshalled, between the leader and the led?" He was so excited that none ventured to reply, but I could not help thinking that, "Left shoulders forward," "Quick march," "Stand at ease," could not well come under the head of a *tacit* compact. He also told us that "distance lent enchantment to the view," and made Napoleon so picturesque; for the aptness of this quotation he was loudly applauded. We suppose he must have had in his eye, a distant view of Napoleon, standing on a rock with a telescope under his arm, looking at the sea,—as we have seen him represented.

Next came a gentleman more distinguished for his specious arguments, which, however, but seldom convince, than for his powers of eloquence; but as he said little worth listening to, we may pass on to the last gentleman who addressed the meeting. He amused himself by pulling to pieces and cutting up, if the two are not incompatible, all the foregoing speeches, in which he succeeded to his heart's content. This gentleman seemed to carry the opinion of the house with him, and is as remarkable, we are told, for his barefacedness, as for his powers of eloquence and sarcasm, the organ of truth being not very fully developed. The *nonchalance* with which he puts

down a modest speaker, on a subject of which he is entirely ignorant, is worthy of remark.

The opener then rose to reply, but was interrupted by a grim face being thrust in at the door, informing him that it was past twelve o'clock, and that a certain gentleman was going to retire to bed. The honourable gentleman then continued. He is famous for the elegant language with which he adorns and dresses up the most illiberal sentiments, and he possesses a fluency of speech and choiceness of expression which, in this house at least, is unrivalled. This closed the debate.

We have since drank in with delight the eloquence of some members of this house, —we have since listened with malicious pleasure to the biting irony and sarcasm of others,—we have since heard with admiration for his powers of memory the disjointed and inapplicable quotations of another,—but, never again can we feel the same thrill of pleasure which we did on our *first* entrance into the Haileybury Debating Society.

R. S.

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In College, when the light 'gan fall,  
Illumined shone the crowded hall,  
And sharp and constant was the call  
For waiters running rapidly.

But the Quad saw another sight  
When toll'd the clock at dead of night,  
Commanding coal-scuttles to fright  
The watchmen from their snuggerly.

Round every letter fast arrayed,  
Pale students formed a barricade  
Which each inspector brave, essayed  
To pierce with frantic energy.

Then crackers flew from freshmen's hands,  
Then ranged the beaks their active bands,  
While numerous as the shifting sands  
Their lanterns glistered fitfully.

But higher shall the tumult swell  
Around each student's lonely cell,  
Before arrive the fight to quell  
Professors in their panoply.

An hour has passed, but scarce less loud  
Impatient rage the angry crowd,  
Beneath that dark sulphureous cloud  
Where oil-lamps glimmer luridly.

The uproar deepens; on, ye brave,  
Who impos. or a 'moneo' crave,  
While ye who hope your term to save,  
To bed betake you speedily.

Few, few shall 'scape the Council's ire,  
Few safely 'gainst its laws conspire,  
While every cracker's meteor fire  
Shall light them to their destiny.

A.

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### THE BETROTHED.

"Deeds kill men, words women."

*The last of the Barons.*—SIR E. L. BULWER.

It was on the night of one of the hottest days in the year 1826, that the palanquin of Henry Stratton might have been observed slowly moving along the road from Cuddapah to Macao: far off might the monotonous song of the tired bearers have been heard, borne slowly down by the hot and feverish wind, and far might the glaring of their torches have been seen, struggling through the thick masses of jungle foliage which girt their path-way. Presently the train breaking through the long line of forest, reached the tents previously sent forward for them, and gladly did our hero

throw himself on his travelling couch to escape the jolting motion of his bearers, worn out with their long marches.

Henry Stratton was a young civilian of six years standing; he had entered the service with the highest recommendations from the college authorities in England, and he had preserved his good character inviolate, through the labours and difficulties of most important duties. The possession of good appointments, joined to his prudent way of life, made him already a comparatively rich man, and he was now hastening to the presidency there to be united to the fond girl he had left at home, when he departed for his Indian career. Lucy Shirley was the fairest creature the thought of man can conceive, and before he had left his father's house, he had plighted his troth with her, and she had promised to join him at his distant port as soon as prudence would permit him to take on himself a husband's cares. That time was now arrived, and under the guardianship of a married aunt she was now hastening to reward his constancy and affection. It may be imagined with what eagerness then he availed himself of his leave of absence, with what impatience he pushed on every step that might progress, with what anxiety he regarded every impediment that might hinder him on his way. Never before were bearers worked more severely, and never did they more gladly seize their allotted rest. In their climate, however, no fatigue at night can induce over sleep in the morning, and scarcely had the sun began to exercise his terrific heat, ere they had all thrown off the light slumber in which they had indulged. Not so with their master—he, though in general the first to leave his couch, on that day broke the rule: hours passed on, no sound was heard in his tent—no sign to show his dwelling there. The bearers, terrified by this unusual conduct, at last cautiously entered, and to their horror and dismay discovered no vestige either of Henry Stratton, or his Malay servant who slept in the outer compartment. Long and carefully did they search; the pegs that held the pavilion to the ground, had been at the back removed, and issuing out from the aperture made by the flapping canvass, they explored the neighbouring jungle. All to no purpose—and terrified, and horror-stricken, the bearers retraced their steps to Cuddapah.

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The sun was setting with all the gorgeoussness of orient splendour upon the waves that angrily lash the beach at Madras: the cool evening breeze had just begun to blow, and the inhabitants were issuing forth to enjoy its fragrance. The civilian high in service, escaped from the heat and labour of his daily office, was lolling in his luxurious chariot, drawn by large English horses, and evidently conscious of his wealth and importance. In the fashionable britska, close at hand, the belles of the presidency were enjoying the privileges of their high station with all the dignity that attendant aide-de-camps and well-mounted cavaliers could create. There the young subaltern, fresh from England, is looked down on by the civilian of equally recent date, and he in his turn shrinks into insignificance before the hoary-headed member of council. There the judges with their wives, the leading barristers, the resident civilians, the staff-officers, in short, all the members who constituted the *beau monde* of Madras were then collected. The beauty to be admired, the rich to show off their equipage, the lover to meet his mistress, and the young and idle to pass away the hour; the ladies after the toils of indolence, the men after the toils of office and parade, all met together there. An extra inducement was that night held out to collect a more numerous crowd than usual. The Company's large ship, Seringapatam, had in the course of the day hove in sight, and was expected to anchor at its destination before night-fall. Many there were looking forward to meet relations long since parted from; many were about to embrace again wives who had gone home to superintend their children's education, and were now returning, their mission done; many were about to view again, as grown up men and women, those little children from whom years before they had parted on that same beach; and all were at least anticipating the latest news from that well-loved home,—England, that place of happiness, to which even tottering old men were hoping at some distant day to return.

But one had greater reason anxiously to await this ship's arrival; one there was in whom the feelings of affection were more than counterbalanced by anxiety and dread. Mr. Brewster, the chief barrister of the presidency, was by that ship expecting his wife and niece,—that niece was Lucy Shirley.

At last the vessel anchored: sail after sail was furled, and there she lay in her peaceful beauty, with the last beams of the setting sun shining on her clearly marked cordage, the still calm waters round her, and the tempestuous seething surf before,—fit emblem of the fate of the poor girl within! Truly, indeed, was the sun of her

happiness shedding its last rays; and with the calm waters still around her, fearful was the woe and the misery upon which she had now to enter.

The Masula boats had pushed boldly through the surf, and were now secured by the vessel's side; Mr. Brewster had gone out in one, and, locked in the embrace of his wife, he forgot for a moment his harrowing situation; but that happy forgetfulness was doomed to be of no long continuance. The first question they asked him was after Henry Stratton, and why he had not come with him to the ship. He saw the flushing face of Lucy, her look of anxious hope, and the words stuck in his throat; he could not tell the whole sad truth. "He has not yet returned to Madras," he said, and, entering the surf boat, he talked of other matters, of English news, of the health of friends well-loved, and long parted from; but his manner was constrained, and he could not imitate a happiness he could not feel. They reached their house, and Lucy Shirley retired to rest, her mind full of her lover, and the happy hours that awaited her when joined to him! if contrary thoughts intruded, of the reason of his absence then, she banished them instantly, and, full of bright and joyous fancies, she peacefully slept.

As soon as her uncle and his wife were alone, he related to her the whole of poor Henry's story, and his untimely fate. It seemed that but a week before he started on his ill-fated journey, he had been required to judge a case of a Malay, a brother of a favourite servant of his own, who had evidently been guilty of a most aggravated case of theft. Upon this man he had exercised the just punishment of the law. His servant had pleaded earnestly in his cause, but to no purpose, and, rebuffed and mortified, though not quelled, he retired from his presence with anger rankling in his heart. The thief was punished, and Henry Stratton started for Madras, having even forgotten the circumstance in the bustle of departure and the joyousness and buoyancy of his own feelings. Too terribly was it recalled to his mind! While sleeping heavily in his tent, fatigued with his long journey, the Malay whom he had punished, attended by his vindictive brother, entered his tent stealthily. After seeing that all was quiet, they silently gagged and bound their victim, and conveyed him through the open canvass of the tent, far into the jungle behind, where the *crecées* of both were found rankling in his breast, when his putrid and mangled body was discovered by the Patras who had been sent in search of him.

"To-morrow," said Mr. Brewster, "I am engaged in court for the prosecution of the murderers, who have at last been found; and while I am absent in this cause, I leave it to you, who know Lucy Shirley so well, and who can find out so much better than myself the best topics for consolation, to break the bitter news to her. I fear it will kill her."

The husband went early into court, where he was soon released from his labours, the prisoners pleading guilty, and glorying in their act. With a heavy heart he returned home, he knew not how to meet his broken-hearted niece. Scarcely had he reached his house, ere he knew that some sudden illness had occurred, as the doctor's carriage was just driving from the door. On his way to his niece's apartment he met his wife, who told him that she had been seized with fever during the night, and that the doctor thought that it was not advisable to acquaint her with her wretched situation until she was recovered; and at that very moment she was engaged in writing a long letter to Henry, relating the account of her arrival, and hoping that he would soon meet her there. Two or three days passed by, and still she wrote those fearful letters; they had not the heart to undeceive her. Her suspicions of something wrong, were, however, soon excited; the forced answers to her questions concerning him, the want of any reply to her frequent communications, and his own long and unaccountable absence; all these convinced her that something dreadful had occurred, from the knowledge of which she was debarred. At last the doctor thought it might be as well to let her know the truth, as to permit her to go on killing herself with fearful fancies. But he was mistaken,—the truth was more fearful far than ought imagination could have pictured; she feared that her lover might be ill; she feared that time might have changed him, might have taught him to be unkind, to cease to love; but oh! she never thought that he was dead,—snatched away while hurrying on the wings of love to meet her there. The words were like a thunder-clap on her senses, and coming on a frame already shattered by the climate, were frightful in their effects. Her fever suddenly took a mortal turn, and ere nightfall she was delirious; then a gentle calm succeeded, and with arms extended as if to clasp some receding form, a bright smile mantling o'er her placid face, her spirit fled to join in other worlds, the one it loved so well.

C. X.



## THE ASSIZES.

A court's a place where men have need to watch  
 Their acts and words not only, but their looks,  
 For prying eyes beset them round about.—*Sheridan Knowles.*

ALL Hertford awakes to-day from its wonted repose, the pastry-cook bakes double the usual number of Bath buns, the tavern keeper taps treble the usual amount of ale; the very streets are frightened by an unusual din, as the hoofs of horses resound along the road, and the clatter of the hobnailed shoe rings on the pebbled pavement. From all parts of the country, and of every rank in life, people are thronging into the town, and though the hour is early, small patches of men are grouped at each corner, while the bustle of carriages arriving proclaims that the better class of society is to find employment or amusement here this day. The country gentleman in his phaeton, or the more old-fashioned squire upon a favourite hack, the farmer on his shaggy pony, and the humble labourer, not borne along himself, but bearing his little bundle on a knotty club, all hurry onwards towards this one centre of attraction. The student too, forgetting alike all cares of study and all thoughts of inert laziness or dull repose, leaves the neighbouring college, to join the anxious crowd now pressing into Hertford. Although the event which summons them comes more frequently than Christmas or the long vacation, yet is it no every-day occurrence, for the Assizes are to be held, and it is to witness these that hastening crowds are flocking to the Courts of Law.

With a laudable desire not to be behind our fellows, to kill Old Time without putting him to a lingering death, and above all to improve that smattering of law which vanity whispered must have been acquired during the many terms of our probation,—we, too, started for Hertford and its Assize Courts, at an hour as early as the chapel, and an imperfect digestion of breakfast, would permit. The fineness of the morning, joined to a love for the constitutional which animates us in every thought and every deed, induced us to wend our way on foot to the place of our destination, a near approach to which we were able to make without difficulty. But there a formidable barrier in the shape of a wooden staircase and covey of policemen, seemed to defy all further progress. Luckily the country crowd collected round the entrance was not so scientific as the well-skilled London mob, and an insinuating address enabled us to thrust ourselves through the banisters of the staircase, amidst the elbowing of men and the forced screams of women. Admission being thus manfully gained, and with it moreover a choice of seats, we took a front row in the gallery, which possessed the double advantage of being opposite the Judge, thereby allowing us to take a sight at the learned functionary, and of placing us directly above the head of the prisoner, from whose phrenological developement we could at once determine the verdict to be pronounced. Having had just sufficient time to take a survey of the accommodations provided for the jury and gentlemen, the counsel and *canaille*, the reporters and rest of the audience; and having just recovered from the discomposure to which our attire had been subjected by the pressure from without, at ten o'clock the Judge entered, and after some trouble arranged himself comfortably on a pile of cushions.

The business of the day was then opened, by the clerk (facetious fellow!) reading out the names of a number of noblemen and gentlemen, selected from the Blue Book and Court Guide—in a tone as if he thought they had an idea of coming into Court—and when some voice now and then mildly indicated that its owner was then and there present, the startling statement was caught up and verified by a knowing functionary, who safely ventured on the assertion, when he had heard the affirmative of the individual called upon. Each of these went through an elaborate operation with a kid glove, which was handed for inspection on the top of a Maypole—but in no instance did it appear to fit; each gentleman, however, with great condescension deposited therein a shilling, which, we presumed, was part of the perquisites of the learned Judge, for he began forthwith to bow most vigorously to the donor. Before the two dozen shillings had been collected, his Lordship's gravity had forsaken his wig, and his head, exhausted, could bow no more. This list being at last finished, minor catalogues of mayors, coroners and the like were recited, but these respectable individuals seldom appeared, and the use of them when they did become visible, no one could divine. The grand jury was then sworn, and when the knowing functionary before mentioned had ascertained positively that "every one and each of them" had taken the oath, he thought himself fully justified in asking whether they were all

sworn ;—of course they were, nor could he feel the least surprise at an answer in the affirmative. Next was read aloud Her gracious Majesty's proclamation, addressed "to the virtuous and well disposed," and to this we listened as became persons to whose care it was specially entrusted ; yet we could not exactly see why or wherefore this edict was then read, unless to fill up a blank of a few minutes, whilst the Judge was cogitating on a charge for the grand jury. He charged them to work diligently in their consideration of the evidence and "true presentment make," an easy task he could assure them, for the law had not been altered since—last time, and therefore they knew all about it, or were supposed to do so, which amounted to the same thing. He wished to advert to one or two cases, which he did—to tell them that he had nothing particular to say concerning them, and the rest were simple enough.

Now was business beginning,—now were scraps of paper rushing through the air, mounted on ushers' wands, and now were Wooden-sticks in waiting shouting "Silence" within the court, whilst the worsted-topped javelin bearers were strutting in their seedy magnificence before the admiring crowd of idlers outside. The petty jury is to be sworn,—when the first name is called, forth steps a man who boasts that he is a "William," but is somewhat loth to disclose his surname ; he deposes that he is afflicted with a grievous deafness, but when he is excused from serving, he acts upon the announcement with astonishing rapidity, considering that he is hard of hearing.

The gentlemen composing the jury were respectable enough ; the physiognomies of some, however, might furnish considerable amusement. Number 1, had a red face, pouting lips, and a nose pursuing some imaginary object near his feet, a chase in which his matted hair joined by running rapidly over his forehead and into his eyes, which, in their turn, were making strenuous efforts to get out of the way of the monstrous collars emerging on either side from a cravat of brilliant yellow, which contrasted well with the rubies of the "jolly nose." Number 4, was a character far different ; all joy had fled from his timid countenance, and, as he stood up to be sworn, his wandering eye and contracted lip gave evidence of an unhappy and flurried spirit ;—like the face of a patient about to swallow a nauseous draught, was the rueful visage of that gloomy little man. Then, again, the stout gentleman in the corner, who has not laid aside the dress that tells his avocation,—he had no occasion to keep on the butcher's sleeves and apron ; his round face with hanging cheek, blubber lips and heavy eye, his bloated clumsy form, stamp him at a single glance. Mark, too, the foreman's superior air, the benignant smile and smirk with which he salutes the judge, embodying the opinions of his eleven brethren and his distinguished self.

At this point of the proceedings we looked around to see what friends had obtained entrance into the court. On our left was one who might be taken as a personification of Misery, wedged in between two dames of prodigious fatness, and allowed only by his length of stature to peep out of the surrounding mass, a heated brow, and anxiously strained eye, showing the uncomfortable position in which he was placed ; his companion, of shorter stature, seemed to be deprived of all command over his own legs, being elevated to an unusual height by the kind pressure of his neighbours,—not an enviable position we thought, as we turned our eye from them and looked to the right, where a goodly array of students might be seen rejoicing in the luxury of the grand jury box. Happy and contented they were sitting then ; but, like other sublunary happiness, their joy soon vanished, for an unwelcome voice requested them to shift their quarters, before the rude hand of violence was applied ; out they went, slowly and reluctantly, casting an unavailing glance at those they left behind, and then disappeared altogether from the scene. In the court below, here and there a straggling student might be seen ; a little man was observed just tall enough to peer with one eye above the barricade ; or a tall gentleman was towering above his fellows ; these were mingled with rustic witnesses, waiting for their call, and policemen looking daggers in their magisterial duties.

The company is all placed, the actors are all come upon the scene, everything is now ready for the trials to commence. The first case is called—it is one of sheep-stealing,—but stay, are we not trenching on the prerogatives of others—are we not about to diminish the sale of Mr. Austin's paper ? Yes, we feel that we did not sit upon the reporters' bench, and we therefore advise those who wish for a full account of the assizes, with all *fit* particulars, to read the columns of the *Hertford Reformer*.

ARGUS.

## A BALLAD.

The sun had set, the curfew bell  
 Still rung the hour of eight ;  
 When one with gown and scallop shell  
 Knocked at the Castle gate.  
 His garb, the pilgrim's lowly dress,  
 The marks of travel bore ;  
 His brow with sorrow and distress  
 Was wan and furrowed o'er.  
 Upon his staff the palmer leant,  
 As though full wearily,  
 And oft from moat to battlement,  
 Wandered his restless eye.  
 He seemed impatient of delay,  
 Nor long had he to wait :  
 The curfew's echo died away—  
 Back rolled the postern gate.  
 For ne'er, I ween, from Courcy Hall  
 Did any turn aside,  
 But ever at the stranger's call  
 Its portals opened wide.  
 To all throughout the land is known  
 The Ladye Edith's name ;  
 And all who know, the bounty own  
 Of Courcy's widowed dame.  
 In tears she sits all desolate,  
 And sorrow wrings her brow,  
 Oh, who can tell her husband's fate ?  
 Where is De Courcy now ?  
 The summons of the Cross was made  
 On battle's eagle wing ;  
 And knights and nobles thronged to aid  
 The lion-hearted king.  
 The vassal and his lord were there,  
 With England's archers good ;  
 Bright glanced the sun on bill and spear,  
 Unsullied yet with blood.  
 Proud did the red-cross banners wave  
 Along that noble line ;  
 And every heart was with the brave  
 That fought for Palestine.  
 The summer past, where was that host,  
 And all their knightly fame ?  
 Like scattered sheep, from Acre's coast  
 A baffled remnant came.  
 But never one returned of those  
 Whom Lord De Courcy led,  
 And rumour whispered that their chief  
 Was numbered with the dead.  
 The Ladye Edith sits in state,  
 In deepest mourning clad,  
 Attendant vassals on her wait,  
 But all in silence sad.  
 The palmer bends beside her throne,  
 For scarce her voice is heard ;  
 She asks in sorrow's trembling tone  
 The tidings of her lord.  
 " Say, holy man, if thou hast been,  
 " In fatal Palestine ;  
 " Oh ! say, where latest thou hast seen  
 " De Courcy's banner shine."

" Oh ! ladye, weep, thy tears must flow,  
 " Full piteous is the tale ;  
 " Weep ladye, weep, in garb of woe  
 " Thy husband's fate bewail."  
 " Then it is true, and he is dead  
 " Upon that battle plain.  
 " Where first the red-cross warriors fled,  
 " Nor turned to strike again.  
 " I weep no more, as knight should die,  
 " The Lord de Courcy fell ;  
 " His dirge it was the battle cry,  
 " His death shall minstrels tell."  
 " Stay, Ladye, stay ; thy tears must flow,  
 " More piteous is the tale.  
 " Ladye weep on, in garb of woe  
 " A keener fate bewail."  
 " Then does he as a captive moan,  
 " To swell the Moslem's pride.  
 " Speak—must I linger here alone,  
 " A widow, yet a bride."  
 " Ladye weep on, thy tears must flow,  
 " More piteous is the tale.  
 " Ladye weep on, in garb of woe,  
 " A darker fate bewail."  
 " Be still, my throbbing heart, be still,  
 " And speak, Sir Palmer, now,  
 " Say—would'st thou breathe a thought against  
 " De Courcy's knightly vow."  
 " Ladye, I grieve to tell the tale,  
 " A recreant to his name."—  
 He ceased, for o'er her visage pale,  
 The flush of anger came.  
 " Thou art a guest and may'st depart,  
 " Ere thou hast cause for fear ;  
 " Yet dream not that thy words impart  
 " A transient sorrow here.  
 " Whate'er the fate of him I love—  
 " The cross itself may lie,  
 " But never can De Courcy prove  
 " A shame to chivalry."  
 The palmer meekly bowed his head,  
 But never more he spoke,  
 And on the floor his solemn tread  
 Alone the silence broke.  
 Sudden he turned, and cast aside  
 His pilgrim's gown and hood ;  
 And there, in all his armour's pride,  
 The Lord de Courcy stood.

M.

#### A VISIT TO THE CIRCUS.

OF all the sights that amuse us when children, one that we soonest lose a relish for, because we soonest see through it, is an equestrian spectacle. In a theatre there is light well thrown, and scenery well painted to keep up the deception ; but in the former, if there are such things, they are so unskilfully used as to produce an opposite effect,—and we all know what a damping thing it is to be "behind the scenes." But children see, or think of, none of these things. How well do we remember our first visit to Astley's Amphitheatre ! How beautiful we thought all the ladies, and how strong all the men ! How we shut our eyes when the man in the spangled dress turned round on the slack rope ; how we loved the little dun pony, twenty-seven inches high, that fired off the pistol at the word of command ; how perseveringly we repeated the jokes of the clown till we disgusted all around us. Many such thoughts rushed

on our recollection, as, not long ago, we entered Cooke's Circus,—prepared to be amused. This time, however, we saw the painted and hollow cheek, and we pitied the poor wretches—forced to go, night after night, the same round of toil and exertion,—to shout and dance when they are weary—to laugh when they are sad. But yet, in spite of all this, although we did not laugh *with* the actors, we certainly laughed *at* them.

After Mrs. Alfred Cooke had done Venus, and the Infant Phenomenon, Cupid,—after Signor Carlotti Marotti, or the German devil-rider, had gone through his daring performance,—after we had gone down, first one, and then the other column of the bill,—there remained nothing save a play in five acts, entitled Mazeppa, or the Wild Horse of the Ukraine. In a place like that the best always comes last, and always most facetiously approaches the dramatic. The bills professed, by every assistance from “gorgeous scenery, and tasteful decorations,” to realize “the magnificent poem of Lord Byron.”

That it did all this we speedily saw, for when the bell had rung, and silenced the cry of the ginger beer, and orange man in the gallery, and when one of the grooms had thrown in among the gods,—with a reckless disregard of the anatomy of the human frame—the last of “the unsoaped,” who had ventured into the ring to pick up the hat that had been thrown into it by some of his polite friends behind,—when all this had happened, a young lady thrust her head out of a square aperture in a large piece of pasteboard painted to represent the gate of some Gothic castle of long standing, the aperture being a window therein, at the very same time that a figure exulting in ostrich feathers and diamond paste, dashed out from behind a torn green curtain, and exclaimed “Theresa” in a soft and lover's tone. She replied in the same strain, and in the conversation which ensued, we discovered that she was the daughter of the Polish Count, and that her hand had been promised by her father, to a Polish chieftain of high renown, but in the usual spirit of affectionate daughters she prefers the youth of the diamonds, the hero of the piece—Mazeppa. Towards the end of the conversation, he swears to love and cherish—she vows to honour and obey; he kisses her hand—and she is in the act of kissing her hand to him, when by some accident in comes the governor, who flies into a furious passion, breaks the third commandment six or seven times in rapid succession, and ends by banishing the singing page from his dominions.

“Faint heart never won fair lady!” so thought Mazeppa, for as he could not gain his mistress's hand, he determined to have his rival's life.

The next scene is the chamber of the successful rival, by courtesy supposed a bedroom. He is walking about wrapt in meditations, when in stalks a figure wrapped in a dark mantle, something like a college gown with the sleeves cut off, only longer. The bridegroom elect seeing him, naturally exclaims, “Who are you?” with the same abruptness that pigeons and other animals of Sanskrit fable notoriety, are accustomed to use, to which the other ought to have answered if he wished to keep up the joke and the incog., “What's that to you?”—but he did not, but merely expressed his satisfaction at having “passed the guard, the gate, the wall” in safety, told him that he was his rival, and begged the pleasure of then and there measuring swords with him. The former looked rather blue at this, but as there was no bell-rope within reach, he consented. The clash of swords however answered the purpose, for just as Mazeppa, with a neat one, two, three over the arm, had pinked his adversary, he was seized and held fast. Casimir, the father of Theresa, picks up the fallen gentleman, and having seen that he is not killed, cries out in a fearful voice, “Bring forward the assassin.” Proudly he stepped forward, proudly he threw aside his cloak, and stood before them in *propria persona*, Mazeppa. Heavens! How the women of the household did scream when he was recognized. They got so very far up in the high C's that it is a miracle to me how they ever got down again into the flats. “Bring forth the horse” was the immediate command; there was no time mentioned for catching it! “The horse was brought.” Tightly was he bound down, and imprecations followed him as with two cracks of a whip his horse dashed off. “Away, away his steed and he” dashed through the circus, and into the stable.

After that the scene changes, into the country of the Cossacks, but it would tire the patience of the reader, if we were to follow the hero through the other acts of his life. We refer the anxious inquirer to the history of Charles XII. or the “magnificent poem of Lord Byron.” When, however, the last squib had burnt out—for they managed to finish with sulphur and brimstone as usual—we left the theatre devoutly praying that all who saw it might laugh as heartily as we had done.—C. L.

## THE BORE.

Ecce iterum Crispinus!

It is not from any desire to prove myself an example of the class I have been attempting to depict, that I again intrude upon the readers of the "*Haileybury Observer*;" but rather because I consider so extensive a subject as boreism would naturally feel itself gravely and deeply insulted, if packed in the short and cursory article which appeared in the last number.

With full desire, then, to pay all necessary respect to so mighty a theme, I purpose now continuing my analysis of the Bore genus;—first, however, by way of preface, relating a conversation, which will both illustrate my description, and also give a practical example of the "mote and the beam."

By those, who can so far tax their recollection, it will be remembered, that the previous part was brought to a somewhat sudden conclusion by the entrance of the Talkative Bore.

Carefully shutting the door, as he entered, he glided gently into a chair by the fire, and, with an air of having something to communicate of the most vital importance, propounded the question, "Have you finished your Law Notes?" Having replied in the affirmative, I was asked, "Have you seen the papers?" Before I could find time or breath to answer, he had detailed the account of a severe accident to the Duke or Marquis of something, who was his own second cousin by his mother's side, and his uncle's — "But, by the way," said he, interrupting himself, "I never told you what I did in the *vac.* at my uncle's."

"Yes, I think" —

"No, no, I'm sure I didn't.—Well; my uncle, you know, is a jolly old fellow, who asks you to his place, and lets you do what you please—those are the sort of men I like, don't you?"

I was about to assent, when, to my indescribable felicity, the door slowly opened; but, alas! the ray of hope that had gleamed in my countenance, was quickly lost in the gloom of despair, when — the Silent Bore entered.

He came in humming a piece of music—I cannot call it a tune, it was evidently original—and, after gazing at, and deeply contemplating, for some time, the backs of my books, slowly drew in a chair to the fire.

Upon the plea of putting a letter in the post, I slipped out, and left them alone. I returned in half an hour's time; there they were still,—the talkative gentleman at the same story, the silent one evidently practising, in case of a sudden reverse of fortune, by breaking coals in the coal-scuttle.

I saw, at a glance, I must resign myself to my fate. To my loquacious friend I offered a cigar—alas! he soon proved, that smoking and talking at the same time were not (as I had before suspected) a difficult achievement; and the tenacity with which our silent companion clung to his chair, showed, that however much he might dislike smoking himself, he was not averse to seeing the enjoyment of it in others.

To detail the entire conversation would be inflicting too great a punishment upon the readers of the *Observer*. Suffice it to say, the Talkative Bore, having lightly glanced at and considered the weather, the monthly report, the Dean's last lecture, the new Governor-General of India, the Afghanistan war, and the Income-tax, in addition to, and inclusive of, the adventures of his uncle, aunt, grandmother, and a personal memoir of himself (for the fifth time, with variations), came at last to that general topic of conversation at the Hall fire on every other Wednesday (unless Austin and the Editors enter into a league to disappoint us)—the *Haileybury Observer*. After criticising, with a masterly hand, the various articles therein, he turned to me with a smile, and said, "You were rather hard on some of our friends," winking with his eye on the side on which sat the Silent Bore, at whom I now glanced, with a feeling of dread and a vision of fives courts, expecting to meet with some sudden ebullition of passion. To my surprise, however, I only saw his mouth gradually extend in width, till it assumed the shape of an undeniable grin. His eyes met mine, he nodded quietly and gently at the talkative youth, when his face immediately subsided into its wonted composure, and he continued his occupation of breaking the coals, varying it occasionally with balancing on the hind legs of a chair, steadying himself with the poker, adroitly placed on the upper part of the fire-stove.

I could not help smiling at my companions, how much more so, when as they left me, the Talkative Bore took me aside, and confidentially whispered, "I wonder he comes to your room, after what you said about him;" and the tacit gentleman, having carefully watched the other to the end of the passage, slowly turned and gave vent to his

thoughts, for the first and last time that day,—“He ought to keep his mouth a little closer, after ‘The Bore,’ eh?” and then took his departure, leaving me to ponder on the readiness which some men display in discovering the defects of others, but their tardiness in detecting the faults of themselves.

It must not be supposed that Bores are naturally of the know-nothing, stupid genus; on the contrary, in the Talkative kind may be found many very far removed from fools, and whose peculiarities would point to many divisions of the subject, had I time and leisure to pursue it. ‘Tis true, that sometimes the mention of a name in hall will excite from some Bore a question of “Who’s Rubini?”—yet such specimens are few, and rarely to be met with; and by far the greater portion of the kind, know a little of men and things in general;—at all events, sufficient to enable them always to command, and keep entirely to themselves, the conversation.

Among the various specimens of the Talkative Bore, that are most usually to be met with, may be enumerated—the Would-be-Facitious Bore, the Bore who retails bad jokes and glories in them,—the Musical Bore, possessing about as much ear or taste for music as a tea-kettle, yet ever pestering with some song sung villainously out of tune, and even venturing to proffer himself as an excellent judge of the art; the Attentive Bore, who brings you a list of your marks in the Monthly Report, with notes and remarks thereon by himself,—indulges you with any little current chit-chat of the College, and professes to be greatly surprised when a box of weeds and a bottle of wine make their appearance from your cupboard (the door was open, but he could not have seen them; oh, no!); the Mischievous Bore, who astounds you with feats of jumping in your room, and has a great penchant for practical jokes. Congratulate yourself deeply if you get off the visit of this gentleman by the sacrifice of only two chairs, a cup, two windows, a lamp-glass, and table-cover marked with sundry pools and rivers of ink. And last, but not least, the Sensible Bore: the Bore who drags you into a discussion relative to the bravery of the Black Prince, or the wit of Alfred Crowquill, ever supporting that side which he must have known you would oppose, and thus forces you into a debate which nothing but timely concession against all the calls of conscience will ever bring to a close.

Of Bores he is *the* Bore; and sincerely would I advise, if his approach across the Quadrangle be seen from your room, a speedy and immediate retirement.

And now I have rung the changes of Boreism to the last, and, with earnest desire, that by what is here writ down, I may have offended none, I wish—whether Bores or not,—

“To all, to each, a fair good night,  
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light.”

O. P.

## ALARMING FIRE AT EAST INDIATON, NEAR THE FIVES COURT, HERTS.

(BY EXPRESS.)

(*Exclusively for the “Haileybury Observer.”*)

BETWEEN the hours of ten and a quarter past, on the night of Saturday last, an alarming fire broke out in a street in the above town, which had well-nigh proved fatal to the existence of the magnificent buildings which adorn it. It had its origin in the extensive premises of Mr. Whatfather, a member of the House of Commons, where he was engaged in the discharge of his duties to his constituents and in advocating their rights. At the hour above-named, he was returning to his house from his senatorial duties, when, upon opening the street door with his latch key, he was saluted by dense volumes of smoke rolling forth in thick masses, and soon by the action of the current of air, the flames blazed forth with terrific fury. Mr. Whatfather, with great presence of mind, immediately gave the alarm to the watchmen on duty, and messengers were despatched for assistance from the various insurance offices. The “Old White Horse Assurance Company,” and the “Go Round-and-round,” were not forthcoming; the chief supply was obtained from the “Fire Assistance Insurance,” which poured buckets after buckets of water upon the house, now become one living blaze. A considerable crowd had by this time collected, including, of course, the desperate characters usually attracted by such sights. This circumstance contributed to make the fire rage with greater fury, for the Zephyrs worn by many of the spectators fanned the violence of the flames. Shortly after, a strong detachment of the A division arrived upon the spot, headed by Inspector B. Attitsoon, and contributed materially to the maintenance of order outside, and the preservation of the valuables within the house. Several of them—among whom we may mention with particular praise, A 3 and A 15—displayed a laudable activity, and with undaunted courage braved the heat, which was now intense throughout the street. After some exertion they succeeded in hurling down stairs bulky portions of

the furniture, whilst the more valuable articles which had not yet ignited, were precipitated from the window upon the heads of the crowd below. At thirty-one minutes past ten, it was momentarily expected that a picture would fall, owing to the burning of its cord of suspension, but happily no such accident took place. The house was completely gutted, but the fire, though its violence had somewhat abated, was still smouldering at fifty-two minutes past ten, when our reporter left.

#### ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

About ten minutes past ten, last Saturday evening, the people in Quad and its vicinity were alarmed by loud cries of "Fire! Murder! &c.," and in a few minutes a fierce blaze issuing from the house of Mr. Whatfather, No. 14, indicated that the report was too true. Water-buckets from the "Fire Assistance Company" were quickly on the spot; but we cannot refrain from remarking on the culpable negligence of the authorities, by which no water was attainable unless fetched by hand from an immense distance. Had it not been for the superhuman exertions of the police and the neighbours, the whole of the adjoining pile of building must have fallen a sacrifice. A large concourse of persons was assembled, among whom we noticed Mr. Pundit (son of the respected member for Hasteon), Mr. Smith, Mr. T. O. M. Smith, Mr. Foster, and Mr. J. Foster. The fire was got under about eleven o'clock, without spreading its destructive influence beyond the house in which it had commenced. It is a fact worthy of remark, that one of the neighbours had observed, about half an hour before the fire was discovered, that a large party was smoking somewhere; whilst another was convinced that his coffee had a peculiar flavour.

#### FURTHER PARTICULARS.

*Half-past Eleven.*—The fire is quelled; smouldering ruins and blackened walls remain to mark the ravages committed by the rage of the devouring element. The cause of the fire has not been exactly ascertained; the authorities entered into a searching investigation upon the spot, being led to suppose, from the frequency of fires in this neighbourhood, that it was the work of an incendiary; but as the adjoining houses were found to be tenanted by highly respectable individuals, the worthy chief magistrate's suspicions were calmed. No negligence is imputed to Mr. Whatfather's servant, for he has not one. The most probable supposition is, that the fire arose from Mr. W. himself, after smoking a cigar, having taken off his shooting coat and thrown it carelessly over an antique sofa, which became ignited by the smell of the tobacco, and thence reached the walls of the apartment. We can state on good authority, that most of the valuable property, the owner has ensured from loss, by not having paid for it. The damage done to the paper of the rooms and the door-mat is irremediable, but the carpeting may still be used as a wet blanket.

#### LATEST PARTICULARS.

*Thirty-three minutes past Eleven.*—A watchman, named COLE, has been apprehended on suspicion; he was seen near the fire-place a short time before the fire broke out.

NUNTIVS.

#### ERRATA.

Page 19 line 21, for "leave the young," read "to leave to your."

Page 24 line 32, for "Patras," read "Puhnes."

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*The Conversational Rhapsody of the "Beaks and Lanterns" was, we fear from its incoherence, indited by the Author when soaring madidis alis.*

*We cannot admit the description of "College Life," for the subject has been more ably treated in a former number.*

*The Author of the "Phenomena" shows clearly that he can write better things; we hope to hear from him again.*

*"Walker" is, of course, again reserved, as is "G.C.'s" contribution.*

*"A Fragment," and the lines on "Death" are declined with thanks.*

*"Timothy Tugbottom's" lamentation is absurdly prosy.*

*"A Dunderhead's" contribution has been sacrificed to a brother Dunderhead, who displayed more wit, and somewhat less personality.*

*"O.'s" translation from the German gentleman with the hard name, is declined.*

*"The Green-Eyed Monster" is under consideration.*

*"J.D." has not sent enough of his "Life and Adventures" for us to judge of their quality.*

#### HERTFORD:

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TO THE EAST-INDIA COLLEGE.



# THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

## VOL. II.—PART II.

Liberius si

Dixero quid, si fortè jocosius, hoc mihi juris  
Cum venià dabis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat iv. 103.*

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### MY UNCLE STAPLETON AND HIS COLLEGE REMINISCENCES.

*(Continued from p. 14.)*

#### MY UNCLE'S FIRST STORY.

[The intelligent reader will not fail to infer from the plan and commencement of the following tale, that my Uncle's manuscript must needs have undergone many recent additions and interpolations.]

It is but natural to suppose, that in the course of your occasional ramblings in the town or neighbourhood of Hertford, you have at some time visited its old castle, as well from the fact of its presenting at all times as I should imagine, about the most attractive feature of the place—as from having witnessed, in days gone by, the initiatory struggles of so many amongst your own family and friends, in that peculiar line of life and service you are yourself about to embrace. Perhaps you may have strolled through the grounds, or inspected the interior of the time-worn edifice itself. Your eye may perchance have rested in its wanderings, upon the deeply recessed, gothic-latticed window, that so often afforded me my quantum of the breath and light of heaven, when busied in the many and engrossing legislative perplexities of the Menu code, or some such other oriental abstrusity. I was one of the few and favoured students to whom at that period college rooms had been assigned in the interior of the Castle; by far the greater portion occupied a line of buildings more recently erected, against the old turreted wall, that had formerly overhung the southern moat. Almost adjoining mine, but situated in the north wing—that with its noble southern counterpart, has been since so barbarously destroyed\*—was the apartment of my ci-devant schoolfellow and now intimate college friend—George Acton. Upon his side of the Castle, the remnant of the old interior paved court, afforded the more immediate prospect, whilst mine overlooked an irregular formed extent of grass, mistermied a quadrangle—and the detached students' rooms, to which allusion has been already made.

Acton was at this time a freshman—I was diligently employed in reading for my second term examination, and many and frequent were the applications for assistance in study or lecture, which my improvident neighbour's acquaintance entailed upon me. He had already kept several terms at one of the universities, but as far as regarded any serviceable amount of learning, or habits of reading, therein acquired, his previous academical career availed him but little at the Castle. It proved however the means of his speedy and satisfactory initiation into the important mysteries of our eastern-bound community, inasmuch as it was his good—or bad—fortune to recognise many of his quondam university acquaintances, amongst the first and fastest of its members. One

\* The old wings were blown up, as owing to their strength they could not be otherwise demolished, and thus the Castle finally lost all pretensions to the character of a baronial residence.—*History of Hertford.*

of the number, the foremost in every town or college disturbance,—the last in every college-term, he had ever yet evaded forfeiting—was Charles Dalhas—at least by that name we shall here designate him—a young Scotchman, of an old but impoverished family. Dalhas and Acton in the course of a few weeks renewed acquaintance, became almost inseparable companions, and the fact afforded matter of surprise to many amongst their fellow-students, judging from the apparent diversity of their tastes and dispositions. To me, however, the old and intimate friend of either party, the circumstance appeared, if not natural, at least in no wise unaccountable. Dalhas I knew to be haughty—at times impetuous and overbearing, but no man—I also knew—when he once considered it worth the effort, could display his talents or powers of pleasing to greater advantage. To the address and figure of a gentleman he added some kindness of heart, and a vast and entertaining fund of general information. In any dissertation upon law or commerce, ball-room etiquette, or Eastern policy; from a digest of the articles of the rubric, to a disquisition upon the latest regulation of the jockey club, Dalhas was ever and equally at home. Even the recklessness of his character, and the influence he invariably contrived to acquire over the minds of all with whom he might come in contact, possessed a charm in the eyes of young Acton, to whom above all others, he had endeavoured to render himself an object of regard. George Acton upon the other hand, although possessed of much natural firmness and decision of character, was markedly mild and unobtrusive in his general demeanour,—a more universal favourite, perhaps, than Dalhas, but certainly not so much deferred to in the immediate circle of his intimate associates.

By means of Acton's acquaintance with Dalhas and myself, he had received an introduction to Sir Edward A—— a neighbouring baronet of large property and fortune—an introduction most especially prized by the college men of my day, inasmuch as it ordinarily included access to a house and grounds furnished with every attention to comfort, that luxury could conceive or wealth supply—very agreeable society—the convenience at all times of a billiard table, and occasionally of a day's hunting or shooting. Lady A—— had lately died, and the care and education of two daughters, fast verging into womanhood, had thus devolved upon her bereaved and disconsolate husband. By him was her loss (in as far as the loss of an anxious and affectionate mother could be) supplied and compensated. He was in truth the very best of fathers, the very kindest of men; even now through the long lapse of years, my mind reverts with feelings of grateful recollection, to the many spontaneous proofs of generous attention I have oftentimes experienced at his hands.

The worthy Baronet's bounty had been extended amongst other deserving objects to the orphan daughter of a distant relative, without any claim upon the benevolence of his wealthy kinsman, beyond the identity of their names and the dependent state of his own circumstances.

Emily A——, upon the death of her parent, was at once domesticated at Appleton, and in every respect regarded as a member of Sir Edward's family.

In the motives prompting to this uncalled-for act of benevolence, it would be difficult for malignity itself, to discover the slightest admixture of any feeling of interest or ostentation. Emily A——far surpassed her more wealthy cousins in every personal advantage, and was now about to be admitted to an equal share of the advantages of education, and of mixing with good society. Of all others she could not have been selected as a foil for their graces of mind or person, inasmuch as in both these respects, nature had endowed her most immeasurably their superior; she was, indeed,

“All that painting could express,  
“Or youthful poets fancy, when they love.”

Amiable,—beautiful creature!—What demon in his foreseeing malice formed thee so?

Of the many attractions that Appleton afforded to the general lounge, none proved so powerful, none so especially attractive to Charles Dalhas, as the society, were it but for a few moments' ordinary conversation, of Emily A——. His was just the susceptible nature to be romantically fired by her loveliness; his, just the wildness of disposition, to be charmed by the winning gentleness—the almost timidity—of her's. During the space of the year and a half he had already passed at Hertford, he flattered himself he had already contrived to progress somewhat in her regard. In the course of their strolls or morning rides (an indulgence that Sir Edward, good old soul, had never once thought of prohibiting), he had excited, as he imagined, some degree of interest—some feelings of preference, perhaps of compassion, in her heart. So far he had, in all probability,

conjectured rightly. Emily, with all her playful openness, her girlish innocence of disposition, had no doubt singled him out of the many youthful applicants for her favour and good graces, as the most entertaining and well informed, an agreeable companion, as he undoubtedly was; but certainly not as connected in her mind, by any such sympathy or gentler feeling, as he in his boyish vanity had imagined might be the case;—no, such gentler feeling *she* had never known,—such tender sympathy in *her* heart had yet to be excited. I remember well the morning upon which Dalhas first introduced his friend Acton to Emily A——. I can now perfectly recall the half air of triumph with which he afterwards addressed her in a strain of light bantering conversation, to shew, as it were, to his companion, the familiar footing of intercourse upon which he stood with the lovely girl beside them. We had met her upon the slope of a winding gravel walk leading to the open bowed window of the drawing-room; and as she politely returned with us in the direction of the house, Acton appeared singularly struck by the fair vision upon which we had so suddenly and unexpectedly stumbled. He seemed to envy Dalhas his intimacy and easy courteousness of manner, as much as even the ambitious Dalhas could possibly have desired.

As time went on, we all became better friends, and Acton better acquainted with the A—— family, and, amongst the rest, the fair Emily. He and Dalhas passed quite as much of their time, as was consistent with their notions of decorum or college discipline, in her society; and I amused myself, frequently, by jeering Dalhas upon the probabilities of the newer comer, undermining him in the affections of his “bella inamorata,” as, in our conversation, he often used jestingly to style her. The idea that either of them had ever in reality possessed any hold upon those affections, had never, in sober seriousness, entered into my imagination. If I had been more given to the reflecting mood than was my wont at that period, I had probably arrived at a different conclusion; as it was, no suspicion of the truth ever flashed across my mind until one or two indisputable incidents revealed to me and to Charles Dalhas the startling intimation that Emily A—— was, in truth, attached to our fellow student, Acton. Dalhas was the first to give utterance, in my presence, to his opinions upon the subject; and I shall never forget the passionate vehemence of his rage and disappointment upon finding that I concurred in the reasonableness of his conclusions and angry doubts; although he would not then admit or acknowledge the inference, I at once fathomed the previous nature of his own feelings;—I, for the first time, discovered that, whether unconsciously or not, much real depth of affection had been concealed under the careless levity of manner he had ever assumed in the society of Emily A——.

From that day the feelings of friendship that had hitherto existed between Dalhas and Acton, suffered a most material abatement. Even I could not but feel that the apparent unconcern evinced by Acton as to the probable consequences of the intimacy he had formed, argued much that was libertine and unprincipled of purpose. We but seldom visited Appleton, and never in his company. Our occasional calls were such and as brief as the merest ceremony required, and in Dalhas' cold and constrained politeness upon such occasions, I could not but discern how much—how deeply—he had been wounded. His pride, and alas! his friendship, had received a greater shock than either were able to withstand; his manner became completely altered, and the man that had ever been the foremost talker, the loudest laughter of our light-hearted throng, was now only to be seen sunk in fits of moody abstraction, or in a state of unnatural excitement, produced by the maddening effects of wine or play. It was a fearful change, and one that, knowing Dalhas' violence of character as I did, alarmed me seriously for the consequences. I felt that he *hated* Acton. His former passion seemed now to be totally deadened, and swallowed up in one all-absorbing, uncontrollable spirit of resentment.

One evening whilst thinking over the melancholy changes that had of late occurred in the little circle of my personal friends, and watching in silence the red beams of the setting sun, reflected upon the walls of my solitary chamber, I was agreeably surprised by the entrance of Dalhas, and the half-restored cheerfulness of his tone and manner. He had come, he said, just after having parted from Acton. He had received from his hands a letter from Sir Edward A——, complaining of his late absence from Appleton, and good-naturedly reproving him for his neglect. Acton had conveyed to him also a message from the Misses A—— to the same effect, and himself urged an immediate reparation of his long list of negligences, with all the earnestness and warmth of manner of which he was capable. Dalhas appeared gratified by the attention; any prospect seemed bright and encouraging, as compared with his

then wretched state of despondency. He fancied that, perhaps, Emily had been in some measure concerned in the kind missive he had received, and this sufficed to cheer him then ;—perhaps she had felt his absence,—she was wont to do so once.

In short, my friend concluded his disclosures by expressing it as his intention, if I would join him, to accept an invitation, forwarded by the same messenger, hoping for our presence at a large pic-nic party and ball, to be given the following day at Appleton. I was rejoiced to see Dalhas so much himself again, and cheerfully acceded to his proposal.

Next morning the sun shone bright and cheerily, the day seemed formed as for a summer fête, and even Dalhas' spirits to have imbibed a portion of the enlivening influence of the scene. Sir Edward A—— had sent his groom early in the morning, with two saddle horses for our 'use, and a polite note, informing us that upon our arrival we should probably find the greater portion of his guests enjoying an early canter in the park. Upon our road to join them, Dalhas chatted and joked with all his customary affability and cheerfulness. He seemed thoroughly bent upon an unclouded day of enjoyment. The first party we encountered upon entering the grounds, comprised our hospitable Baronet and a few of the staid and elderly members of his party, upon horseback. After a mutual exchange of morning compliments and inquiries, we proceeded, according to Sir Edward's direction, to join the more youthful and active portion of his guests upon the race course, in a distant quarter of the park. Upon approaching the laughing group, I observed a sudden change pass over the features of Dalhas as he discerned his rival in close converse and companionship with Emily A——. Acton, who, from some cause which I now forget, had passed the preceding night at Appleton, rode forward to receive us; and ere we had joined the noisy crowd of equestrians from which he had emerged, the temporary cloud had already disappeared from the countenance of my friend. Whilst engaged in paying my *devoirs* to the elder Miss A——, I saw enough to convince me that Dalhas had very been graciously received, where most to him, at such a time, a gracious reception was an object of consequence.

Previous to our arrival upon the course, a series of little equestrian displays, in the shape of flat and hurdle races, had been proposed by some adventurously disposed member of the party, and the suggestion had been tumultuously acceded to by the majority of the gentlemen present. The applause consequent upon some unusual feat of activity or speed, had scarcely subsided as we cantered up to the group. Dalhas, who was almost without exception the most perfect horseman I ever beheld—and ever willing to avail himself of any opportunity calculated to display his proficiency in the science to advantage—begged a continuance of the amusement. The proposal met with general approbation and new stakes were raised, and several amusing wagers entered into upon the issue of the approaching contest. Dalhas was exceedingly well mounted, and appeared to be pretty generally the favourite. The last words he had heard upon issuing from the throng of mounted ladies and other non-racing lookers-on, to take his place in the starting, were conveyed in a laughing intimation from the fair Emily, that she had staked very considerably upon his success. Several competitors were there, for the honours of the course—but once off, Dalhas contrived to retain the lead throughout, and but little doubt existed in the minds of the spectators of his ultimately proving the winner. Upon taking the last hurdle, however—a stiff set fence and considerably higher (probably through some oversight) than the other three erected at equal intervals over the course—my friend experienced one of the most awkward and complete upsets I ever chanced to witness. The pace at the time was injudiciously severe. Dalhas, as it afterwards appeared, was in ignorance—until within some few paces of his leap—of the formidable increase of difficulty it presented in the encounter, as compared with those he had already so successfully surmounted. He was *then* unable to rein in sufficiently, materially to assist his little thorough-bred in collecting her limbs for the effort. The result was, that in attempting to *fly* it, with an encouraging shout and a simultaneous attack of both spurs upon her already bleeding flanks, both steed and rider were precipitated with violence to the ground. Although neither party suffered any very material injury, Dalhas' spirits, sustained hitherto only by an effort, received a most irrecoverable check for the remainder of the day. Though nothing in the untoward accident that had occurred was attributable to any want of skill or management upon his part, it was just the species of accident, above all others, to prove a source of mortification to his overweening vanity and general love of superiority. Besides, *she* had been looking on, and he

could picture to himself how others in *her* hearing would assign his mishap—as he would himself have done in any instance but his own—to every imaginable cause and error but that to which it was owing in reality.

I saw him but once again, and but for one moment, during the remainder of our day at Appleton. I was reclining against a projection in a window recess of the thronged and heated ball-room, recruiting my energies for fresh efforts in the dance, and contemplating in silence the gay and giddy scene before me. I was surprised by observing Dalhas' tall and commanding figure, elbowing rudely through the groups of dancers, and other loungers that surrounded me. "Stapleton," he stammered out upon reaching the spot on which I was standing, "I am going to college—I cannot stand the heat—the glare of—" He suddenly paused, upon observing that the attention of the bystanders had been attracted by the unexpected tone of his address, and as a scarcely suppressed exclamation of passion escaped his lips, he turned round abruptly as he had accosted me, and retreated in the direction of an outer apartment. Giving some hurried and disjointed reply to the polite hopes expressed by those near me, that my friend had not sustained any serious injury from his morning's accident, I hastened from the ball-room with the intention of demanding immediately, and in person, the causes of his unaccountable resolution. I felt seriously alarmed at the wild vehemence evinced in his voice and countenance; some unfortunate *contretemps* had evidently occurred to mar finally and altogether his scarce-sustained cheerfulness of the morning.

Upon emerging from the crowded ante-room, and pursuing my enquiries amongst the numerous and noisily attended equipages of Sir Edward's guests, I could discover no traces of my friend. He had evidently already carried his quickly formed intentions into effect, and to follow him in the direction of the Castle appeared now my only alternative. I feared, anxiously, I knew not what. I was not exactly aware even of my own object in following his footsteps, thus hurriedly and without the shadow of an excuse, to my kind entertainer. Possibly it might not in reality be his intention to return to College; and if it were not, how, upon a night already dark and threatening, could I reasonably expect to encounter him elsewhere. If, upon the other hand, this surmise were incorrect, wherein lay the necessity of my having undertaken the search at all. I felt thoroughly bewildered—shocked—irresolute. I anticipated some indefinable catastrophe. I felt sick at heart, that, at the very moment when I had fondly pictured to myself my friends reconciled, and finally re-united, the misunderstanding that had hitherto existed between them, upon the eve of removal, it should have received so rude and hopeless an accession of violence. H.

(To be continued.)

### THE BIRTH OF THE LILY.

In the language of flowers the lily of the valley is the emblem of the return of happiness.

Vide SENTIMENT OF FLOWERS.

#### I.

'Tis said that when first from their fairy bowers,  
Our primal parents were thrust away,  
When first they were torn from their fruits and flowers,  
Thro' the deserts and wilds of the world to stray,  
From Eden's roses,  
And blooming posies,  
Of Amaranth, Acanthus, and Asphodel,  
Her hazel groves,  
Her green alcoves,  
Where each tinted song-bird loved to dwell.

#### II.

When first they were torn from those gardens of light,  
Where the humming bird wandered the whole year through,  
And feared not to sully his plumage bright  
With winter's rain, or autumn's dew,  
Where glowing spring  
On zephyr's wing,  
Was ever flourishing, ever fair,  
And young-born Time,  
In boyhood's prime,  
Brought no change of weather or seasons there!

## III.

When first they were torn from those gardens of gladness,  
And wandered forlorn through the wide world's space ;  
Each chill blast that blew brought a feeling of sadness  
To those tearfully seeking a resting place.

Then wan and bare  
Blew the bleached air,  
And wildly the snow drifted over the wold,  
And fast and far  
The tempest's war,  
Made them bitterly think of their joys of old.

## IV.

But Winter departed at last from the scene,  
And young Spring appeared, the poor wanderers to bless,  
The wide waste was clothed in Eden's bright green,  
And wanted in Eden's loveliness.

The feather'd throng,  
The trees among,  
Cheerily carolled their blithesome lay ;  
Now darkling hid  
The leaves amid,  
Now glancing in the sunny ray !

## V.

And Eden's flowerets gemm'd the vale,—  
But 'midst them, one blossom of snow-white hue  
Then first unfolded its leaves to the gale,  
And when it met the wanderers' view,

They cried in gladness,  
" Adieu to sadness !  
" A new Eden blossoms our souls to bless ;  
" And evermore,  
" This fairy flower,  
" Shall be called the return of happiness !"

C. X.

# NARRATIVE OF AN EXPEDITION TO DISCOVER THE SHORTEST, EASIEST, AND MOST ROMANTIC ROAD FROM HAILEYBURY TO THE RYE HOUSE.

" Je dirai : j' etais là, telle chose m' avint."

ALTHOUGH the interest which was excited in this most important expedition at the time that it was undertaken, may have somewhat worn off, now that its success has become so practically known, and is so well established in public favor, yet it may be not unworthy of the attention of the world at large, to hear an account of the perilous adventures and extraordinary dangers which were undergone by those scientific and patriotic men, who were elected to, and gladly accepted, a task, which, by their successful endeavours, has deservedly raised them to the highest pinnacle of fame.

It had long been a subject of anxious care to the Haileybury Boating Association to discover some road to the Rye House, which might shorten, or, at least beguile, the length of those geographical difficulties which separate the College from that place of general attraction and healthful amusement. Accordingly a committee, consisting of the following gentlemen, whose well-known qualities made them fit objects for the confidence of the Society, was appointed, to carry into effect this important object :—Mr. Confucius Verry-shaw was appointed President, as being a traveller of great experience from his earliest days, and well calculated, from his highly elevated character, to overlook those obstacles which obstruct the vision of more humble minds ; Count Nevirgroul, Secretary, from his well-known conciliatory and courteous disposition, which might pacify, if not win the affections of any natives whom they should meet in their wanderings through unexplored territories ; Captain Pollio Stuart, R.N., as Treasurer, and guide in the great desert which intervenes between the College and the Rye House, from his accurate knowledge of astronomy and the use of the compass, derived from his previous nautical experience.

The notes from which this narrative is compiled are not quite clear as to the exact day of the month of February on which the expedition set out, but it is stated that the morning was frosty, the wind N.N.E., and the sun favourable for observations. Exactly at eleven minutes before ten o'clock, A.M., having taken leave of our affectionate and anxious friends who had accompanied us to the extremity of the noble avenue which leads to the eastern entrance to the College, we set forward in proper order. Following the beaten road towards the east, we soon arrived at the delightful villa of T. Lyne, Esq., and as we were admiring the beautiful pleasure grounds and the ornamental fountains which separate the mansion from the road, the worthy proprietor arrived, and cordially invited us to partake of some refreshment; which invitation we as willingly accepted. After a short discussion on the average rate of profits with our kind host, we prepared to resume our way; not, however, before our generous friend had pressed upon us no less than three bottles of his oldest ginger beer, and some pound cake, made, as he assured us, under the direct superintendence of the amiable being who shared his peaceful lot.

Thus refreshed, and having gathered a few hints as to the best mode of proceeding, we again took the road, and having passed through a very populous street of a town, the name of which we could not find on our charts, unless, perhaps, it be Haileybury, and crossing a deliciously clear and murmuring brook which intersects the road, we arrived at the brow of the hill, from which the first view of the goal which we were to reach, lying in the extremity of the broad and almost boundless plain before our feet, and apparently encircled by the silvery streams of the River Lee, burst upon our enchanted sight. A discussion here ensued as to the course that we should take. The Secretary inclined to the most direct path across the plain; but both the President and Treasurer objected to this; the latter, because of some river which would obstruct our passage in that direction, according to the chart, and the former, from some geological reasons as to the nature of the soil, which he said was similar to what the Chinese call by a name sounding like "squeesh," which is unfavorable to any easy or rapid progress in walking.

It was at length determined to pursue the course of the road, and with renewed alacrity we descended the hill which lay before us. Our steps, however, were suddenly arrested by an appearance at once singular and pregnant with interest. In the bank of the hedge on our left hand, near a deep excavation and close by a small rivulet or rather cascade, there was a monument, or pillar of some white material, on which was engraved an earl's coronet, with the mysterious letters S. M. R. Long and anxious was the discussion, deep and original were the suggestions here offered, as to the nature and meaning of this singular construction. Such a pillar, if intended as a legitimate memorial to some departed chieftain, would surely have not been passed over in that brilliant essay on the subject of tombstones which appeared in the *Haileybury Observer*. The antiquity of the post was undoubted, although apparently renovated by modern paint and absurdity; but the suggestion that M. R. meant Manor Right, was immediately rejected with scorn.

It was at length recollected, that Hertford Heath had been the scene on which many horrid and daring exploits of highwaymen had been committed, and as the letters gave every reason for the belief, we at length concluded, that this post commemorated the spot where in some distant period a murder and robbery, followed by a suicide, had been committed on some coronetted head.

Having thus satisfied our minds, in order to refresh our bodies, which were becoming weary with walking and conversation, we sat down and uncorked one of our bottles of ginger beer, which we all agreed to be most delicious. Its exhilarating effects gave fresh stimulus to our efforts, and having again enquired the way of a peasant, we crossed a stile which led into a grass field, in which there were several cows feeding. The animals appeared to be quiet, but when one lifted up its head and looked at us, we felt our pace quicken instinctively, and unkind friends might perhaps say, that we ran towards a gate which bounded the other side of the field. Hardly had we arrived at the gate, when a new danger met us—on all sides a loud barking of dogs was heard, and one more furious than his companions rushed up quite close to us. Fortunately at this most critical juncture another peasant appeared, and having called off the dogs, he gave us directions by which we might reach the great London Road, which we fortunately did in safety.

It was from this point that our real toils began; hitherto we had been among the abodes of man, but now we were to set forth upon this dreary plain, with the object of our search no longer visible, and not a sound to cheer us on our way, save the distant echoes of the bells of a flock of sheep. But our courage did not fail us. Again we had recourse to the refreshing stimulant which we carried with us, and grasping our sticks more firmly, we entered the plain through a white gate, which closed after us with a sonorous jar, as if it excluded us for ever from the world and its inhabitants. Slowly, yet steadily, we journeyed

on along a track where it appeared some caravan had previously crossed, not without fears however, of seeing some natives suddenly spring up before us, or of meeting with some wild animals which we had no doubt were prowling near. The day was now far spent, at least we thought so, for our chronometer had ceased to go, not having been wound up on the previous evening. However, feeling hungry, we sat down under a hedge which we had reached and discussed our provisions and the two remaining bottles of liquor which had been given us, incautiously, I think, for I fear that it is true that from this moment the notes became rather incoherent. It seems that some singing ensued, as mention is made of a lady called Dinah, and of a captive queen. We however at last arose and again proceeded across the plain, and with great exertion arrived at another gate leading into another evidently much used road. This somewhat reassured us, but on addressing a peasant who suddenly came up with the words "Who are you?" he answered in a language which perhaps was foreign, for we did not understand it; the tone in which he spoke however was apparently not mild or peaceable, so we proceeded on our way, across the road, when we at length arrived at a stream which the treasurer declared to be the New River, according to his chart. We now knew that our journey was nearly ended, and indeed it was so quickly, for crossing this river by a bridge at which we had fortunately arrived, we again caught sight of the Rye House not a quarter of a mile distant. This we rapidly gained, and with the pride of conscious success, as we crossed the bridge over the River Lee, three wild cheers proclaimed that we had been and done it,—that we had gained everlasting honour, and the deserved praise of posterity.

NEVIRGROUL, SECRETARY.

## OUR ROOMS.

Apartments to be let, furnished.

HOUSE WINDOW.

THE most casual observer on entering our College walls finds those expectations which he had once fondly entertained, of our abode being a sort of half-way house between English comfort and Indian magnificence, dissipated at one glance by the cold barrack-like appearance of our quadrangle. The stranger's impressions thus formed by his first view of the exterior, will not be greatly improved when he contemplates interiors; and whether he be some returned civilian grown grey and yellow in the service, some "soldier tired of war's alarms," a musty old governor from the north country, or a dashing young friend, wont to lounge in the haunts of fashion, it may safely be predicated of our visitor that he will be somewhat smitten with the decorations of a Haileybury room:—not smitten in the way that the *hobble-de-hoy* is with the ball-room belle, or the well-whiskered exquisite with the eligible beauty,—the stranger's sensations here will partake rather of amusement at the attempts to ape the comforts of a home, and of admiration at the contrivances to which Invention's parent has been reduced, in the endeavour to carry out that design. In some instances a smile of approbation may reward the tasteful ingenuity of the contriver, in other cases a sigh will, perforce, escape, a melancholy sigh for the insane folly of those who use every exertion to promote an insignificant apartment, some twelve feet by nine, and serving, moreover, as a sleeping room, to the magnificent grandeur of a palace *salon*.

Let not however that numerous body of our readers, who have never inspected our domestic life, run away with the idea that one stroke of the pen can describe every room, or that we can on this point safely say "Ex uno disce omnes;" for various are the stages by which our student arrives from the primitive nakedness of the freshman's room, to the superb elegance manifested in the abode of a man on the eve of ending his college career.

One who has not sufficiently studied the eccentricities of the human race in general and of young gentlemen in particular, would doubtless imagine that on arriving in a place where at least two years are to be passed, the first thing to be consulted, would be comfort. Romantic idea! nothing is further from the freshman's thoughts; months must roll on before he even dreams of such a consummation; he, with the philosophy of a Diogenes in his foul tub, "takes the good the gods provide" him, in the shape of a bare, plastered wall, three chairs,—to describe which, we need only say they were from Lyne's,—and a table to correspond; add the bed wherewith the recess is furnished, and we have the sum total of First Term decorations. To obviate the expence of a drugget, a carpet is provided to occupy a small square in the centre



of the floor,—a carpet yielding to no carpenter's stretcher, but requiring a positive stretch of the imagination, to make it effect a junction with the four walls; the rug is invariably selected so as to be a tolerable match with the carpet—of some room in the next letter.

In the usual course of things the freshman is located in a down-stairs passage. Fond of a cheerful prospect he chooses a front room, and thereby obtains a glorious view of the four gravel walks and their corresponding grassy plots, bounded at no great distance by the picturesque library door. If a diligent and accurate observer, he can, from this room, by calculating the average of those who wend their way across the quadrangle, and by reference to the alarm clock over his bed, ascertain exactly how many hours, minutes and seconds will be lost per diem by each gownless student. Another advantage consists in the privacy which one is there enabled to enjoy; true it is that the window is elevated not more than one foot from the ground, and so affords even to the most diminutive in stature, an opportunity of obtaining some insight into his proceedings; but then the occupier lets down his white blind—by the bye, they occasionally take a whim and run down without being asked—and barring the darkness in which he is immersed, he remains quite at his ease. The man who, later in his career, has his shutters “oaked,” closes these too, and thereby attains the double object of displaying his decorations and of plunging himself in total darkness.

The back room down stairs presents a different aspect. Thick-clustering ivy probably prevents the eye from being strained by too extensive a prospect, the trunk of some large orchard tree, perhaps, shoots up perversely just before the very window, or the favoured student may revel in a close view of cabbage-stalks and coal-holes. The College builders too, in order to encourage healthful gymnastic exercises, have placed rows of insinuating little spikes before each window; through these small students endeavour to creep by way of recreation, but the exhibition usually results in a Mahomet-coffin-like suspension, between the bars, peculiarly uncomfortable to the venturesome experimentalist; he is, however, relieved from his unpleasant state by the cold water cure, which, generously applied by some facetious practitioners overhead, forces him to use superhuman efforts to regain his position within the pale of society. These rooms dread not the intrusion of impertinent passers-by; here the curtains are not drawn close, but float in elegant negligence through the room, disdaining their respective curtain pins. And these too, are curiosities in their way; the one being a jolly smiling fellow looking at you with a bright burnished face besprinkled with little knobs, while the other displays a melancholy, deadened, colourless visage, decorated with a rosette to show a perfect independence of the trammels of symmetry, by assuming a totally different appearance from his brother.

Such is the “exhibition on view daily” in the room of our collegian during the earlier stages of his career. Here and there may be found an ambitious youth who launches out at once into carvings and gildings, thereby soon becoming immersed in a sea of upholsterer's bills; but rare birds these, and generally bringing with them high-flown ideas from an university or similar place. And what then are the steps by which we advance from this discomfort? There is a long duration of the chrysalis state before the perfection of the elegant butterfly is attained; the first change is in the bookcase, of which we should undoubtedly have made mention before, had it not been that in the First Term this piece of furniture is so empty, and so bare, that save for its very remarkable nakedness, no one would notice it at all. It is no exaggeration to say that a Paley and an Euclid, perhaps with a tattered Horace thrown in, frequently form the whole of a freshman's library. But when the first fruits of examination have been plucked, and there remain only those lucky mortals who have crammed to the Examiner's satisfaction their “Si, au, jus,” then is it thought that the Sanskrit grammar deserves a better shelf, and then are contracts forthwith made with those who are retiring from college life, for the transfer of the valuable library of the dying man, and for the purchase of all sorts of queer articles to contain the newly-acquired property; often do we wonder with regard to these, what temporary insanity could have induced the aboriginal owner to give an order for such monstrosities as bookcases, whose sides—to show what parallel lines are not—slope gradually, until by their junction at the apex, they attain the desired object of accommodating as few books as possible, with the greatest possible inconvenience.

Pictures, too, are quickly introduced, and small picture galleries formed: the design probably entertained by the architect when he made our rooms so nearly

approaching in size to those of the edifice of kindred birth—the National Gallery. It is a refreshing sight to behold pictures crowding every wall; the pity is that the stock is in general the same; and the catalogue always includes one Duke of Wellington, engraved after any master, three or four eastern beauties, with unpronounceable names, and clearly of nomad extraction, by their weekly migration to fresh quarters, as the successive owners become hard pressed for cash; and a series of pictures representing a steeple chase, in which are portrayed sporting gentlemen clearing in style precipices, park walls, or other little obstacles, where attitude is everything, and a leap utterly impracticable. Interspersed with these are occasionally seen a few portraits, and likewise sundry scratchings and daubings, perpetrated by the owner himself when he has been unsuccessful in his attempts to abstract more pleasing drawings from a sister's portfolio. A list of students, and the rules of the H. C. C. are carefully wafered up, and then the wall is totally concealed from view;—nor is the loss great, for the paper is chosen either with reference to the character of the room as a sleeping apartment, or from the prevalence of sunflowers and marigolds in the pattern.

A mirror is next sought, and lucky is he who obtains one that seems to terminate in the clouds; more lucky still, if it spread its glittering mass from wall to wall, despising the limits which the mantel-piece would have assigned to it. But this mantel-piece must not be neglected,—the painter's art is here displayed; but only two colours can be tolerated,—the first, once all prevalent, now scarcely so fashionable, appears to be the result of two or three washes of London milk, with a few streaks of blue starch drawn across, forming on the whole a pleasing and striking representation of pure marble—at least in the eyes of the *pro tem.* possessor of the well-wrought slab. The second kind of marble (if courtesy must so term it) is a compound of black and gold, the grand merit of these colours being, that when first laid on, the mantel-piece bears a marvellous resemblance to a japan tea-tray; but its brilliancy, alas! soon fades, and the *quondam* marble becomes like no other substance ever yet found above or within the earth.

To conclude our inventory we need an arm chair and a sofa; to procure these, what shadows of chairs, what ghosts of couches are conjured up! Any deal board with two arms as hard, will be palmed on the deluded individual who anxiously desires a soft seat; or, perhaps, he will deposit his person on a sofa only to find himself projected with violence to the ground, owing to the absence of that sofa's leg. Such is their comfort! of appearance, the less said the better, for no one notices as uncommon a pauper chair whose outward coat is blackened by the dirt of age, save where a brilliant patch of red relieves the surrounding gloom; or of a sofa where the straw protruding from all parts of the faded, tattered cover, displays beyond dispute the material of which the stuffing is composed. Furniture like this gives the room a *negligée* appearance, which is considerably enhanced by two or three huge dictionaries being scattered in graceful confusion on the floor, as will be discovered by the unwary visitor when he measures his length along the ground. Should pipes and weeds find favour here, a delicious odour salutes one upon entering. Praise, if praise you will, the delights of puffing forth clouds of smoke, and the fragrance of the fumes at the time of smoking, but save us from the smell arising from the condensed vapour which issues from the holes and corners into which it has crept, to exercise its baneful influence on the olfactory nerves of the luckless wight who strays into the smoker's abode.

We have thus sketched a Haileybury room; we have gone round and round it, until we have become quite giddy, and must now draw to a close; but let us again warn the reader not to consider *every* apartment to be such as we have described; there are, undoubtedly, rooms where some degree of comfort is attained,—where sofas and arm-chairs are still “in pride of youth, in beauty's bloom,”—where elegant casts or tasteful pictures attract the eye,—where a fairly-proportioned mirror reflects the form, or where a well-stocked bookcase unites the *utile* and *dulce*; but such rooms are the exceptions, which are found to every general rule; and to be satisfied that these exceptions do exist, let the reader, at his earliest leisure, repair to the room of

KOOSTRA.

## TO SLEEP.

O magic sleep ! O comfortable bird,  
 That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind,  
 Till it is hush'd and smooth. O unconfin'd  
 Restraint ! imprison'd liberty ! great key  
 To golden palaces, strange minstrelsy,  
 Fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled caves,  
 Echoling grottoes, full of tumbling waves,  
 And moonlight ; ay to all the mazy world  
 Of silvery enchantment !—who, upfur'd  
 Beneath thy drowsy wing a triple hour,  
 But renovates and lives ?

KRATZ' ENDYMION, BOOK I.

## I.

Daughter of sable night, O gentle Sleep !  
 On me how often thy soft spirit bending,—  
 When the pale moon doth her sad vigil keep,  
 And watchful stars her distant course are tending ;  
 When the lone student wastes the midnight oil,  
 And the long hours, in brain-consuming toil ;  
 When the young lover woos his mistress' ear,  
 With Love's own music, gently warbled near ;  
 When the lorn widow for her husband weeping,  
 Mourns o'er the couch where her lov'd child is sleeping ;  
 O then, how oft thy gently falling power  
 Hath lulled me from the witching sadness of the hour !

## II.

Far into Fancy's bright domain,  
 Touched by thy fairy wand  
 My spirit, freed from care and pain,  
 Springs into space beyond !  
 Shadowy forms of angel-seeming,  
 Lightly flit around ;  
 Well-loved eyes are gently beaming,  
 Of those long lost, now found ;  
 Childhood's long forgotten scenes  
 Of Joy and sorrow,  
 Where e'en the fleeting tear scarce seems  
 From joy to borrow !

## III.

And wheresoe'er the soul is sad, and dreary,  
 And wheresoe'er bath sorrow made her throne,  
 And wheresoe'er bath sadness worn, and weary,  
 Roamed o'er the world forgotten and alone ;  
 Where carking anguish racks the mind,  
 Where the harsh world hath been unkind,  
 Where friends have spoken words of scorn,  
 And scarce its weight of pain the heart had borne ;  
 Sailing there on dusky pinion,  
 The spirit owns thy soft dominion,  
 And thy weird influence on the brain  
 Acts like a Lethe draught to every pain !

## IV.

Lo ! yon form so pale and wan,  
 The soul forth beaming from the eyes,  
 More like a spirit than a man,—  
 A spirit in mortal guise !  
 See his thin hand feebly wanders  
 O'er his couch of pain ;  
 On other days of joy he ponders,  
 Joy ne'er for him again !  
 Slowly the tear-drop fills his eye, he weeps,  
 And worn with woe and anguish, sleeps.

E'en for him—Death's victim now—  
 Sleep a cordial brings;  
 The pain is lifted from his brow,  
 The weight from off his spirit's wings!  
 He flings back through memory's space,  
 A fevered man no more;  
 A gleeful child with laughing face,  
 He gambols as of yore;  
 He sees again the children  
 He played with of old,  
 The merriest of the merry!  
 The boldest of the bold!  
 The spell is broken—sleep has flown—  
 He lies on his sick couch alone!

## V.

Lo! yon guilty wretch low lying  
 On his couch of straw,  
 To-morrow's sun shall see him dying,  
 To avenge his country's law;  
 Madly his fettered hands compress  
 His withered lowering brow,  
 O! who can paint his wretchedness?  
 Or tell his feelings now?  
 Despair hath seized on every limb,  
 When slumber gently falls on him!  
 The prison roofs above give way,  
 The stone walls disappear,  
 He walks upon the grassy lea,  
 In the spring-tide of the year;  
 The song-birds carol lustily  
 Upon the leafy spray,  
 The wild flowers bloom upon the path,  
 And all the world is gay!  
 And he, a careless, joyous youth,  
 Unknowing sin or sorrow,  
 He wakes to all the fearful truth,  
 A dead man he to-morrow!

## VI.

These are thy magic powers,  
 O gentle Slumber!  
 Thou soother of the sluggish hours,  
 Strewing man's weary life with flowers,  
 Flowers of all number;  
 When worn with woe and anguish,  
 My spirits droop, do thou attend;  
 Though all the world's frail love should languish,  
 In thee I'll find a friend;  
 Thou never leavest me when in sorrow,  
 And lovest to-day, yet hatest to-morrow;  
 Whate'er my checquer'd lot of life may be,  
 Let other friends depart, I've still a friend in thee.

C. X.

## A LEGEND OF THE AFGHANS.

Κεῖται δὲ νεκρὸς περὶ νεκρῶν, τὰ νυμφικὰ  
 Τέλη λαχὼν δειλαιοῦ ἐν γ' Ἀίδου δόμοις.

Tradition tells that by the Jumna's wave,  
 Two rival chiefs an endless strife maintain'd;  
 So nearly match'd, and both alike so brave,  
 That neither boasted an advantage gain'd.

Each had a child—an only lovely one—  
 Whom Nature's hand had deck'd with every boon ;  
 Young Adim brilliant as the rising sun,  
 Durkháni put to blush the silver moon.  
 'Twixt these each father strived to plant that hate,  
 Which boil'd within his own relentless heart ;  
 And fondly hoped, each in his own elate,  
 In those dark groves to keep their charms apart.  
 One beauteous morn, when scarce the sun's first beam  
 Had tinged the banyan's waving leaves with gold ;  
 Durkháni rambled by the sacred stream,  
 To watch each flower its varied hues unfold.  
 Nor Adim less by that enlivening ray  
 Attracted, sped beneath the verdant shade ;  
 Light as the breeze that ushered in the day,  
 Where fancy led, thro' wood and wild he strayed.  
 It was a tranquil, soul-enchancing, time,  
 Each wander'd on, nor whither knew, nor why ;  
 The youth's desire o'er craggy rocks to climb,—  
 The maid's, along the peaceful vale to hie.  
 Delighted each to watch the Kuzzil soar,  
 Or with the Kinsuka their path to strew ;  
 Till by a winding of the rugged shore,  
 Each burst at once upon the other's view.  
 To see was but to love—for either seem'd  
 By Nature moulded for the other's heart ;—  
 Then thro' their breasts Kandarpa sweetly beam'd,  
 And bade new feelings into action start.  
 Thus days roll'd by, and each returning sun  
 Beheld the meeting of this constant pair ;  
 Not more unerring he his course to run,  
 Than they each dawn to plight their true love there.  
 But Fate soon blighted all that seem'd so fair,  
 And mock'd the vows which constancy had given ;  
 Their promised bliss was changed to deep despair,  
 And ling'ring hope from youth's gay bosom driven.  
 The maiden's sire, by cruel fortune led,  
 Surprised them happy in their loved retreat ;  
 And, heaping curses on her lover's head,  
 Prayed Heaven might lay him lifeless at her feet.  
 No longer dared they hope to meet again,  
 When fell revenge was watching for his prey ;  
 And hate, which Time's strong hand could not restrain,  
 Had armed an arm before too prone to slay.  
 Weary of life, apart from him she loved,  
 The hapless virgin paced the neighbouring vale,  
 Where once secure with Adim she had roved,  
 And whisper'd o'er love's artless thoughtless tale.  
 In that still shade, the scene of happier hours,  
 With heart as sunny as the sky above ;  
 Her hand had planted near two tender flowers,  
 The emblems of her own and Adim's love.  
 These, daily nurtur'd by her fost'ring care,  
 In graceful ringlets round each other twined,  
 And ope'd their blossoms to the mid-day air,  
 To spread their perfumes on the balmy wind.  
 And now when Adim's voice was heard no more,  
 His smiling face by her no longer seen ;  
 She loved to think its beauties o'er and o'er,  
 And muse what she and Adim once had been.

Each day she wander'd to that still retreat,  
 And with her tears bedew'd each verdant leaf;  
 And thought again her lover at her feet,  
 To chace away her ever-anxious grief.

It chanced one morn the maiden hither sped,  
 To calm her mind and soothe her sleepless eyes;  
 When Adam's flower no longer raised his head,  
 No longer proudly mocked the azure skies.

Those lovely buds that once had gemm'd its crown,  
 Fell closed and languid on the soil below;  
 Its verdure gone, its blighted stem bent down,  
 Its cheerful garb exchanged for deepest woe.

And while she gazed the day gave place to night,  
 Her eyes, her tortured breast could bear no more:  
 Her father's hand had slain her sole delight,  
 And with the one the other's pangs were o'er.

And though their sepulchres were far apart,  
 E'en Destiny was vanquish'd by their charms.  
 'Tis said that as in life's bright hopes one heart,  
 In death one grave unites their kindred forms.

ALEXIS.

### ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS.

#### GENTLEMEN EDITORS,

HAVING been diligently engaged for the last week in taking sights at the heavenly bodies according to the latest and most approved principles, we beg to lay before your honorable body the result of our labours, and earnestly entreat that you will, for the good of science, lose no time in submitting them to the opinion of the public. We regret to state that we have had several unlooked-for difficulties to contend with, which have not been without their effect on our calculations; among others, the leg of the astronomical telescope, during the temporary sojourn of the glasses at our uncle's, was seriously injured by some curious experiments instituted by Professor Walker on the comparative strength of leaping poles. The body of the telescope also, by a strange curvature of the spine, is better calculated for observations round a corner than for any other operation; nor have these incidental defects been at all diminished by the natural misfortune of Professor Ferguson, whose decided squint renders him perfectly useless, except so far as we have had to deal with "binary stars." Trusting that you will, with your accustomed courtesy, make due allowances for these difficulties, we shall at once proceed, without further preface, to the statement of our discoveries.

*Monday, March 13th.*—The planet Jupiter entertained his satellites to dinner. Covers were laid for six. The company separated at an early hour to look out for the arrival of the Comet with the "Over-ether" Mail.

The Sun and Moon were observed to be in opposition, from which we infer that the honey-moon is drawing to a close; the fault, we grieve to say, appears to be with the lady, who has never been in good temper since she was eclipsed at a ball by the planet Venus.

*Tuesday, March 14th.*—For some time past the planet Saturn has appeared in public with a wreath all round his hat, but whether of green willow or no we have not been able to determine; from the scandal of the neighbourhood we fear that he has been the victim of an unrequited attachment.

Mars the "worse for drink," and late in his periodic time; consequently confined with great strictness to his orbit for the ensuing year.

From the frequency of spots on the Sun's face, we are led to conclude that his Majesty has not escaped the prevailing epidemic, but as he has taken to earlier hours and more strenuous exercise we anticipate a rapid recovery.

*Wednesday, March 15th.*—The four ancient Ladies, Pallas, Juno, Ceres and Vesta have broken up their joint household, and intend to inhabit different mansions for the future. Various rumours are afloat as to the cause of this change, some attributing it to internal commotions; and others, with perhaps more probability, to the unmannerly behaviour of a Comet.

A grand ball was given by the Herschel family at their distant country seat, which

was honored by all the *élite* of the Solar System ; the fixed stars were however unable to make their appearance, much to the regret of the noble host. The festivities of the evening commenced with a brilliant display of meteors and Aurora Borealis ; and the dancing was kept up till a late hour the next morning, the music of the spheres being in attendance.

*Thursday, March 16th.*—No observations. Professors Walker and Ferguson having attended a scientific meeting, returned home in a state of intellectual abstraction, and persisted in singing "We won't go home till morning," all the time they remained in the observatory. The former Professor boldly alleges that the planets were winking at him all the evening, and appeared multitudinously numerous.

*Friday, March 17th.*—The observations were a little interrupted by frequent complaints of head-ache, and incessant calls for soda water on the part of Professors Ferguson and Walker, who had not yet recovered from the effects of their severe mental exertions on the preceding day. Towards the close of the evening the long-expected comet made its appearance tail foremost, like the Irish general who always marched with his rear guard in advance. The comet appears to have made an expeditious passage, having on the 12th instant left Sirius on the Isle of Dogs, where it stopped to lay in a fresh supply of coal.

We have received the mail by express, but the news it conveys is somewhat meagre. Everything appears to remain *in statu quo* among the fixed stars ; but there are rumours of a screw loose, or a linch-pin broken in one of the wheels of Charles's Wain. Orion has been presented with the Champion's belt ; and Aquarius has finally decided on residing at the Rye House.

*Saturday, March 18th.*—The seizure of all the astronomical apparatus by a creditor obliges us to bring these observations somewhat abruptly to a conclusion ; for the benefit however of the victims of popular delusions, we beg to state that we have examined the legend of the Man of the Moon, and distinctly contradict the same, as from all we have seen of that respectable lady, we consider her incapable of the smallest breach of propriety.

J. HERSCHEL, JUN., Professor.

*Haileybury Observatory, March 18th.*

### THE BOAT RACE.

The rapture of the strife.—ВЪЗРОМ.

The sun, with summer splendour bright,  
Looked down upon the Lee,  
While blustering March gave o'er his gales  
To grace the H. B. C.  
Fair craft of divers forms there were  
Upon the rippling stream,  
And as the oars its calmness broke,  
The rainbow spray, like wreaths of smoke,  
Glanced in the mid-day beam.  
And ever and anon was heard  
The measured stroke and true,  
Where came, like some aquatic bird  
Skimming the surface of the wave,  
A gallant racing crew.  
Nor these alone, attendant crowds  
Could everywhere be seen,  
Upon the river's bosom wide,  
Upon the banks at either side,  
And on the bridge between.  
Hush'd are those crowds, all eager grown,  
The boats are at their place,  
And every blade is backward thrown,  
And every ear intent to catch  
The signal of the race.  
The word is said, away ! away !  
With arrow speed they go,  
The oars in time like music ring,  
At every stroke the light barks spring,  
The water foams below.

On ! on ! they dash, the reach is done—

The deep Black Pool is past,  
One moment more, the race is won—  
But no, they struggle bravely on,  
And now are gaining fast.

Hark to the shouts on every side,  
The welkin rings around !  
The gallant crews in all their pride  
Still swifter cleave the echoing tide,  
And freshen to the sound.

Hark to the cry, " they gain ! " " they gain ! "

" Pull for your ladies' sake."

They bend them to their work again

And bravely every effort strain—

For honor is the stake.

Once more that thrilling cry resounds,

Once more is answered well,  
Hard pressed, as hark before the hounds,  
With life renewed the four-oar bounds ;  
Who may the issue tell ?

The last reach won—now, red, give way—

Yet scarce they heed the cry.  
" They gain," " they gain ! " ah ! vain that shout,  
The gallant crew is wearied out,  
Yet struggling manfully.

Nearer they come, and nearer still,  
Suspense on every face ;  
One leaping spirt ; the bump is done,  
And nobly fought, and nobly won  
Has been the four-oar race.

RINGLETS.

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Upon consideration we decline " X. " : he could scarcely have expected the insertion of his Story without a guarantee for its continuance.*

*" Glengarry " is declined. College Rules put their veto on the introduction of such articles.*

*" Walker " after Easter, and also " G. C. "*

*We fear that the whole " Acrostic," rather than the line kindly pointed out by the author, requires alteration.*

*" Sanquhar " cannot be admitted until we are put in possession of the author's real name.*

*We refer " Ruffian Duff " to Mavor's Spelling Book ; he will there find " head " spelt with an a.*

*" Hercules " possesses some spirit, but shows marks of a decidedly low mind ;  
as " Transmigrations " come under the same category.*

*We are sorry to be compelled to decline " Cold Punch," " P. Q. " " L. M. N. " and  
" Boozy. "*

*" D. I. O. " in our next.*

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